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Saturday Review

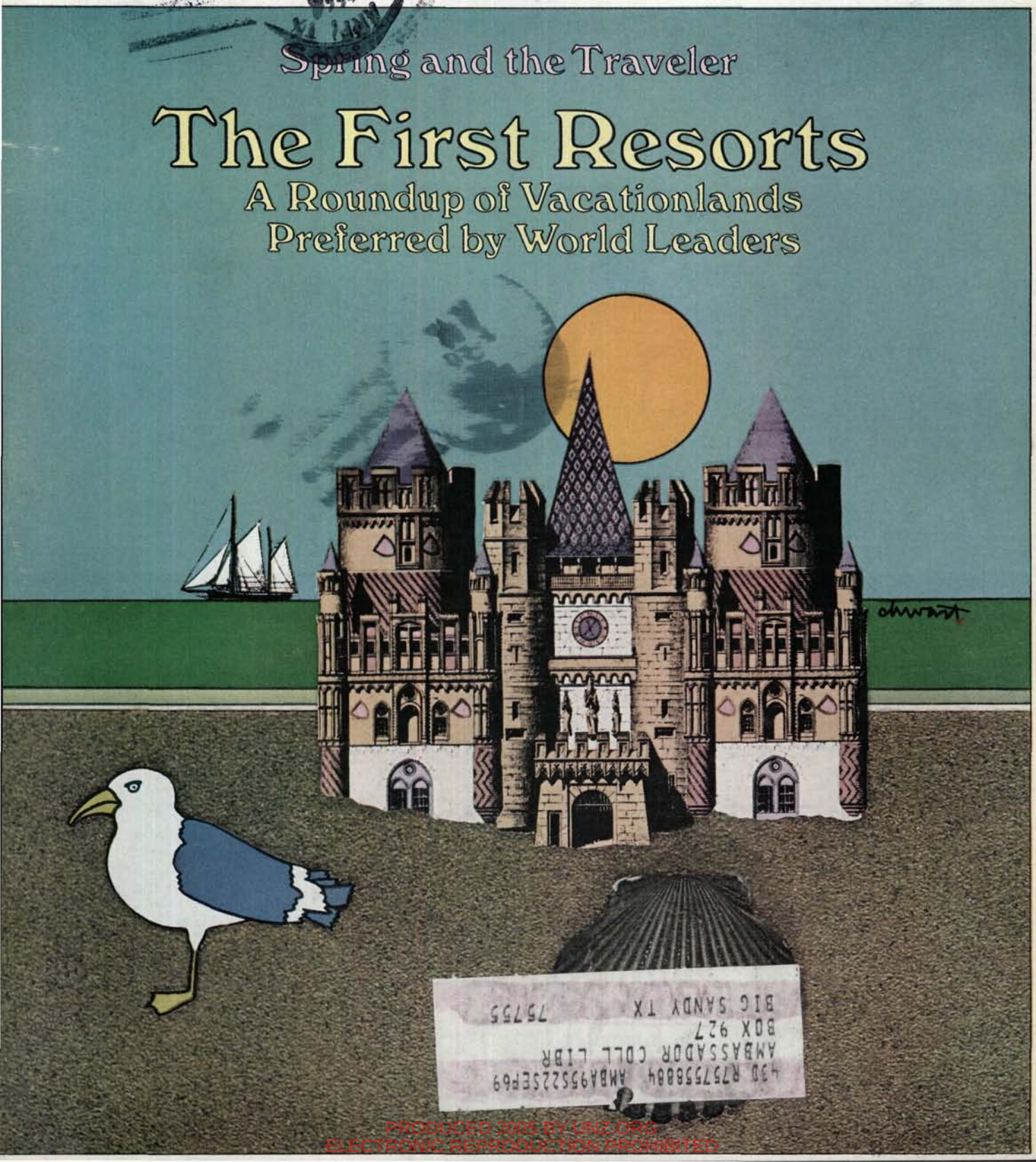
March 8, 1969 35¢

MAR 2 1969

Spring and the Traveler

The First Resorts

A Roundup of Vacationlands Preferred by World Leaders



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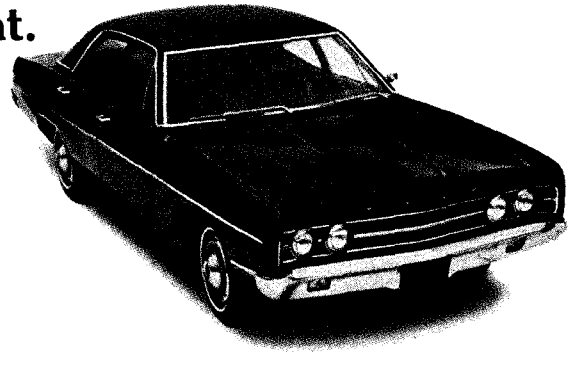

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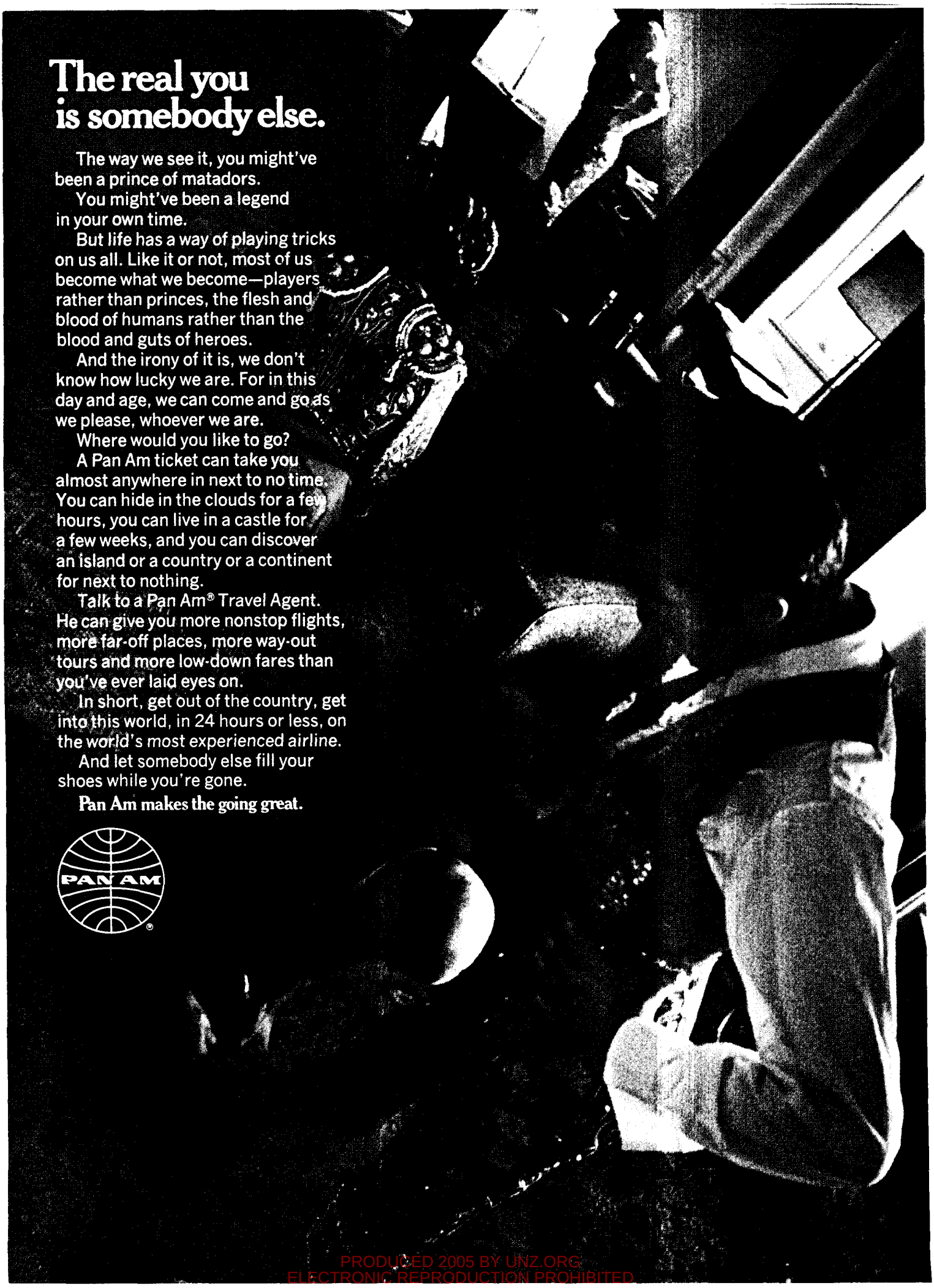

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Sometimes indolence gets in the way of finding words for this column. At other times the problem is more severe: it is because the book at hand is original, and the old or middle-aged chestnuts won't do. Such is the case with THE SUPPER OF THE LAMB by Robert Farrar Capon. Father Capon is an Episcopal priest. A couple of years ago, he wrote an unusual book about marriage—*Bed and Board*—which was a bestseller. Now he has written something he describes as A Culinary Entertainment. It does relate to the kitchen. For example, it tells you how to cook a lamb. It also tells you how to peel an onion, choose a wine, be a friend, celebrate a life.

Look Magazine calls THE SUPPER OF THE LAMB "something like a great book . . . the kind of book we need to set our priorities in order when they fall awry." The *Virginia Kirkus Service* said: "THE SUPPER OF THE LAMB could accurately be called many things: a gastronomic essay, a treatise on Christian humanism, an ingenious literary experiment, or a profound dissertation on the mechanics of salvation both natural and otherwise. Perhaps it is easiest to say simply that it is a small masterpiece that will become a classic, and let it go at that."

SOMETHING SOFT is something else again. Five long, carefully wrought stories by Roland Starke, a young writer who is interested in exotic landscapes and people young and old in search of glamor. The settings are Tangier, Morocco, South Africa, London, Germany. My favorite is the title story in which two children float through a dolce vita hashish party in Tangier and exchange cookies for corruption. The *New York Times* said that Roland Starke's "observation is crisp, the dialogue is accurate, the writing controlled, and the stories neatly shaped." Try SOMETHING SOFT. The stories are addictive—in the nicest way.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

THE SUPPER OF THE LAMB ($5.95), by Robert Farrar Capon, and SOMETHING SOFT ($4.95), by Roland Starke, are published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 934 Lincoln Road, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

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First of the Month

Cleveland Amory

February was the month of trials and trips, and quarrels and slips. In trials, there were not only Sirhan Sirhan's and Clay Shaw's, there was also Commander Bucher's. In trips, there was not only Nixon's to Europe, there were also Vince Lombardi's and Ted Williams's to Washington. In quarrels, you could take your pick—from Paris to the Middle East and from Vietnam to the Middle West, from hijacks to Cuba to high jinks at the University of Wisconsin. As for the slips, the slip of the month clearly belonged to Fred Hartley, president of Union Oil. "I am amazed," *The New York Times* said he said, "at the publicity for the loss of a few birds." "Lord," said a company official, "I wish he hadn't said that." To which Mr. Hartley then said that he hadn't said it. To which *The New York Times* then said it was sorry. We can only say, after reading Mr. Hartley's complete testimony, that if he was misquoted, it may have been by many—but it wasn't by much. All in all, it was a nice thing that a few birds could, to a great many people, be a good deal more important than the state of Union.

February was also the month when a Congress, which had seen fit to raise its own pay from $30,000 to $42,000 per member, made the largest cuts ever in the funds of any investigating committee—the one investigating, of all things, hunger. Somehow it reminded us, in reverse, of Nicholas Chamfort's line. "One would risk being disgusted," he said, "if one saw politics, justice, and one's dinner in the making."

On the movie front, we went for the second time to a movie called *Charly*—one worth, in our judgment, four *Funny Girls*, three *2001*s, and even two *Chitty Chitty Bang Bangs*—although we liked that too. But *Charly* is something else. And this year, when they give out the Oscars, the job should be easy: one to Cliff Robertson—for a truly magnificent performance; another to Claire Bloom, whose performance is also brilliant; and, finally, one to writer Stirling Silliphant. Mr. Silliphant's last Oscar, incidentally, was last year, for writing *In the Heat of the Night.*

On the book front, one book you won't be hearing much about—at least on any network TV show—is *Open Letter from a Television Viewer*, by Robert Montgomery (Heineman). Mr. Montgomery, as you recall, was not only a television producer but also President Eisenhower's special consultant on television. In any case, we liked particularly his paragraph on TV sports:

> There is a sharp contrast between the technical excellence of sports coverage, where one can only admire the deft and imaginative uses of the camera, and the fantasy life of the sportscaster. He lives in the best of all possible worlds. Nothing in the least critical is ever said about a player or a team, unless it is hedged around with so many qualifications that it becomes meaningless. A cheery optimism prevails. When a football player lies on the turf, obviously in agony, the announcer remarks with buoyant assurance, "Joe seems to be shaken up a little bit down there, but he'll be all right." A free-for-all breaks out on the field, and the announcer remarks gaily, "Seems to be a little high spirits among the boys, but it doesn't mean anything." . . . Meanwhile, presumably upon the advice of counsel, the camera resolutely focuses on the goal posts, the vista beyond the stadium, the scoreboard . . . anything but where the action is taking place.

Meeting Mr. Montgomery on Barry Farber's radio show, we were fascinated with his story of a recent study which indicated that some children, by the time they have reached their 16th birthday, have spent 21,000 hours in front of the tube. Mr. Montgomery's attack hits the networks from all angles—from the quiz shows to the *Huntley-Brinkley Report*, which in his circle, he told us, was called the "Hardly Likely Report."

In fairness, we had our doubts during the month as to whether the people investigating television were any more competent. These doubts became positively redoubtable when we read a speech before the House of Representatives by the Honorable Roman Pucinski, Democrat from Illinois. "Television," he said, "has an important role in moving products from the factories into American homes. If people lose faith in TV news, how long will it be before they lose confidence in TV advertising."

In other words, in this noble Roman's view, it really isn't too important whether we believe in TV news—what is important is that, if we don't believe in it, then the day will surely come when we won't believe in TV ads.

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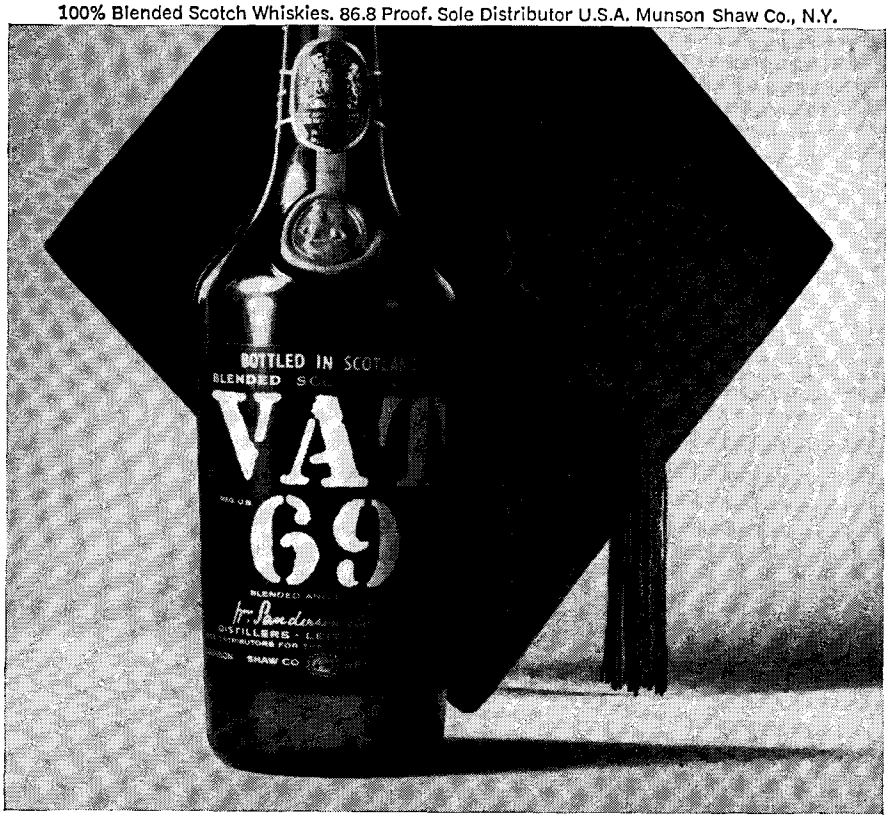

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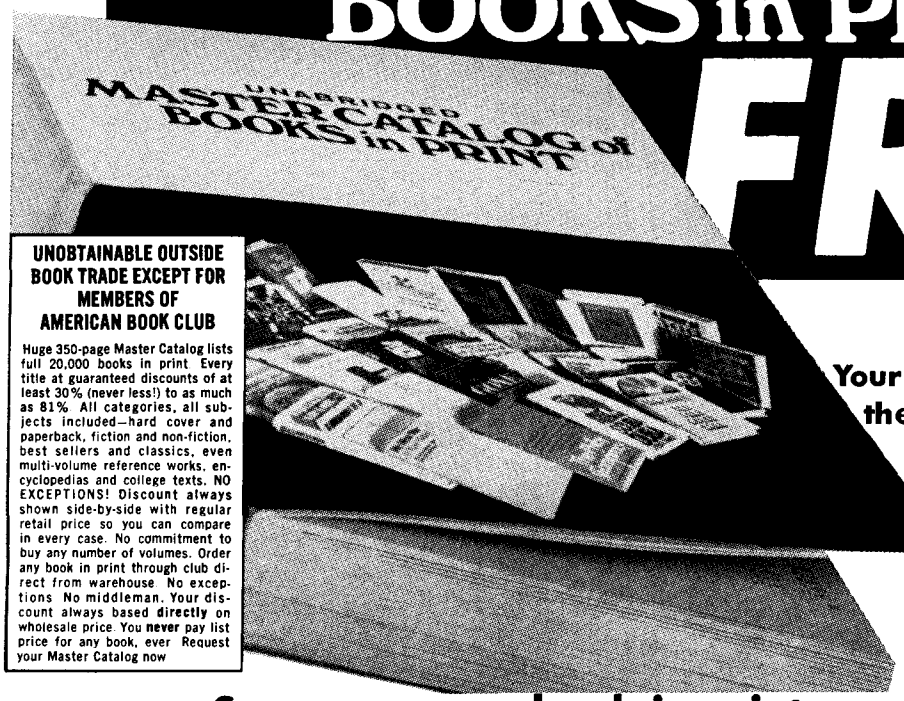

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Spring comes to see us every year about this time. Shouldn't you?

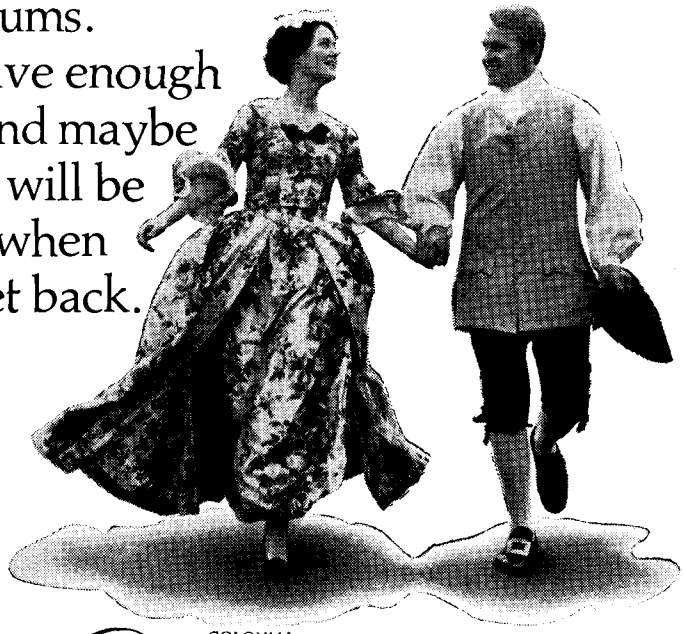
Spring comes early to Williamsburg.

And early spring brings the gentle rebirth of a hundred colonial gardens. You could spend all day in the quiet beauty of the Palace gardens alone.

But we don't recommend it.

Save some time to browse among the historic buildings. Save some time to watch craftsmen work just as they did 200 years ago. Save some time to whistle with the fife and drums.

Save enough time and maybe spring will be home when you get back.



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estly, Mr. Pucinski, the very thought of such a thing strikes at the foundations of our way of life. Ask yourself what would happen if you allowed yourself the luxury of doubting whether that football player or that airplane pilot really *had* left his family defenseless, whether that girl and her friend really *did* have a new secret, whether that boy did ever *actually* come back to Brylcream, or even whether some *other* girl may have had just as fresh a mouth as the freshest mouth in town.

Take away our TV news, Mr. Pucinski, and somehow we'll make do or do without. But take away our Dodge fever, our Excedrin headaches, our nagging backaches, and you may as well take the country out of Salem. Really, Mr. Pucinski, it's time to re-thinsky. We won't stand for this idea—not one silly millimeter longer. Just ask yourself one question. Do you want your children to grow up in a world where there's no such thing as a lemon lime?

Elsewhere during the month, our new Secretary of the Treasury, David Kennedy, decided that the price of gold should stay at $35 an ounce. That was the price the Government fixed for gold in 1933, and although, of course, it's a little tough on the miners to make them keep digging the stuff for the same price they got in 1933—well, the fact is that our Government apparently feels it's the principle of the thing.

Remember what Kin Hubbard said? "If a man says to you," Kin said, "'It isn't the money, it's the principle of the thing,' it's the money."

In any case, we got to thinking about keeping the price of gold what it was in 1933, and we got to wondering that if we could keep gold that way, why couldn't we go back and keep other prices the way they were in 1933 too? Those were the days: eggs, 25 cents a dozen; milk, 10 cents a quart; bread, 7 cents a loaf. You went out to dinner? A good dinner was 50 cents. You wanted to spend a dollar? All right, a dollar was all you could eat. Lunch? Lunch was free—FREE LUNCH. Remember?

But man does not live by bread alone. How about literature in those days? Remember the Little Blue Books? Any title on the list was 5 cents; your newspaper, 2 cents; a stamp, 2 cents; a postcard, 1 cent. A penny postcard, for heaven's sake, that was the name of it.

Just stop and think for a moment of the things you could get in those days for a penny. Your girl's thoughts, for one thing. A penny for your thoughts, remember? Nowadays that same girl is paying hundreds of dollars to her psychiatrist just to listen to the same nonsense she once got a penny for. And from you, too. Talk about inflation. That, we tell you, is pretty deflating.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Needling the Doctor

DECEMBER AND JANUARY were banner months for the doctors. That was when the Hong Kong flu was the "in" thing and all the doctors who had the new serum were strong-arming their patients to have shots.

It is not generally known how this flu germ got its name. I am able to divulge now, from a highly fallible source, that early in December a group of medicine men called in the creative genius of a Madison Avenue advertising agency to initiate a campaign that would combat the slump in doctors' offices due to the Christmas shopping rush.

He suggested that the Asian flu of the past was now out. "That's last year's Kleenex," he said. "We have to come up with a new name. Something scary and mysteriously Oriental."

One doctor arose and said, "How about the Red China flu?"

There were cries of "hear, hear."

The advertising man shook his head. "No good," he said. "We just want to scare them—not bring on WW III."

There were other suggestions. African flu was voted down because of the minority problem. An internist, who had majored in first aid to rebels in riots at medical school, suggested that the epidemic be called the George Wallace Flu. "Because when you get it," he explained, "you feel as if you've been run over by a car." The Southern block filibustered that suggestion.

Hong Kong flu was the final compromise. And the advertising man said, "Now look, you gotta play it cool. Let 'em get the idea that this Hong Kong serum is in short supply. Make it hard to get; that's when consumers want it most."

And so for two months the doctors reaped the harvest that their needles sewed. A patient would come to have a speck removed from his eye and the doctor would suggest a Hong Kong flu shot.

"This is hard to get, you know," he would say.

The patient would forget about his smarting eye as he walked out holding tightly to his arm, practically a basket case.

I, too, was one of the lucky patients. My doctor had the serum, which he told me he was shooting into his favorite patients. He shot it into me. It worked perfectly. The next morning, I had it.

I phoned him at home before he left for his office. I used my standard delicate approach. "Doc," I said, "you know that Hong Kong flu shot you gave me yesterday? Well, I got it."

"That's ridiculous," he said.

"Well I have a temperature. I just took it; it's 102."

"Was that orally?" he asked.

"Why? Do you want it in writing?"

He hung up. But I knew what I had to do. Lie in bed, drink plenty of fluids, and take aspirin. For ten days I lay there. I ached. My hands shook. My teeth rattled. I couldn't read. But in more desperate moments I could watch daytime television.

Do you know what it is to lie there with the Hong Kong flu, *and* with a Hong Kong flu shot in your arm, and watch *Girl Talk*, and *Snap Judgment*, and *Hollywood Squares*, and reruns of *Make Room for Daddy*? Along with all their attendant commercials?

I must admit that one commercial intrigued me. It was the one where that puffy-eyed fellow in a robe that he kept pulling around his throat, complained, "My throat feels scratchy; I have the sniffles; I ache all over; and I could use some sleep."

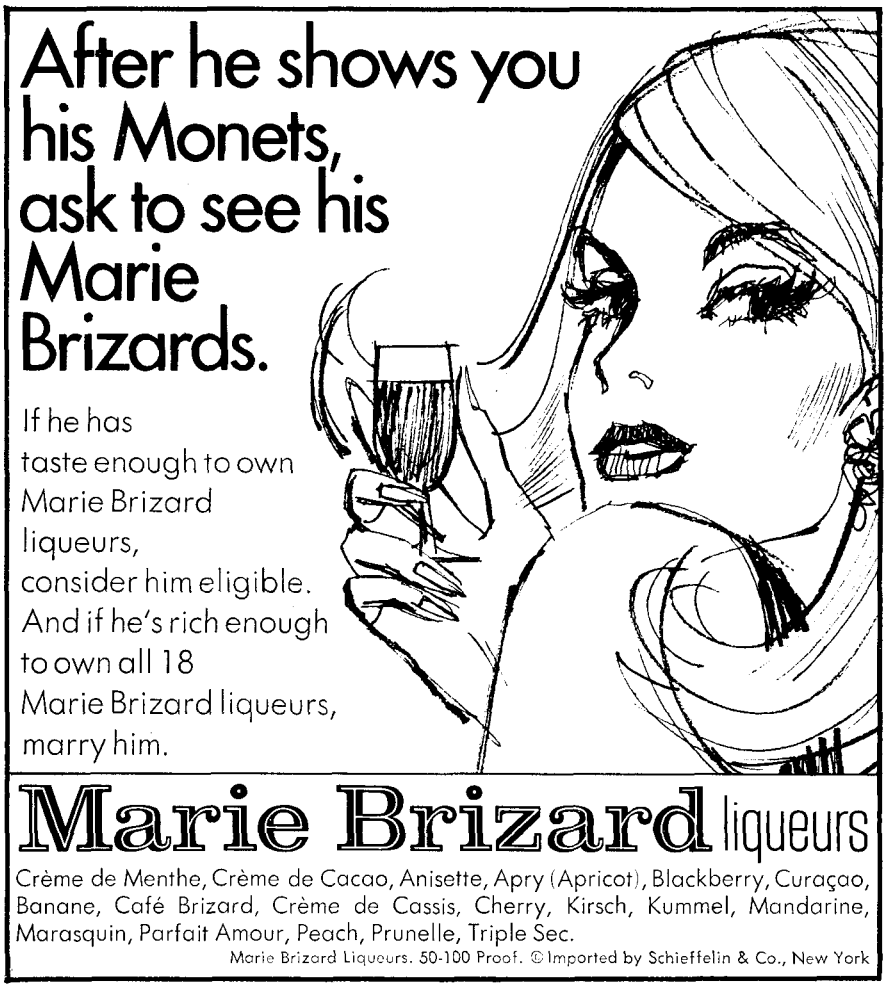
And a voice said, "Try this." A bottle of green stuff was handed the poor sick fellow. As he drank he said, "You mean I won't have to take all those other things?" The voice assured him that he wouldn't, but the sick fellow had already fallen asleep.

I sent out for the stuff. It probably would have worked, but every day that sick fellow was back again, looking worse. He became the other bed in my semi-private hospital room. I sent him a get well card that read, "Why kill yourself for a commercial?"

I hope he made it. My own recovery was sudden and miraculous. It came when I learned my flu-shooting doctor had been bedded for a week with the thing.

Anyway, by mid-February the epidemic had run its course. The patients were back to 98.6, a temperature at which no physician can operate successfully.

As a result, the Madison Avenue man was called in again. His suggestion was a stroke of genius: "A March Clearance Sale of Hong Kong flu shots. No more than two to a customer."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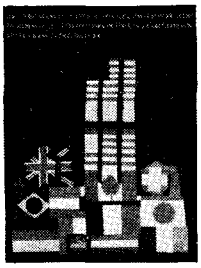

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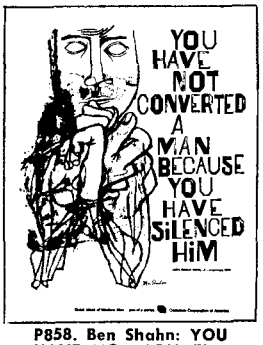

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Modern American Sculpture. By Dore Ashton. Abrams. $25.

The Psychology of Art. By Jean-Paul Weber. Delacorte. Hardbound, $6. Paperback, $1.95.

Crime Suspense

The Case of the Deadly Diamonds. By Christopher Bush. Macmillan. $4.50.

Death on Display. By Roger Simons. Roy. $3.95.

The Valentine Victim. By Dougal McLeish. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

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The Adventures of Menahem-Mendl. By Sholom Aleichem. Putnam. $5.95.

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Bischu the Jaguar. By Alan Caillou. NAL/World. $4.95.

But We Didn't Get the Fox. By Richard Llewellyn. Doubleday. $5.95.

The Chair. By Joel Lieber. McKay. $4.50.

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Horn. By D. Keith Mano. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95.

A Nest of Ninnies. By John Ashbery and James Schuyler. Dutton. $4.95.

Pushcarts and Dreamers. Edited by Max Rosenfeld. Yoseloff. $4.95.

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The Sporting Club. By Thomas McGuane. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

The Striker Portfolio. By Adam Hall. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

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The Triton Brig. By Dudley Pope. Doubleday. $5.95.

History

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The French Republic Under Cavaignac, 1848. By Frederick A. de Luna. Princeton. $13.50.

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International Affairs

Britain's Future. By David P. Calleo. Horizon. $6.50.

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Overcoming World Hunger. Edited by Clifford M. Hardin. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

The Secret War for Europe: A Dossier of Espionage. By Louis Hagen. Stein & Day. $5.95.

The Voices. By Joseph Wechsberg. Doubleday. $3.95.

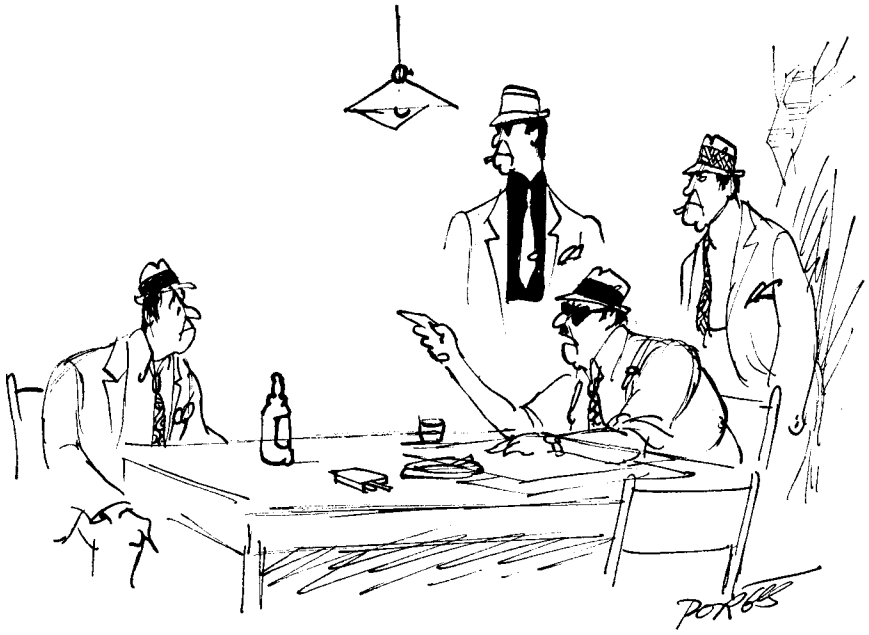
Literary History, Criticism

The Art of Richard Wright. By Edward Margolies. Southern Illinois. $4.95.

Charles Dickens: The World of His Novels. By J. Hillis Miller. Indiana. Paperback, $2.95.

Frank Waters. By Martin Bucco. Steck-Vaughn. Paperback, $1.

The Present Age in British Literature. By David Daiches. Indiana. Hardbound, $6.75. Paperback, $2.65.



"Next, park the hot car on the alternate side of the street . . ."

Miscellany

Anthology of Holocaust Literature. Edited by Jacob Glatstein, *et al.* Jewish Publication Society. $10.

Children and Their Literature. By Constantine Georgiou. Prentice-Hall. $9.95.

The Gallic Muse. By Laurence Davies. Barnes. $6.

A Lively Corpse. By Miriam Straus Weiss. Barnes. $10.

Man: His First Two Million Years. By Ashley Montagu. Columbia. $6.95.

Sex, Sex, Sex. By Marcena and Trevor Wyatt Moore. Pilgrim. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.95.

A World Full of Animals. By John Hunt. McKay. $6.95.

A World of Men. By Wally Herbert. Putnam. $6.95.

Your Prayers Are Always Answered. By Alexander Lake. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

Personal History

Chalk Dust on My Shoulder. By Charles G. Rousculp. Charles Merrill. $6.95.

To Greenland's Icy Mountains. By Eve Garnett. Roy. $5.50.

Poetry, Plays

Ankor Wat. By Allen Ginsberg. Horizon. $3.95.

Casando. By Samuel Beckett. Grove. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.75.

The Collected Poems of Babette Deutsch. Doubleday. $5.95.

Collected Poems. By Basil Bunting. Horizon. $6.50.

An Ear in Bartram's Tree: Selected Poems, 1957-1967. By Jonathan Williams. North Carolina. $7.50.

Edwin Arlington Robinson: The Life of Poetry. By Louis Coxe. Pegasus. Hardbound, $6. Paperback, $1.95.

Encounter on Burrows Hill. By Conrad Hilberry. Ohio. $4.

The Lost Fire Brigade. By Spike Hawkins. Horizon. $3.50.

North Central. By Lorine Niedecker. Horizon. $4.50.

Satiric Comedies: America's Lost Plays. Edited by William R. Reardon and Walter J. Meserve. Indiana. $8.75.

The Wounds of Civil War. Edited by Joseph W. Houppert. Nebraska. Hardbound, $4.75. Paperback, $1.65.

Politics, Law

Anatomy of Anti-Communism. Prepared for the American Friends Service Committee. Hill & Wang. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.50.

The Vanishing Right to Live. By Charles E. Rice. Doubleday. $4.95.

Psychology, Sociology

The Cry for Love: Understanding and Overcoming Human Depression. By Lucy Freeman. Macmillan. $5.95.

Love, Sex, and Being Human. By Paul Bohannan. Doubleday. $3.95.

Up from Depression. By Leonard Cammer, M.D. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

—Compiled by Naid Sofian.

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1) Flush out the internal wastes and poisons that make you OLD today...

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How To "Freeze Your Age" For The Next Thirty Years

But why should there be a special book on YOGA OVER FORTY? Why such emphasis on HEALING Yoga? *Why are the techniques in this book specially designed to take the abused and fatigued "middle-aged body," and give that body MORE strength and MORE vigor and MORE resistance against disease than it had 10 or 20 or even 30 years before!*

The answer is simple:

Because "middle-age" (and Yoga defines middle-age as the period between forty and eighty) *is the last great crossroads of every human life.* It is at this point—NOW—that you make the vital decisions that will either propel you onward to sickness and old age...*or turn your "physical clock" backward in health and strength and appearance to what can only be called "A SECOND YOUTH."*

The choice is completely up to you. Because if you leave your body alone after forty, *the aging processes pick up a disasterous speed.* A chronic tiredness begins to haunt every day. You put on weight you can't take off. The skin of your face begins to crumble faster and faster—*because your heart just can't pump up enough nourishing blood to keep it young any longer.*

And, most important of all, gravity—the great killer of all animal life on earth—*begins to weigh down your body more and more every year.* Until it becomes difficult to walk, almost impossible to run, a terror to climb stairs. Until your entire body becomes a battlefield of aches and pains. *Until you find yourself cutting out half the real FUN in life—because suddenly, tragically, you're just "TOO OLD"!*

This is sheer nonsense! It is caused—not by age—but by ignorance. Four thousand years of Yoga Youth till Ninety prove it wrong. Here are the facts. Here are the "Age-Freezers" and "Age-Reverses" that YOU can use to build a wall against sickness and pain—like this:

How To Breathe Yourself Young! Stretch Yourself Young! Sleep Yourself Young!

For example:

Four new sources of energy you never dreamed existed—from the earth, air, water and sun. Page 90 *shows you how to tap each one, in minutes.*

Cleansing Breaths. Sort of Super-Sighs, that let you breathe weariness right out of your body.

Why the best tranquilizer in the world *doesn't cost a penny.* It's yours on page 94.

The Blood-Stream Purifier. Forces your body to BURN UP hidden poisons that have been clogging your cells for years. You may feel the difference—in thrilling new freedom from indigestion alone—*immediately.*

How to use *the magnetic currents of the earth* to help you sleep better and deeper, waken incredibly refreshed.

Released for the first time to our knowledge: The simple technique that allows Yogis to *sit in the snow,* with only a loin-cloth, and be perfectly comfortable. YOU can use this same secret, in minutes, to *eliminate cold hands and feet all winter long.*

Previously undisclosed Yoga sex exercises. Their prime purpose: To transmute Physical Energy into Sexual Energy.

The single most powerful pose to delay the aging of the human body (page 15). And why it releases a virtual torrent of self-healing processes.

Weight-loss the Yoga Way. How can you lose weight like a young person, if you have an old person's glands? Therefore, Yoga works on your glands—*not only to help you lose weight more quickly than you have ever dreamed before—but to actually REDISTRIBUTE THAT WEIGHT OVER YOUR ENTIRE BODY, to eliminate ugly bulges that have plagued you for years.*

Yoga Rejuvenators For Your Face, Your Hair, Your Spine, Your Teeth

Yoga says that age etches itself on your face for two reason: Because that face becomes starved for enough nourishing blood; and because it loses the battle against gravity, and sags.

Therefore, *Yoga floods your face with blood at least once every day. And it reverses the power of gravity, to build up tissues instead of tear them down.*

The simple poses that do this are so powerful that they not only pour new youth into your face, but also:

Irrigate the brain, and stimulate mental processes.

Feed the gums and roots of your teeth, and increase their strength and longevity.

Feed the scalp and hair follicles with the same rich nourishing blood, and (in case after case reported in this book) *naturally retard and perhaps even reverse graying and falling hair.*

Prove It Yourself Entirely At Our Risk

But this is only the beginning, of course. Almost every page is filled with priceless health secrets, including:

How to avoid incomplete elimination—the number one cause of chronic poisoning of the system after forty.

A method by which the body can *continue to repair its own cells, right up until ninety.*

How to *stretch* back pain away. Makes those stiff joints mobile again—that sore spine as supple as a kitten's.

Deep internal massage. To tone up liver, kidneys, and pancreas...firm the stomach...lead to inner cleanliness...increase the gastric fire.

A new way to stop smoking, *without* eating more (see page 52).

What Yoga can do for you to improve varicose veins, swollen ankles and feet.

Your best exercise to recharge the body—that takes only five minutes a day, and requires you to do ABSOLUTELY NOTHING (but in an entirely new way). See page 113.

And much, much more. *But you must try these simple poses yourself to really believe them.* The cost of this amazing new system of HEALING YOGA—called YOGA OVER FORTY—is only $5.98 complete, *if you decide to keep it.*

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It costs you nothing if you decide to send it back. *The decision is up to you.* We believe that SECOND YOUTH lies in the postage-paid card attached. If you are willing to test this simple rejuvenating method yourself, at our risk—why not send it in TODAY.

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Trade Winds

James F. Fixx

A reader in Seattle, Mary Alice Trammell, sends word of the latest development in the battle of the beards. It seems that the baseball coach at Washington State University doesn't think beards give his team a "positive image," and he has ordered that members must be cleanshaven.

A poetry professor, Howard McCord, hit on an appropriate way of fighting back. Through the student newspaper he made the following statement: "I am requiring that male students in English 452 (Creative Poetry) allow their hair and/or beards and sideburns to grow to suitable poetic lengths, following the hirsute tradition of such poets as Walt Whitman, Ezra Pound, Allen Ginsberg, and many more."

Another reader, Robert Wasdon, writes from Florida to express a bit of astonished pleasure in the notice he received from the Agel Publishing Company of New York, publishers of the monthly newspaper *Books*. The notice reads: "The fun has gone out of producing *Books* . . . in its present format. We are suspending publication immediately."

Mr. Wasdon comments, "There have been many reasons advanced by publishers who terminated publication. It is good to know there is still someone around to make the fun of working a

qualification for continuing that necessary though noxious activity."

We spoke with Jerome Agel, the busy and inventive fellow who founded *Books* a few years back, and asked for all the details behind his bold and arresting announcement. "All the details," said Mr. Agel, "are that the fun *did* go out of it and I thought the simplest thing was just to say so."

He reports that a hundred or so readers have been so startled by his honesty that they took the trouble to write and congratulate him. We live in a world of high-powered public relations, in which the way things *seem* sometimes looks more important than the way they really *are*, and I can't help suspecting that there may be some sort of moral in Mr. Agel's story.

Stop! Don't build that house until you've heard about the helpful hobby of Bernd Foerster, a professor of architecture at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, New York. Professor Foerster thinks the traditional designations of architectural styles—Gothic, Romanesque, etc.—don't cover quite enough ground to take account of everything we see around us these days. To help his students, therefore, he has added a few of his own. Among them are the following: Glass Block Classic, Rusticated Space Cadet, Son of Graph Paper, Self-Conscious Mannerist, Cantilevered Cute, Neon Polluted, Turnpike Indigenous, Hellenic Asbestos, Depression Chateau, Tudor Garage, Modified Mussolini, Indefinite Regional, Extinct Modern, Psychotic Ranch, Pseudo Nonconformist, Neo Ticky-Tacky, and Blacktop Suburban.

The changing nature of magazine publishing was sharply illustrated in January when, at almost the same instant the *Saturday Evening Post* was breathing its last, a new, impressive, and promising magazine was born. The magazine is called *The Washington Monthly*, and, though it is quite different from the *Post*, it seems to take a promisingly fresh view of things. I wouldn't be surprised if it turned out to be around for quite a while.

The first issue of *The Washington Monthly* carries articles on the White House staff, on what a Senator's life is really like, on the question, "Is There a Republican Approach to Government?", and on half a dozen other subjects. The magazine gives evidence of careful and imaginative editing and carries the work of a number of people who know both their politics and their writing (*e.g.*, Murray Kempton, Calvin Trillin, Russell Baker). One of the articles—David S. Broder's comments on the role of the press in politics—provides some of the most solid insights into that complex

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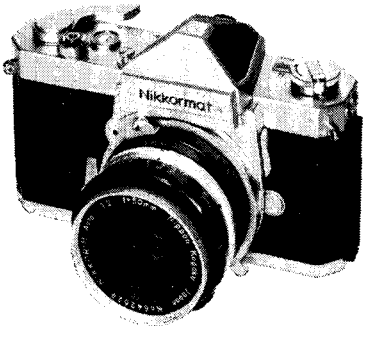

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Osez

le verre

...vert!

subject that I've come across anywhere; I can't imagine anyone not being fascinated by it.

The staff of *The Washington Monthly* is so anxious to have you read their magazine—and, they hope, decide to subscribe—that the editor, Charles Peters, tells me they will send you a free copy if you ask. The address: 1150 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

Whether I had originally planned to or not (and, to be absolutely candid about it, I didn't), I now find myself involved in what one reader calls my "word war." As those of you who have not been cutting this class will recall, I have made some unkind remarks from time to time about mispronunciations (such as *pro*test when pro*test* is meant) and about the misuse of such words as "hopefully."

Well, I am discovering that many TRADE WINDS readers harbor similar dark thoughts about the barbarisms around us, and they don't shrink from saying so. Marjorie S. Neagle of Newton, Massachusetts, for example, says she particu-

larly dislikes such phrases as "most perfect," "most complete," and "most unique." She is also bothered, she says, by the phrase "mental telepathy" ("Is there another kind?"). And two readers—Viahnett Sprague Martin of Houston, and Elizabeth Booth of Boston—write to complain about the use of "you know," dropped into speech these days as freely as commas.

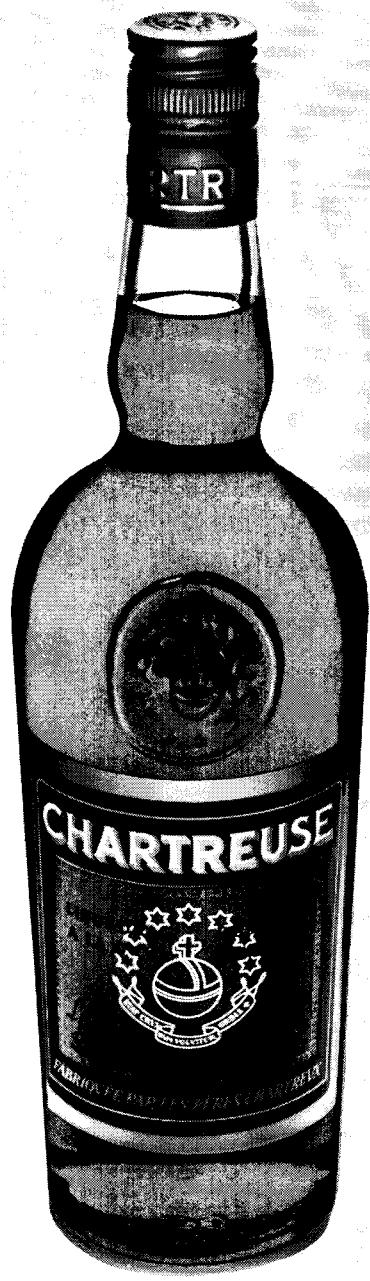
The only complaint I have received comes from Helen M. MacKenzie of Elyria, Ohio, who comments on the fact that it is not always wrong, as I must have implied, to say "feel badly." It seems that Miss MacKenzie has no feeling in one hand and can't tell, when she touches a piece of cloth, whether it's silk or cotton. She points out that she doesn't feel bad—she feels badly!

Well, even though she does feel badly, I hope she feels fine.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1821)

(BENNETT) CERF:
TREASURY OF ATROCIOUS PUNS

An artistic Indian erected a new wigwam and decorated it with costly manufactured baubles, purchased via a mail-order catalogue. His neighbors, miffed because the new wigwam was getting too much attention, disparaged the effort. Sneered they, "Cheap Sioux veneer!"



Chartreuse
le drink
glacé.

CHARTREUSE DES PÈRES

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Toward a New Partnership with Europe

A former Ambassador to Germany and Turkey suggests that we should think of our relations with Europe not "in terms of two pillars standing on opposite sides of the Atlantic, but in terms of two trains generally moving in the same direction along roughly parallel tracks."

By GEORGE C. McGHEE

THE United States and Europe need each other. This is more widely accepted today on both sides of the Atlantic than ever before. What is at issue between us is the form that our relationship should take during a period of change and adjustment.

Change is an uncomfortable thing. It has an unsettling effect. It is easier to see what one has given up than what one will gain. But change is also an inescapable feature of life. There was a time when Europe felt that it needed us much more than we needed it. Indeed, in the immediate postwar period Europe was totally dependent on us, both for its security and for the economic means to make its recovery. Dependence creates a special intimacy, a relationship of its own—and generally not one of a healthy and enduring nature. But just as these circumstances have changed, so, inevitably, must our relationship with Europe change.

We can, with all modesty, be justly proud of our record during this period. We not only rose to the immediate challenge, but also anticipated the need to put our relationship with Europe on a more enduring basis. Secretary of State James F. Byrnes held out the hand of friendship to the Germans in Stuttgart in September 1946, and General George C. Marshall to all Europeans in June 1947. The concept of a partnership between the United States and Europe was enunciated by President Kennedy in Philadelphia on July 4, 1962, and became the guiding principle of our European policy.

This is why we have consistently supported plans to strengthen Europe and give it greater unity. Through the cooperative military organization of NATO, we and the Europeans created a counterpoise to Soviet power that has preserved the peace. We welcomed the Monnet and Schuman proposals. We supported the plans for a European Defense Community. We have encouraged the creation of the European Community, and also its enlargement to include the United Kingdom and other eligible countries. We have also encouraged a widening of the scope of Community action, moving ultimately into the political arena.

SOME may say that we acted on occasion with such excessive zeal that we imparted a strong American flavor to what must be essentially a European effort. But if there was an excess of zeal, it was in the service of a good cause. We saw that Europe could in this way become comparable to us. This not only would permit Europe to play a larger world role, but would have a salutary effect on the unhealthy consequences of our present disparity.

Although not all of these plans for Europe have come to full fruition, considerable progress has been made. Traditional rivalries between the countries of Western Europe have been damped down. The economies of the Common Market countries—and to a lesser extent those of the "Outer Seven"—have burgeoned while becoming inextricably bound together. As a result, the people of continental Europe have acquired a new feeling of togetherness as "Europeans." There are the beginnings of a "European" nationalism. There is a growing conviction that Europe should once again determine its own destiny and assume a leading role in world efforts. Thus, while we do not as yet have a Europe which "speaks with one voice," there is a more independent and self-reliant Europe that is proud of its accomplishments and faces the future with confidence.

The feeling that our relations with Europe today are not as close as they were in the Fifties derives, I believe, more from the fact that our relations have changed than why or how they have changed. It need not be disturbing. It need not, as is often charged, represent neglect on our part—the subordination of Europe to the Vietnam war. It need not, on the other hand, represent a deliberate effort on the part of Europeans to distance themselves from us.

What is sometimes taken to be an anti-American sentiment on the part of Europeans does not necessarily reflect a desire to disassociate themselves from us, but rather to reorient themselves with respect to us. Many Europeans wish to get out from under what they consider has been an undue American influence and to get alongside of that influence. They do not wish to give us up. Experience has shown them, as well as us, that we can and must cooperate with each other.

If this is so, what, then, should be the model for America's evolving relationship with Europe? First, it cannot

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George C. McGhee recently retired from the Department of State after a distinguished career there dating back to 1947. During this period he served as Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs and Ambassador to Turkey and the Federal Republic of Germany.

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be one of dominance by us—even if we wished it. One view is that the United States would, within an informal grouping, impinge directly upon the other countries of the Atlantic world—and they on us and each other. In the end, we would represent, with all of our inequalities, one big happy family with us the head. This might be pleasing for us, but it is not likely to be so for the Europeans. Moreover, European unity has gone too far to turn back.

Our Government, on the other hand, has long hoped that once Europe becomes unified, a relationship would develop between us which we have described as a "partnership." This term has never been fully defined, but it is assumed that it would involve, as in a business partnership, a sharing of the risks and responsibilities—as well as the rewards—of our joint efforts. We would expect to treat each other as equals, particularly since a united Europe would in fact be our equal. We see no conflict between the two concepts: European Community and Atlantic Community.

BUT what about the basic assumption underlying this concept of partnership: that Europe will move toward greater political unity? The outlook at the moment, it must be admitted, is inconclusive. Although our support for a larger Europe is well known, there is really little that we can do about it. The hopes of some Europeans that greater economic cohesion would automatically lead to greater political unity have not been realized.

Indeed, the success of the European Community on the economic side, and a growing readiness among its members to accord purely economic concessions to the "Outer Seven" countries, may have relieved some of the pressure for advances—requiring difficult and unpleasant decisions—on the political side. Moreover, the determined opposition of French President de Gaulle, a very important obstacle, is still with us.

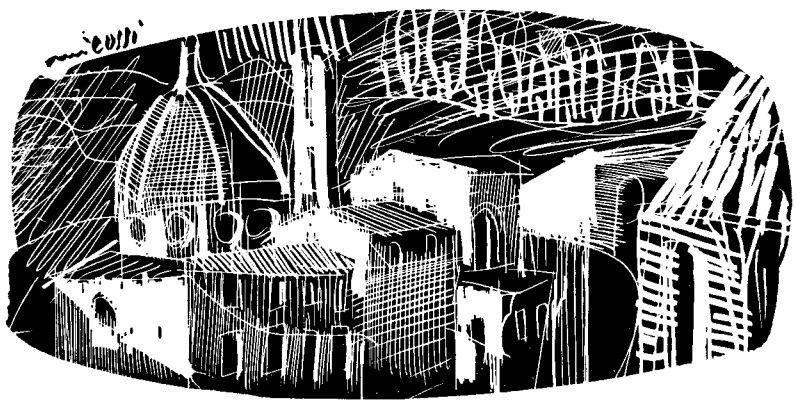
On the other hand, strong unifying forces remain that make the ultimate outlook not unpromising. Powerful groups, including not only government leaders but intellectuals, youth, and the European labor movement, strongly support a unified Europe. We must remember, too, that the Community is not the only focus for unity in Europe. There is also Strasbourg (the Council of Europe) and the WEU (Western European Union), and the vast private sector, which moves in a similar direction.

WE must, however, rid ourselves of the idea that Europe must become fully unified before the form of its ultimate relationship with us can begin to unfold. It may be useful to think of U.S.-European relations not in terms of two pillars standing on opposite sides of the Atlantic, but in terms of two trains generally moving in the same direction along roughly parallel tracks. Our train gives the outward appearance of uniformity, while the European train consists of a variety of cars with the possibility that others may be added. This difference may, however, not be so important as the fact that we are headed in the same direction, and at comparable speeds so that one can keep up with the other.

Indeed, we in America may in the past have been understandably overrigid in our concept of the way Europe should be unified. Our preference for a federal approach is in all probability derived from our own historical development. There may, however, be other avenues toward unity which could yield better results because they are more compatible with Europe's own traditions. It may be that European unity will not come about at all as we have anticipated—i.e., through a dramatic political act at the top—but rather through inundation from below. It may come through an increasing emergence into the European fabric of the bureaucracy of the Common Market and other international institutions, and of the further encroachment of the private sector.

Much of the business of Europe today is directed by the 8,000 members of the staff of the European Community. Intra-European trade is now not a national but a European Community matter. In external trade the states have abdicated their sovereignty to the Community, which acts for all of the Six. Increasingly, other fields heretofore reserved for national action, such as financial policy, are becoming matters for Community decision.

Taking into account other intergovernmental activities organized on a broader basis, such as those assumed by NATO, the OECD (Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development), the GATT (General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade), the IMF (International Monetary Fund), and the United Nations and its subsidiary organizations, there remains a decreasing residue of



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matters which are the subject of purely national action. Indeed, the time will come when Europe will find that the tip of the national iceberg is very small—involving only the highest policy decisions—in comparison with that greater portion that is submerged in international bureaucratic channels.

AT the same time, Europe is also becoming more closely knitted in the private sector. This process was sparked by carefully placed plant investments by American companies, which were the first to take advantage of the Common Market by creating integrated European industries. A beginning has been made, however, on purely European mergers and investments across country lines, and on closer cooperation between the industrial groupings of the members of the Six. Cooperation in Europewide television, road networks, and airlines, and increasing personal contacts through tourism, sports, and cultural cooperation are all having their unifying effect.

The same is true, however, of the evolution of the Atlantic Community, which hopefully will provide nourishment for the developing partnership between the United States and Europe. NATO is an Atlantic-focused organization that generates a high degree of "Atlantic" cooperation, not just in the military but in political and other fields. An example is the decision reached at the Fall 1967 NATO meeting in Brussels that the organization would play a significantly larger political role.

Atlantic cohesion is also developing at a rapid pace in the private sectors. In science and technology there already exists an Atlantic Community. Atomic scientists from Karlsruhe are equally at home at Los Alamos—just as scientists of other fields move readily from Oxford to Berkeley. Trade and investment between Europe and America have reached unprecedented heights. U.S. direct investment in Europe recently stood at $17.9 billion; combined exports and imports between us add up to the same amount. The great international companies, whether domiciled in North America or Europe, are owned in both places. They are managed by internationalists. Their goals and policies do not know national boundaries. In the aggregate, they constitute one of the strongest of the "Atlantic" forces.

The Atlantic nations are also working together in an effort to solve the most basic world problem: lessening the gap between the industrialized and the developing countries. The existence of this gap introduces an element of tension in the world which, if not relieved, could become a serious threat to European, as well as to our own, security.

There are other ties too numerous to mention—the press, television, the theater and graphic arts—which are developing in large part on an Atlantic basis. Through tourism, the intermingling of individuals in fraternal and professional organizations, and in countless other ways, the Atlantic world is increasingly being bound together. These myriad ties constitute the warp and woof of our common Atlantic fabric—quite immune from day-to-day political vicissitudes.

At this particular stage, we should not, I believe, worry too much about whether the European Community is getting ahead of the Atlantic Community—or vice versa—or whether they are in phase or in conflict. They are both happening simultaneously under our very noses, in the only real way they can—as a result of the natural interplay of governmental and private forces. If one gets temporarily ahead, the other will catch up. The main thing is that they are going ahead together—and in the same direction.

In the meantime, much as we wish the Europeans would do more to help us in carrying out the manifold defensive tasks of the Free World, there is little that we can do to hasten evolution in European thinking in this regard. Our best line is to make clear that we cannot indefinitely bear the present disproportionate share of Free World defense; that we expect Europe to play a greater European and world role; and that, when they make such a decision, we will welcome them as full partners.

THIS evolution would be greatly accelerated if we could make a greater effort, through frank discussions with our European friends, to arrive at a closer common assessment of world problems that deserve our primary attention. In doing so, we must be prepared to adapt our views to theirs, as well as to attempt to influence them.

Perhaps Europeans will be aroused to take a defensive stand outside of their own continent only in the event of some unfortunate new cataclysm directly affecting them. A threat to the North African littoral world, for example, would be too close to home for them to ignore. Hopefully, however, before that time comes, the Europeans will come to see it as being in their own interest to join us in the only goal worthy of our joint efforts: the longer-range task of making of the Free World an edifice that is not only unassailable by enemies from without, but one within which men can build a society worthy of free people.

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THE MAN WHO READ WAUGH

(After rereading a great deal of the same)

By PETER DE VRIES

WHEN the two British archaeologists excavating for relics in African Numania accidentally discovered gold, they were arrested for prospecting without a license and thrown into prison. They were found guilty as charged and sped back to the expedition site, this time bound in chains.

"They're taking us back to the dig," said Miles Butter. "They figure it for a mine now that we've stumbled onto that bloody ore."

"To be worked by convict labor," said Peter Paltry. They had both learnt to speak without moving their lips, in the manner of ventriloquists, since, like everyone else in Numania with gold fillings, they lived in constant fear of having their mouths confiscated by the state; impounding inlays being the most recent of the monetary reforms undertaken by a regime in chronic fiscal straits.

Toil in the bonanza that the archaeologists had struck—to which other convicts were now hustled from every corner of the realm—was as arduous as might have been expected, but while delving for state metal they could at least keep an eye peeled for the spearheads and cooking pots for which they had originally been sent by the British Museum. One day Peter Paltry found a coin bearing the date 339 B.C.

"A novelty shop gag no better than that can mean only one thing," he said.

"Viscount Discount is in the country," Miles Butter said. "Having us on."

They were in any case not surprised to have their shackles hammered off and the poultry lorry that doubled for a police van whisk them back to the capital, over streets through which a state procession had recently passed. The air still smelt of the bath salts which, in lieu of flowers strewn before the royal car, were poured by cheering throngs into the rain pools standing everywhere at that time of year.

At the palace doors they were turned over to a series of eunuchs, who with their great paunches bumped them softly down a corridor to the throne room. There the ebony King Bismuth lolled on a lake of cushions, a red cummerbund circling his equatorial middle and a fez perched on his head. The fezzes, everywhere seen, were part of his program of Westernization; they had taken his fancy on a recent visit to New York during a Shriners convention. He had instituted numerous portfolios and periodically proclaimed cabinet crises modeled on those of the European commonwealths. He awoke from a doze and said, "Discuss it with my Prime Minister."

Viscount Discount grinned richly from a nearby divan, his cleaver face more reminiscent than ever of George Arliss. He was smoking a churchwarden, the stem of which at intervals he poked down to scratch the back of his throat, which tobacco irritated though soothing his nerves.

"Hello, Paltry. Well, Butter. It's been a long time."

"Hello, Vi," said Peter Paltry. "We lost track of you after Lord Wobleigh brought the action over the hotel stink. So this is where you've landed."

"Wobleigh had no cause. It was in the lobby that I autographed Lady Wobleigh's stomach, in perfectly plain view of everyone. You were there. Not that you came to my defense, either of you. . . . Well, it's down here that I've learnt the secret of political power today. It's electric power."

HE pressed a button and zephyrs from three air conditioners gently swept the room. "Then we've vacuum cleaners, dishwashers, even a deep freeze, all thanks to me. Disposalls are promised for early delivery by a connection I have in the States. You see, London isn't all I electrified." Touching another button he directed their gaze to a cabinet of polished teak from which after a few moments of soft mechanical clatter issued the shattering strains of a Dixieland jazz band. "His Majesty has just discovered African rhythms," Viscount Discount said, "and has a standing order in at a New Orleans record shop for all the latest releases. Paltry, that'll be one of your jobs, to keep him happy there. I remember the gramophone you used to keep us awake with at Balliol. As a prisoner of Numania your collection has been confiscated, but it's safe for you to catalogue into the Palace library."

"Eddie Condon, Big Spiderbecke, all like that," said the monarch, snapping his fingers as he writhed with closed eyes among the pillows. "Who's on vibes?"

"What he wants is tutoring in the fine points," said Discount. "The real from the fake, that sort of thing. Some treacle by a Lawrence Welk got mixed up in the shipment last week. After all, the rest of us have to listen to the damned stuff all day long too."

"And then all the pretty little statues," said the King, clawing a jujube from a packet concealed in the folds of his sash.

"Oh, yes, the African primitives. He's on that kick, too. There's a steady stream of figurines from Bond Street and Madison Avenue. All that wants overseeing. And now finally," Viscount Discount said with a gleam of genuine interest, "there's the cuisine here. It's worse than the truck we got at school. You're a gourmet. Repeat some of the miracles you performed on your little hot plate. You'll find all the herbs you need in the kitchen."

"We are not jade sophisticates," said the King, "but we like peachy things. We have been civilized since my dynasty got conceived by God in 1066."

Miles Butter broke in, impatient with the obvious. "How about you, Vi? Playing the power behind the throne is all very well, and this is a snug place to hide out from London subpoenas, but how do you keep yourself amused? You often threatened to slit your throat from boredom at Balliol."

"That, my dear Butter, is where you come in."

At the touch of a final button a bar

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reversed itself to disclose a tier of congested bookshelves.

"That's *my* side of the wall dividing Bismuth's digs from mine. All my old favorites are there—I needn't tell you what they are. I like reading aloud well enough, but have grown tired of the sound of my own voice. I remember now the cool beauty of yours, that mentholated baritone, reading your papers at the literary clubs. I see pleasant evenings stretching ahead of us, months, maybe even. . . . Paltry, it's no good gaping out the window. The packet has sailed and won't be back till autumn. You chaps cooperate and I'll see that your mouths aren't confiscated."

Peter Paltry's gaze was fixed not on the distant seacoast but on the courtyard below. The poultry lorry was backed up to what by inference was the scullery door, and crates of fowl and other provisions were being discharged. He suddenly realized how ravenous he was for something decent to eat himself.

"I'm ready to hop to it, if you'll show me the kitchen," he said. "How would your Majesty like his chicken tonight?"

"Dead," said the monarch after a moment of thought.

"I'M going round the bend if we don't get out of here," Peter Paltry said. It was three months later. He stood now at the window of their room gazing through detention bars in what he took to be the general direction of London. "Think of it there right this minute," he continued wistfully. "Lady Wobleigh's picked up a rage from the States apparently called the two-party system. You look in on one at 9 or so, then shove along to another around midnight. They're all doing it. I'd settle for one good bash right now."

"Bash in the head is all we'll get if those natives don't simmer down," said Miles Butter. "It's those bloody African rhythms he's imported got the beggars all stirred up. Listen." From the surrounding saucer-edge of low hillsides could be heard the implacable throb of "Twelfth Street Rag" as played by the Tigertown Five, dealt at full volume from loud speakers stolen by night in an already portentous raid on Viscount Discount's warehouses. Firelight on dancing limbs could be imagined; the bodies of native women inscribed with graffiti rumored to be plagiarized from some American television entertainment known as *Laugh-In*. "If they ever decide to have themselves a little Bastille Day here, and knock over this ice cream villa, what's to prevent their taking it into their heads we're part of the Establishment? That packet's due back in a few days. When she sails again, I aim to be on her. Any ideas, Paltry? Otherwise cease and desist from barren nostalgias."

"Yes, I've a plan," said Paltry, turning from the window. "You're closest to him. What's to prevent your reading him to sleep and then letting him have it with the nearest blunt object?"

"What would we do with the body? Have you thought of that too?"

"Yes. The Disposalls won't arrive until the packet does, but there's the deep freeze. Properly butchered and dressed . . ."

"It's inventoried every Saturday. What if we haven't got away by then?"

"The beauty of herb cooking is its ability to disguise things. Picks them up, too. Bismuth is by now a full-fledged gourmet and will eat anything. With his appetite a week should be enough. . . . Imagine Vi going in basil and thyme . . . And rosemary. That's for remembrance . . . I mean to be on that boat—enough so that I'd be willing to tuck in my share if need be. How about you?"

MILES BUTTER awoke the next day to find it was Peter Paltry who had vanished, leaving no trace. Viscount Discount summoned him at the usual evening hour. "Story time," he greeted him with the excruciating smile. It is when our acquaintances behave at their worst that they make their most successful forays on our sympathy, for it is then that we are vouchsafed clearest glimpses of their cross. Discount's was plain: he was an extrovert who hated people. The gregarious misanthrope is, by one of nature's more mischievous convolutions, her commonest variety. Butter had more pressing matters on his mind, however.

"What have you done with Peter Paltry?" he demanded.

"Your quarters were bugged, of course, and all your conversations recorded on those tapes. Would you like to hear a few played back on the Telefunken? No? All right."

Discount strolled to the shelves and ran his finger along a row of titles.

"Last night we finished *Vile Bodies*. Tonight I feel in the mood for *Black Mischief*." He handed the volume to Butter, who carried it to his accustomed chair, beside which at least a long whiskey-and-soda awaited him. "I'm naturally curious about one thing. I was pleased to hear you demur in the more dire aspect of Paltry's little plan, or at least not to hear you consent, and hoped it might be loyalty. That you might have come to enjoy these evenings together as much as I. Or is it just that you're a vegetarian now?"

"It's nothing to do with that," said Butter, opening the book. Viscount Discount drew the draperies, lighting a lamp or two as he wandered back to his chair. "You and I are both veterans of the British table; we've both taken many a hard meal in Chelsea and Bloomsbury. But there are some things, my dear Vi, that not even an Englishman will eat."

". . . and then I said to myself, 'Jacoby you've been a spectator long enough.'"

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Confessions and Vengeances

I GUESS IT'S safe now to confess I helped Myra cheat her gym teacher. If the teacher tries to make anything of my confession I will deny everything and claim I was only inventing the story because I had a column to write and was fishing for material. Such a denial would not be entirely honorable, but I have never had any thought of dealing honorably with gym teachers.

It is conceivable, I suppose, that a given gym teacher might be a decent, though misguided, person. I must still insist on thinking of the idea of gym as a fraud imposed upon the helpless young. Having worked my way through school on road gangs, I had had my ten hour-a-day workout with pick, shovel, and jackhammer, and as far as I was concerned energy is something a man puts out sweatily for pay. Violent motion without pay, it follows, is an insanity, unless, of course, it involves a girl. Any healthy boy can get all the exercise he needs in the act of chasing girls around town. The girls can get all the exercise they need by running discreetly measured distances. And if the boys don't chase girls, and if the girls don't, finally, let themselves get caught, what is there left to be healthy for?

Gym is a fraud, I say, and in time the fraudulence of the profession will rub off on the professional, no matter how decent his starting intentions. Every one of those bar-bell, knee-bend number-shouters is an empire builder trying to sneak his way into power. How many colleges, for instance, still insist that no student be granted a degree until he can swim 100 yards?

I don't imply that it's a bad thing to be able to swim 100 yards, not so long at least, as a man is careful not to fall overboard 101 yards from shore. Considering the size of most lakes and of all oceans, I can't really take that 100-yard margin of safety as a substantial consideration. I even suspect that more people have drowned in learning to swim 100 yards than as a result of shipwreck. But there is no need for that 100-yard requirement to have point: the point is to have a requirement.

And you can bet that requirement did not originate with the professor of Greek. No sir, that dog-paddle clause was dreamed up by those empire builders over in the gym, and as far as I am concerned they can all take their 100-yard swims and jump overboard 200 yards off shore in a rip tide.

I, for one, never went to college to get healthy, but only to gather notes toward some understanding of my decay. The fact that I did graduate in reasonable health was incidentally due to those road gangs and basically due to the fact that I took Pappy's advice and worked out as a dedicated girl chaser. I might still be the healthiest man in town if that Hostetter girl hadn't stopped running when my mind was temporarily on something else and the running had become a matter of momentum. The next thing I knew, she had become the mother of my children and I was squiring her to PTA meetings. As anyone knows, the air of those meetings is enough to weaken the healthiest of men.

I do, however, still owe the gym teachers a grudge debt for making me the cleanest boy graduate of 1938. A week before final exams I received a note from the boss bar-bell announcing that I had established an all-college record for gym cuts and that I could not graduate until they were made up. Most of the cuts, as it happened, went back over two years, but what empire builder has ever considered a statute of limitations? The bar-bells demanded my last homage to their idiocy and they would have my body, or else.

They had even worked out a do-it-yourself system for the remission of sins. I had only to go to the gym office at the start of any class hour, pick up a colored chit, come out of the showers fifty minutes later, turn my chit in to an attendant who would give me one of another color, dress, return to the gym office with the second chit, and have it acknowledged on my bar-bell dossier. Thereupon, to make up another cut, I had only to ask for a new chit and start over.

That's all there was to it. I was not required to exercise, nor did I volunteer. At the end of my sophomore year, moreover, I had given up studying for exams on the theory that if I didn't already know what I needed to know I would not be helped by sleepless nights on coffee and pep pills.

I read dirty books, John Donne, Yeats, and the want ads. I ate lunch out of a paper sack and let that do for one daily make-up. I played bad chess in the locker room with other delinquents. Or we just bull-sessioned. And, until it bored me, I damned gym, gym teachers, their ancestors, their descendants, their adherents, and the stupidity of college administrations so confused in themselves that they could imagine such a daily routine to be any part of a liberal arts education.

After all or any of which, I showered. And so six or seven times a day for most of three weeks. When I finally walked across the platform (it rained that day and as a last bitter irony our graduation exercises were held in the gym), I was certainly that year's purest product of higher education, and I owe it all to my gym teachers. I still owe it to them, and will till the last one drowns in a sludge made up of spilled liniment and the powdered residue of old sneakers.

When, therefore, Myra complained about her gym class, she was plucking an old conditioned response. "I'd do anything to get out of that stupid gym class," she pouted.

"Would you go so far as to give your decayed old man a peck on the cheek?" I asked.

"Well, now," she began in her standard tone, "let's not go as far as all. . . ." Then suddenly she caught up with hope. "Daddy!" she screamed, "*can* you?"

"Every child," I pronounced, "should be taught a healthy disrespect for authority. See me tonight."

It was, of course, my fatso doctor I turned to. "Hey, doc," I said, "Myra's looking a bit pale."

He had examined her a few weeks earlier and he now pulled out her folder. "Mmm, " he said, " stretch a point and she might have a trace of what might possibly be classified as remotely anemia. Get her this tonic." He scrawled figure eights on a prescription blank and handed it over. "This is just to remind you. No prescription needed."

"She complains about being bored—uh, I mean exhausted by gym class."

"I get it," he said. "I get it." He scrawled some more figure eights on another blank. "Here," he said, "this will get her off for a month."

Bless those medical school courses in illegibility: his indecipherable scrawl turned out to be good for a whole semester off from the bloomer brigade.

Revenge, may I say, is sweet. I got my peck on the cheek. I got the first look of real approval I had come by in months. Better yet, I stayed on to trounce Fatso at cribbage. Even at a penny a point I won enough to pay for the tonic. ("Gee whizz," said Myra, "my very own medicine!")

There was even some change. I'm thinking of using it as the start of a Fund for the Abolition of Gym.

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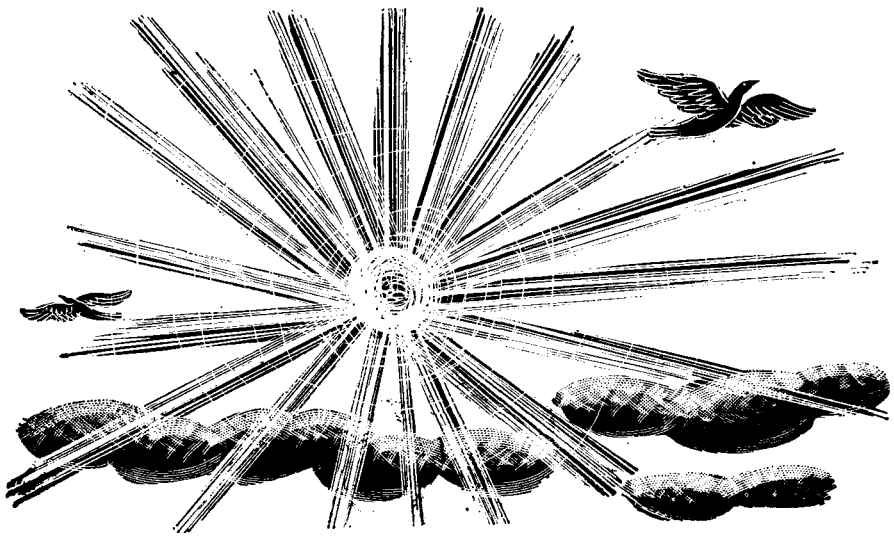
ABM: President Nixon's Vietnam?

PRESIDENT JOHNSON's most difficult decision in the early days of his office was whether to press for a military solution in Vietnam or to seek a negotiated settlement. From his military leaders in the field and from the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington came maximum pressure for stepping up the war. The President was told that North Vietnam would continue its attacks in the South unless there was clear and specific evidence that the United States was prepared to become directly involved. Those who urged this view on the President said they were certain that North Vietnam would not dare to confront American military might.

President Johnson thereupon ordered U.S. combat units into the field. The direct intervention of the United States, however, did not bring about the expected result. Instead, North Vietnam stepped up the pace of the war, bolstered by increased military supplies from the Soviet Union. At this point, the President publicly declared that no military solution to the war was possible and urged Hanoi to come to the negotiating table. U.N. Secretary-General U Thant privately obtained Hanoi's agreement to participate in peace talks and so informed Washington. The American military, however, urged the President to spurn any talks at that time, persuading him that direct and sustained bombing of the North was absolutely essential.



And so it went. Each time it was demonstrated that the quest for a military verdict was fruitless and increasingly costly, our Government's response was to step up the military pace of the war. Meanwhile, thousands of Vietnamese and Americans were being killed or wounded. Meanwhile, too, the billions of dollars expended for the war made it impossible for the President to carry out his excellently conceived program for enlarging social justice and upgrading the quality of life inside the United States. The war cut deeply into the American subconscious, producing one of the most far-reaching and divisive debates in the national history. The result in the end was a debacle, with the President sacrificing his own political future to seek negotiations under circumstances far less propitious than might have been possible two or more years earlier.

In many respects, President Nixon is now facing the same kind of decision that confronted President Johnson in 1964 with respect to Vietnam. The issue today is whether to proceed with the full development of an anti-ballistic missile system. Again military pressure is being applied. It is argued that the Soviet Union has already started on its own ABM system, and that therefore we have no choice except to ring American cities with installations from which missiles containing nuclear warheads could be fired at attacking missiles.

The idea of protecting American cities against missile attack seems logical and incontestable until it is recognized that the ABM system would result in less security, not more. For there is an obvious and inevitable consequence of the ABM. And this is the development of an expensive decoy missile system and the packaging of greater destructive megatonnage in the missile warheads. An aggressor nation can readily afford to saturate a target with ten or more decoys to one armed missile, activating the defense and causing it to expend most of its explosive payloads on unarmed attackers. Radar devices have no way of discriminating between decoys and destroyers. Moreover, it takes only one penetrating armed missile to destroy a city, creating a hurricane of fire that can rage over hundreds of miles.

One thing is certain: once an ABM system is installed, its advocates will be no less energetic in pressing for funds for a full decoy system and for more powerful warheads. And, once the decoy phase of the nuclear arms race is in full development, it will be claimed that the Soviet Union intends to disadvantage the United States by going underground with its major industrial and defense facilities, its utilities, and its key government bureaus. We have no choice, it will be said, except to go underground ourselves with even more of our establish-

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ment because of our greater concentration of industry and population. Cost: anywhere from $300 billion to $500 billion.

The resultant atmosphere of tension and terror and its concomitants of political extremism are not difficult to imagine. The prodigious inflationary pressures and the squandering of national resources and wealth on measures that do not add to but actually subtract from the nation's security will create a stage for internal upheaval and explosion. The next step urged on government will be the need for preventive attack. It will be argued that there is no point in living with the mounting fear of surprise attack, and that the only thing that makes sense is to destroy the enemy before he destroys us. Both the United States and the Soviet Union will be (as they are now) in the same boat. Yet it will be argued that we have to knock a hole in their end of the boat before they open one in ours.

* * *

IT WOULD BE dangerous to dismiss any of the foregoing as fanciful or exaggerated. What is happening already is a form of accelerating madness. The major nations are now capable of expunging life from this planet. Force is extolled and endlessly multiplied despite the fact that security no longer depends on the pursuit of force but on the control of force. President Eisenhower's warning about the inevitable tendency of installed power to magnify itself has not been taken seriously. Nor are the implications fully understood of President Kennedy's statement that there was scarcely a serious problem confronting the United States abroad in which the Pentagon did not advise him to use military force.

Is military power becoming an end in itself and a law unto itself? This may well be one of the most serious questions in American history. It is no answer to declare that the men at the head of the American defense agencies are balanced, intelligent, sober, responsible. This is not the issue. The issue is whether a context of power is now being created beyond the ability of even the best men to change. At the Philadelphia Constitutional Convention of 1787-89, no principle of history and political science was more thoroughly understood and applied than that good men cannot be expected to produce good works in a bad setting. Accordingly, it was decided to create good government through good laws and good structure. This meant preventing runaway power situations. Today, the system of checks and balances has become seriously impaired through both the massive spending power of the military and its ability to take actions and to create situations in the field that force the hand of the President.

Is it claimed that the President's hand is forced only by the actions of other nations? Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird said as much when he justified his position by pointing to what he described as initial steps taken by the Soviet Union in building its own ABM system. It is the action of the Soviet Union, he insisted, that creates the need for an American system of anti-ballistic installations. Yet the hollowness of this argument was demonstrated when he was asked by U.S. Senators whether the best way to resolve this problem would not be to seek enforceable agreements with the Soviet Union under which both countries would forgo ABM development. It was pointed out to the Secretary that the Soviet Union had called for agreement to head off an ABM race and that, at the very least, its stated willingness to talk should be tested. The Secretary replied that he was inclined to go ahead nevertheless. What, therefore, are we to conclude? If the stated reason for proceeding with the ABM lacks validity, is the real reason to be found in the determination of the military to press for massive appropriations whenever an opening presents itself?

The absence of logic in Secretary Laird's reasoning is not confined to the argument over the Soviet position. The discussion over Chinese missile capability is equally distinguished by its absence of rational examination. The question is being debated whether the United States ought to devise a system to defend against Chinese missiles or against Russian missiles. What the discussion overlooks is that if an attack should occur, there would be no way of determining whether the missiles come from China or the Soviet Union or any other nation.

This monstrous danger is now producing precisely the wrong response. We seek to confront the danger by enlarging it and igniting it instead of recognizing that there is now a totally new condition on earth, calling for a new emphasis on world controls and world approaches. The old reflexes of absolute national sovereignty are inconsistent with either peace or progress. The extent to which the United Nations can be transformed into an effective source of world law will be the measure of security and sanity for the United States—and everyone else.

President Nixon has declared that the main objective of his Administration is peace. The ABM road on which his Secretary of Defense is embarked, however, cannot lead to peace but only to increased tension, a tragic deferral of programs for meeting internal needs, relentless pressure on the American economy, and a world of no return. The ABM could be President Nixon's Vietnam. This is the time to stop the juggernaut. —N.C.

The Voice of the Dolphin
(For John Cunningham Lilly)

By Ruth Lechlitner

SO much noise
Air channeled hour by hour
Pummels the listener into
Aching shutoff.

In earliest years we know
Rarities of hearing—wind's crisscross
Sigh like a snow of moths above
Blazing August wheat; the slack
Bubble breath of caught lake perch
Plopped into pail-shallow water;
Trombone-snarling flagday
Bands in a circus parade, and the sad
Calliope's diminishing goodbye
Over great elm trees arching
The sound of Main Street summers.

A child might wing his listing bone
Up to those rapid highkeyed smiling
Decibel curves of speech,
While the time-muted, cluttered adult ear
Is deaf to the dolphin's signals.

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Letters to the Editor

The Shape of Steinbeck

When are we going to get a fresh analysis of the career of John Steinbeck? In Peter Shaw's article "Steinbeck: The Shape of a Career" [*SR*, Feb. 8], we unfortunately get the same old stereotyped view: Steinbeck's early novels were "fun" to read because they were simple; his social novels were "accurate" because he was personally involved; his philosophy was "primitive" because of the animal-human analogies; his postwar novels were "weak" because they were too moralistic or not social enough.

But Mr. Shaw's view is not really his fault; the "shape of a career" he notes has been perpetuated by most of Steinbeck's critics, starting with Edmund Wilson's now-famous remark about the "animalizing tendency." The trouble with these views is that they are dictated by a very narrow critical perspective, by criteria which allow no latitude. This is unfair, precisely because Steinbeck's great versatility (which Shaw notes) militates against it.

It is interesting to note that Warren French, one of the most influential and published critics of Steinbeck's life and work, has pleaded recently for a fresh look at Steinbeck as a "fabulist," as a writer of parables. Mr. French may, of course, be as wrong as Shaw, but the main thing is that a new critical outlook is needed if John Steinbeck's artistic demise is not to follow closely upon the heels of his physical death.

Lawrence William Jones,
Algonquin College,
Ottawa, Ontario.

Peter Shaw totally ignores the most powerful and governing motivation of Steinbeck: to tell a damn good story. That Steinbeck's books "showed the results of five years spent at Stanford" I very much doubt. To me, Steinbeck's prose shows the result of having a powerfully creative, inquisitive, and retentive mind, together with the gift of compassion for all humanity. No academic institution has yet found the formula for this.

When Salinas wanted to name a school after him Steinbeck refused. "A bar, all right," he said, "but not a school."

Jean Vounder-Davis,
Lihue, Hawaii.

Certainly Peter Shaw misreads if he includes Doc Burton of *In Dubious Battle* among the "spiritually crippled" intellectuals. Doc may be "detached" and above the fray but that is the stance of the truly objective scientist—"non-teleological thinking" is Steinbeck's term for the scientific approach which ignores projected hopes and considers only the "is" of raw nature.

Doc/Ricketts/Steinbeck is the goad, sharply questioning the absence of foresight of the strike organizers, Mac and Jim, who have no conception that angry men, massed together, become a new animal entirely, an unknown, unmanageable species of their own creation that can be kept in existence only by the blood of broken bodies. It is practical Mac, the true believer fighting under a humanitarian banner, who is totally without understanding of his medium: "We've got a job to do. . . . We've got no time to be messing around with high-falutin' ideas." It is Mac, the user of men, and his protégé Jim, the ecstatic zealot, who are the spiritual cripples.

Yet it is Doc alone who warns Mac and Jim that their cause has swept them far beyond their depths, and it is Doc alone, the detached observer, who, because he sees men in need and not because of any "religious" motivation, organizes and maintains the day-by-day life and health of the strikers' camp. He is hardly a man who "exists apart from the vital life of society," as Mr. Shaw would have us believe. While simplistic cause-oriented activism stands condemned, Doc Burton's admonition that man wait and see the "nature, ends, and desires of group man" before acting has neither been tested nor proved wrong by the novel's end.

George M. Bruender,
Umpqua Community College,
Roseburg, Ore.

The Unlikeliness of Events

In my article "H-Bombs in the Back Yard" [*SR*, Dec. 21], I took the Army to task for mistakenly claiming that the good record of having avoided very serious nuclear accidents in the past determines the likelihood of a future serious accident if missiles of the Sentinel ABM system are placed near cities. In letters to the editor [Jan. 18], E. F. Zuschlag accuses me of making the same mistake. The Army claim is that the lack of past serious accident proves that the likelihood of future serious accident is "essentially nil." I claimed only that *it cannot be used to prove* that the likelihood (in the Sentinel system in the next decade) *is less than* about 10 per cent. Mr. Zuschlag seems to have understood me to claim that it proves that the likelihood *is* about 10 per cent.

David R. Inglis,
Western Springs, Ill.

The Active Aged

Robert Burger's article "Who Cares for the Aged?" [*SR*, Jan. 25] gives the impression that the majority of people sixty-five and over are in nursing homes, or should be. Research has shown that only 4 per cent of these people are *in institutions*, including nursing homes, homes for the elderly, and hospitals.

The majority are well and active. No doubt many have a chronic disease or chronic condition. However, having such a condition is quite different from having a chronic illness. Only when the condition becomes an illness is a nursing home or other institution needed. There are many people, both under and over sixty-five, who have chronic conditions with which they have learned to live. Recent Presidents of the United States are eminent examples: Presidents Johnson, Kennedy, and Eisenhower each had a chronic condition. They were not chronically ill!

Mariel B. Wilbur,
University of Rhode Island,
Kingston, R.I.

"Congratulations on your raise, Sir."

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SAUL K. PADOVER

The Grand Strategy of de Gaulle

To maintain balance of power
the seemingly mercurial President of France
practices the ancient art of equipoise.

THE PRESIDENT of France and his restless, troubled country are not, of course, synonymous; but de Gaulle himself would probably be the last to deny that his motto might well be *L'état, c'est moi,* and a lot of Frenchmen would agree with him. John L. Hess, the correspondent of *The New York Times* in Paris, is clearly angry at the way de Gaulle in particular and France in general have been treated—mishandled might perhaps be a better word—in the American media and misrepresented in American opinion. "America," he writes in *The Case for de Gaulle* (Morrow, 154 pp., $5), "has gone out of its collective mind on the subject of France." Leaders in this country have denounced de Gaulle as a "mortal enemy," a "renegade friend," a "homicidal lunatic," and "the most ungrateful man since Judas Iscariot." Hess believes that this is an American "paranoiac delusion," resulting from poor information about France and its President. "The French point of view," Hess writes, "has been consistently scanted."

There *is* a French point of view, he insists, and it is an important one. Hess's objective is to correct the wild distortions and to put de Gaulle and his policies in proper perspective. He believes that not only does de Gaulle's viewpoint merit attention but also that the President of France has been right more often than not. As examples, we can take two widely held misconceptions about de Gaulle—his presumed anti-Americanism and his alleged anti-Semitism.

On the subject of America, Hess quotes a revealing interview with U.S. Ambassador Charles E. Bohlen in Paris in 1967. Asked by an American correspondent whether it was not true that "Charley" (de Gaulle) gets up every morning and asks himself what he can do today to hurt the United States and then proceeds to do it, Ambassador Bohlen replied: "You know, I have talked with General de Gaulle maybe forty times over the last five years and I'll tell you: *I don't think he's anti-American at all* Time and again, he likes to talk of power relations like solar systems. He just doesn't think a small or medium-sized country should get too close to a great power; it would get pulled into its orbit."

Basically, then, de Gaulle is not against America as such but against America's big-power politics, which he considers a menace to French independence. He is equally emphatic in his opposition to Soviet power, and for the same reason. Hess thinks that such a policy of independence, far from being inimical to America, "may conceivably be in the best interest of the United States." De Gaulle believes that a Europe consisting of independent and economically healthy states, satellites neither of the West nor the East, would serve as a powerful balance and a force for peace. Hess is inclined to agree. "I am not a Gaullist," he writes, "but I

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SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

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think Americans should know that, in the areas where we differ, there is a case for de Gaulle."

In regard to anti-Semitism, an issue always charged with strong emotions, Hess attempts to put de Gaulle's views on Israel in necessary perspective, and if he does not fully succeed, it is because of the complexity of the subject. Is de Gaulle anti-Semitic? Hess doubts it—and this reviewer agrees with him.

In a now famous press conference of last year, de Gaulle meant to give a tongue-lashing to the Israelis, his former allies, for not having heeded his advice. In the course of it he said that the Jews were "an élite people, sure of itself, and *dominateur*." This was widely interpreted as an anti-Semitic remark, and an avalanche of vituperation descended upon him. But, as Hess points out, de Gaulle actually meant it as a compliment, suggesting that the Jews had qualities of great strength and endurance (which he wished the French had too). Far from being pejorative, de Gaulle explained in a letter to Ben-Gurion, his statement was meant to convey the idea that thanks to its qualities "this strong people was able to survive and remain itself after nineteen centuries passed under unheard of conditions." Hess notes that the French word *dominateur* is subject to several translations—"dominating," "wanting to dominate," "domineering." The opposite of *dominateur* is "humble, oppressed, submissive." Clearly, the Israelis were not in the latter category, and de Gaulle's use of the word *dominateur* was the opposite of a slur.

De Gaulle's Middle East policy, which has been evolving from support for Israel, through neutrality, to his present pro-Arab stand, is not motivated by personal feelings but by his conception of grand strategy. Nor is it permanent. In calculating any policy he is not guided by attachments, either personal or ideological. Concerning Israel he is neither pro-Jewish nor anti-Jewish, any more than he was pro-American or anti-American when he kicked NATO out of France. The key to an understanding of de Gaulle's foreign policy, with its seemingly capricious shifts, is the balance of power. If international balances alter—as they always do in any living situation—so does de Gaulle. This icy-nerved political gambler is today probably the greatest practitioner of the ancient art of equipoise, acting not out of cynicism but out of a coherent (and not very popular) philosophy. His spiritual ancestor is not Machiavelli but Metternich.

—*Pictorial Parade*.

Charles de Gaulle—"His spiritual ancestor is Metternich."

So complex and fascinating a figure as de Gaulle stirs up deep interest as well as admiration and hatred, and in France, we are told, the study of Gaullism, or Gaulliana, has become a sort of minor industry. Jacques de Launay's *De Gaulle and His France* (Julian Press, 316 pp., $7.50) is one of those many efforts to explain the subject, but it falls far short of its goal. It fails to fulfill the promise of its subtitle, "A Psychopolitical and Historical Portrait," for it contains no real psychological interpretation and but limited historical analysis. In essence, the book is made up of unintegrated data and numerous quotations, a number of which, although not new, are worth retelling. This is especially true of de Gaulle's more cryptic remarks and sardonic wit. Thus when, at the age of ten, he fell off a banister and was asked whether he was not afraid, he replied: "Afraid? Haven't I got a lucky star?" In referring to the threat of England's enslavement to the United States, he jested, "Of course, the English will be allowed to keep their traditions for the benefit of American tourists: the judges' wigs, the Horse Guards, and the cat o' nine tails." There are other good quotations in the book, but on the whole it is a thin rehash.

Red Flag/Black Flag (Putnam, 252 pp., $6.95; Ballantine paperback, 95¢) and *The New French Revolution* (Harper & Row, 501 pp., $8.95) do not deal with de Gaulle directly, although, as France's central contemporary figure, he is always present. The authors of *Red Flag/Black Flag*, Patrick Seale and Maureen McConville, are Anglo-Irish journalists, correspondents for the London *Observer*, with experience in international and French politics. Their book is a detailed study, based on eyewitness accounts and interviews, of last spring's turbulence in Paris, an event which, they write, was of a nature to make the mind reel and on a scale "to break the seismograph." Hence the subtitle of their book is "French Revolution 1968."

The essential points they make about that revolution can be summarized as follows: The French educational system, rigidly bureaucratized and unresponsive to modern needs and ideas, has been incapable of serving the national purpose. There was neither planning for the future nor thinking about how to meet the educational problems of an increasingly urban-industrial society or the inexorable pressure of numbers. A post-World War II generation of Frenchmen began a rush to acquire a higher education, but the decrepit university system, unchanged since the nineteenth century (perhaps since Napoleon), was not even remotely ready for them. In 1946, for example, there were 123,000 university students in France; in 1968, 514,000. Very little was done to meet the pressing situation. "The dam," warned Minister of Education Christian Fouchet in 1966, "will break one day if we do nothing."

The second point made by Seale and McConville is that France's students, as well as other young people, have become passionately politicized, but their politics differs from the radicalism of the past. They are neither Socialist nor Communist nor any other "ist." They have, in fact, no coherent political program. Youth is merely in rebellion against the whole existing Establishment—including the Communist Party, which is no longer really revolutionary. "Politics," Seale and McConville write, "has conquered the young in France, absorbing energies which in other countries go into model aircraft building, ham radio, the pursuit of pop idols, sports. But it is politics of a special kind . . . A central point about the Left-wing flood, which . . . threatened to bring down the state itself, is that it grew up outside and against *all* existing political parties."

Last spring the undisciplined students, the disgruntled professional classes, and the sullen workers almost toppled de Gaulle and the whole régime. But nobody was ready for a real revolution; nobody had a blueprint for one, least of all those professional revolutionists the Communists, who apparently did not even want a genuine upset. The Communist Party seems to be content with the status quo, enjoying local power, pelf and patronage; and it is obviously not sure that it could control a successful revolution, as did Lenin's handful of Bolsheviks in 1917. As good Frenchmen, the Communists are aware that the French bourgeoisie and peasantry, despite their present discontent, are not likely to tolerate a régime that would threaten their property. Frenchmen, it has been said, are romantic about revolution, or the rhetoric of revolution, but they are always realistic about their pocketbooks.

The rebels of 1968, without a program and, in the clinches, without mass support, were defeated. The doughty de

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Gaulle, promising to find a middle course between capitalism and Communism, a rhetorical expression without content, emerged on top once more.

But the rebellion, Seale and McConville believe, was not altogether a loss. It released "a torrent of critical energy" which, while temporarily stemmed, has not been really mastered or channelized. De Gaulle may be too old or too rigid, or both, to carry out the promised reforms, and so the torrent is likely to burst forth again.

In *The New French Revolution*, John Ardagh, an Oxford graduate and former London *Times* correspondent in Paris, tends to agree with the basic conclusions of *Red Flag/Black Flag*. But Ardagh's is a totally different sort of book. It is neither polemical nor political. It is a solid and scholarly work, dealing not with de Gaulle or politics but with something much more enduring: the life of ordinary Frenchmen in their institutional settings. He discusses industry, business, farms, families, urbanism, suburbanism, schools, arts, and communications. Ardagh has the rare gift of combining solid information with critical judgment. *The New French Revolution* is by far the best book in the English language on contemporary France, and nobody who is interested in the subject can afford to miss it.

Ardagh sees France as a society in transition, now undergoing the "throes of a belated industrial revolution." The 1968 revolt, he writes, repolarized the nation, gave impetus to reform movements, and showed the world new evidence of "French vitality and imagination." There is as yet no crystallization. The old French society is obviously breaking up and a new one is emerging, but what will it be? France, Ardagh writes, faces two dilemmas. One is whether the present revolution will bring forth a more egalitarian society, based on social justice, than had hitherto existed in that acutely class-conscious country. The other is whether the "inexorable process of modernization" will not destroy the fine traditional values of thought and civilization for which France has been famous for centuries. "Is France," he asks, "to undergo a kind of lobotomy, which will cure many of the old economic and social weaknesses, but also kill the old turbulent creativeness and individuality?" The present signs, he writes, are not encouraging. Craftsmanship is declining; the renowned cuisine is being replaced by cafeterias; art and literature are losing their originality.

President de Gaulle may well sense all this. He possesses—or suffers from—a deep feeling for past French grandeur, and he has been obviously trying to restore some of it. Will he succeed to any extent? To this question one can at this time give only a dusty answer.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Readers' Dissent

PHILIP ROTH'S *Portnoy's Complaint* [*SR*, Feb. 12] is precisely what Granville Hicks has called it: "a triumph of style"—in its genre—and "very much like a masterpiece." It is also splendidly funny, engagingly honest, and utterly moving. I suppose it was inevitable that someone—in the case of *SR*'s "dissent," Marya Mannes—would describe the book as "generating revulsion: against the Jewish family and the Jewish faith." And I suppose some Christians will lament its equally incisive, not to say devastating comments on the less noble postures of the *goyim*.

Critics of both persuasions, however, miss the mark. Roth's book succeeds precisely because it is honest, because it spares no one, least of all Portnoy himself. The novel must surely be counted as one of the most significant contributions to intercultural dialogue of this generation. It is revolutionary in its candor. I welcome it.

Perhaps equally important, Roth has set a standard for Jewish confessional novels, as Joyce set it for Irish. Both wrote "finis" to their races' literature of revolt. Both are concerned with what their people are free *for* rather than what they are free *from*. If Joyce's Dedalus goes forth at his novel's close to "forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race," Roth's Portnoy seeks release in a new identity in his psychiatrist's "punch line": "So. . . . Now vee may perhaps to begin. Yes?"

WILSON SULLIVAN.
Hackensack, N.J.

MARYA MANNES'S DISSENTING criticism of Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint* makes three errors which invalidate anything she might say. When she attempts to discredit *Complaint* by comparing it to Vidal's *Myra Breckenridge*, she is confessing an absurd lack of literary taste and intelligence. Vidal's silly, superficial tour de force simply should not be linked in any way with Roth's novel.

She further exposes her inadequacies when she accuses Roth of being pornographic. Granville Hicks clearly explains the necessity of Roth's using scatological language. The irony is that Mannes is herself pornographic when she speaks of Vidal's "tongue-in-cheek (*cheek?*) spoof" and when she suggests that "woman gets the short end of the stick even if she gets the long end of the antihero." These puns are pleasant, but unnecessary titillations.

Mannes's other aberration is her reaction to Roth's treatment of the female. She considers The Monkey "abominable." My personal feeling is that The Monkey is interesting, exciting, and saddening. Mannes assumes Roth is applauding The Monkey's "New Freedom." But isn't Portnoy more than just pleased by her? Isn't he dismayed and horrified by the incompleteness of their relationship, by his own treatment of her? Isn't Roth doing much the same sort of thing that Updike does with *Couples*? Roth's fictional environment is far too complex for Mannes's simple-minded simplifications.

RUSH RANKIN.
Blacksburg, Va.

GRANVILLE HICKS IS RIGHT: we don't have to read Philip Roth's new novel. But why must Hicks and other reviewers go all intellectually lah-de-dah to justify (?) what is actually plain, bigger-than-wallet-size pornography? Why don't reviewers come right out with it?

LA MONTE CRAPE.
Butler, Pa.

Reason for Dislike

IN THE EXCERPT from *The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson* [*SR*, Feb. 15] Eric F. Goldman attempts to explain the unpopularity of Johnson by saying he was "not a very likable man." This is not by any means an explanation of his unpopularity but merely a restatement of it.

I believe the real reason is that people felt they couldn't trust him. I recall very vividly a statement he made on television several years ago that he would go any place at any time to discuss a possible ending of the war in Vietnam. Shortly thereafter North Vietnam proposed a time and place, and at once Johnson rejected it. Months passed before North Vietnam would agree to meet at a time and place of Johnson's choosing. How can one trust a man who acts like that?

PHILIP CHAPIN JONES.
NAPLES, FLA.

THE TRAGEDY OF ERIC F. GOLDMAN is his obsession with a biographer's Jehovah complex! Within *three weeks* after Johnson's retirement Goldman comes forth with a biography of the ex-President, writing about his education, intelligence, psychology, personal and family life as if he had the omniscience of God.

ROBERT WORTH FRANK.
Denver, Colo.

WHAT I THINK IS THE TRAGEDY of Lyndon Johnson is his drive and his hatreds and his stubbornness.

FREDERICK J. MILLER.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Edgar's Empathy

REVIEWING *Love, Death, and the Ladies' Drill Team* [*SR*, Feb. 15], Rollene W. Saal comments: "Edgar Arlington Robinson would well have known these small-town people, whose quiet exteriors mask an awareness of alien forces just barely beneath the surface." I feel that those alien forces were understood even better by Edwin Allan Poe.

DAVID M. GLIXON.
ARDSLEY, N.Y.

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Literary Horizons

Granville Hicks

As I recently pointed out (*SR*, Jan. 11) C. P. Snow's *The Sleep of Reason* is the tenth and penultimate volume of his "Strangers and Brothers" series. *The Military Philosophers* (Little, Brown, $4.95) is the ninth novel in Anthony Powell's series, "The Music of Time"; whether the end is in sight he has not told us.

The third volume dealing with World War II, *The Military Philosophers* is mostly laid in London in the two or three years before the Victory Day Service in St. Paul's, which is its climax. During this time the narrator and central character, Nick Jenkins, a captain at the outset and later a major, is assigned to the Intelligence Corps, working as a liaison officer with the military attachés of Allied governments now in exile—first the Poles and then both the Belgians and Czechs. His position gives him a certain perspective on military developments, but, unlike Snow's hero-narrator, Lewis Eliot, he never seems to be around when headlines and history are being made.

Essentially Powell's method is based on the simple fact, a matter of common observation, that, as an individual moves through life, he is constantly meeting persons he has met before, and, encountering them in different circumstances, discovers in them qualities he has not previously been aware of. Some characters have appeared in all the volumes of the series, notably the ineffable and seemingly ubiquitous Kenneth Widmerpool, who is heading for trouble—marital trouble—when the novel ends. Often Nick learns something about a man or woman who is dead or otherwise absent that changes his and our conception of the person.

The method can be called Proustian, and Powell goes out of his way to emphasize his admiration for his French predecessor. If he is not on duty in the evening, Nick says, he reads in bed: "At that period the seventeenth century particularly occupied me, so that works like Wood's *Athenae Oxonienses* or Luttrell's *Brief Relation* opened up vistas of the past, if not necessarily preferable to one's own time, at least appreciably different. These historical readings could be varied with Proust." At one point he quotes a page and a half from *Remembrance of Things Past* describing a Prince Odacer, whom Powell compares with one of his characters, Prince Theodoric. The most striking tribute comes when Nick, who has been spending a night on a military mission in a Normandy town called Caborg, suddenly realizes that this is the original of Proust's Balbec. Instantly the scene is peopled with Proust's characters—Albertine and her friends, Charlus, Saint-Loup, Elstir, and others—all much more vivid to him than what his eyes are actually looking upon.

There is a difference between Proust's method and Powell's that is worth mentioning. The title of Proust's masterpiece is *A la Recherche du temps perdu*, which Scott-Moncrieff, the translator, rendered with a beautiful phrase from one of Shakespeare's sonnets, *Remembrance of Things Past*. But remembrance is passive, whereas *recherche* is active, and time in Proust's title is not merely past but lost. The famous incident of the tea and the madeleines is important because it convinces Marcel of the contrary. He has often tried to summon up recollections of his days in Combray, but nothing comes back: "Permanently dead? Very possibly." Now, by virtue of the little cakes, he is convinced that what he wants to do can be done, and he sets out to do it.

Although Nick Jenkins's memory is occasionally given a Proustian nudge, it ordinarily unfolds in what seems to be an effortless way. Powell has, necessarily, given Nick a better than average memory, and there is a nice example in *The Military Philosophers* of the way memories can vary. On his trip to the Front with the military attachés Nick finds the battalion in which he served at the beginning of his military career, and he looks up one of his friends from that time, Idwal Kedward, who does not immediately recognize him. As told in *The Valley of Bones*, Nick thought a good deal about his companions at that time, especially Idwal, who was so different from the people he had previously known. As Jenkins reminisces, Kedward is able to recall something of the life they shared, but he is amazed by all that Nick can bring to mind.

The first three books of the series were eventually published in one volume called *A Dance to the Music of Time: First Movement*. The next three became *Second Movement*, and I suppose these three about the war will become *Third Movement*. Since many symphonies and quartets, though by no means all, have four movements, it may be that another trilogy will complete the work. I wonder what kind of ending Powell will find for it. Snow has already indicated that in his last volume Lewis Eliot will seek to find answers for some of the questions that have been raised in the course of the series about the nature of man and the nature of society. But what about Powell? He has not asked questions in any such explicit way as Snow. This is the way life is, he has seemed to be saying; make of it what you can.

Proust's work ends in the only way it could—when Marcel recaptures the past. (The English title of the concluding volume, *The Past Recaptured*, is more expressive than the French, *Le Temps retrouvé*.) After describing the reception held by the Duchesse de Guermantes, at which many characters are present in the flesh and many others in the mind of the narrator, Marcel reflects on the nature of time. Thinking of the tea and cakes and other comparable evocative experiences, Marcel says: "In truth, the person within me who was at that moment enjoying this impression enjoyed in it qualities it possessed which were common to both an earlier day and the present moment, qualities which were independent of all considerations of time; and this person came into play, only when, by this process of identifying the past with the present, he could find himself in the only environment in which he could live and enjoy the essence of things, that is to say, entirely outside of time." One triumphs over time, Proust seems to be saying, only when one escapes from it into the realm of art.

I do not expect Powell to come to so metaphysical a conclusion as that, but he may choose to end the work at the moment in Nick Jenkins's experience that corresponds to the moment in Powell's life at which he decided to begin the work. In the meantime we may enjoy the skill with which he gives life and interest to events that in themselves are not particularly exciting. What he has chosen to do he does very well indeed.

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On the Fringe

Haskel Frankel

The best-seller list in front of me as I write this tells me that America is currently reading Helen MacInnes, John Le Carré, "Adam Smith," and Arthur Krock. I laugh—ha! ha! Not the America I just visited.

The new Greenwich Village—the East Village—lies to the east of the old Greenwich Village. It fans out from lower Second Avenue, where remnants of previous civilizations—Ukrainian and Polish halls, Jewish restaurants—still cling to the sidewalks in between psychedelic discothèques, off-Broadway theaters, and mod dress shops.

It was gray and raining as I walked by the gaudy signs along St. Marks Place. This is the street to which the uptowners and squares come in search of wicked hippie-yippie life. It isn't here at all. I found two bookstores on St. Marks but didn't go in. The East Side Book Store was temporarily closed while they shifted bookcases around. I crossed over to The Intergalactic Trading Post and peered into its paperback-crammed window. The names on display were the expected ones—Eldridge Cleaver, Tom Wolfe, Timothy Leary, Joan Baez—the publications all by the major houses.

I crossed Second Avenue and headed farther east. The street was garbage-littered, bordered on both sides by shabby brownstones, many with new shops on the street level. One featured what I believe were opium pipes and cookers.

The Peace Eye Bookstore is a narrow shop on Avenue A. Its owner is Ed Sanders, the leader of The Fugs, a rock group, and a long-time mover and doer on the East Village scene. Two posters were on the wall by the store entrance. One was an open invitation to demonstrate against the Vietnam War at the Inauguration of Richard Milhous Nixon. The other began: "Poetry demands the introduction of progressive unemployment through comprehensive mechanization of every field of activity . . ."

A clerk, looking like Tiny Tim's neater brother if he had one, sat up front chatting with a friend. I inquired for Ed Sanders and was directed to a door at the back of the shop. Cheaply constructed bookshelves lined both walls; more cases divided the center of the shop into two aisles.

I headed back and knocked, and was told to come in by Sanders, who was on the phone. Sanders, a tallish man with an almost-walrus brown mustache, was wearing a brown and gold paisley-design shirt over black chinos and short white boots. His speech was soft and slow. I looked around at the posters on the wall. One was a color portrait of Paderewski, another of a roast chicken in a brassière.

He handed me a leaflet advertising the store's stock in a stream of capital letters devoid of commas: "RARE MAGIC BOOKS ZAP COMICS TAROT DIVINATION ASTROLOGY POETRY REVOLUTION SMUT PERV DOPE BOOKS UNDERGROUND NEWSPAPERS POSTERS FROM THE 1920's"

When he got off the phone I showed him my best-seller list. None of the books on the list were available in the shop, which is almost exclusively devoted to paperbacks. "However, we do perform an order service. We'll order whatever you want. But we literally perform in a manner not to make money. Sure, I could get in *schlock* that would sell but I'm not interested. This is a low-key business. The stock is determined by the worth. If I wanted a successful store I wouldn't open down here. This store is a community-service thing. You see these machines? They're expensive. That's an electric stencil machine, and that one's a mimeograph. I let people use them for literature and protest.

"Magic, smut, revolution, poetry, and underground newspapers—that's us. Here." He handed me another leaflet, this one an invitation to a book-launching at the store. The book was *Barbara* (Olympia Press), described on the leaflet as "an heroic archetypal Shekmah/Astarte dope-smut grope epic of our time written by a peace damaged poet & maniac lover & follower of the Gita."

Not too certain of what all that meant, I asked for some elaboration on the novel and the party. "Put it this way, *Barbara* is the saintly wanderings of sex-depraved peace addicts. The author is Frank Newman, whose real name is Sam Abrams. We sold 200 copies at our autographing party. We also had a party for Abbie Hoffman's *Revolution for the Hell of It*—we only stock the paperback. We serve liquor and beer. And we usually put out a bowl of hashish honey for anybody who wants to dip his fingers in."

If the Peace Eye had a best-seller list what would be on it? "*Barbara*—and *Head Comics*, by Robert Crumb. Viking publishes that, but we also carry his underground *Zap Comix*." Mr. Sanders gave me a copy. I easily discovered why the cover is marked "adults only." "And one of our biggest sellers," he said, "is a British paperback, *The Great Beast*, by John Symonds. It's the life of Aleister Crowley, the magician, who worked with ceremonial magic based on the sex act. Crowley was the Tim Leary of his time.

"Anyway, it's all out there. Look around. In the future the store is going to finance an underground press called either The Fug or the Peace Eye Press. It will be non-business oriented. There's going to be no bills—throw them away—and no books. We're going to do really incredible political pamphlets, the ones that create riots. We'll publish poetry, of course, and smut, satire, and posters. Anyway, look around. Some of the stuff out there is pretty worn out. That's because there's no pressure on anyone to buy. A person can stand around forever and read. We don't care."

Poking around the shelves, I found a handsome, expensive—$7.50—little book, a reproduction of a 1517 edition of *The Grimorium Verum*, its pages set in red and black type. The subtitle read: "The MOST APPROVED KEYS of SOLOMON the HEBREW RABBIM, WHEREIN the MOST HIDDEN SECRETS, BOTH NATURAL & SUPERNATURAL ARE IMMEDIATELY EXHIBITED." In it I found what to say while decapitating a virgin lamb.

In *The Hashish Cookbook*, by Panama Rose, a publication of Gnaoua Press, I discovered an interesting recipe for an aphrodisiac. One of the necessary ingredients is "2 cantharides beetles."

On a shelf labeled "Porn, Smut & Perv" I found a Noonday paperback of *The Sexual Revolution*, by Wilhelm Reich. It was the same edition I knew uptown. Couldn't remember anything porn, smut or perv about the book. My uptown mind began to reel. It went into a tailspin when I hit a shelf on which neat hardcover editions of The New Cassels French and German Dictionaries stood side by side. Why those here?

I decided to leave. The last thing I noticed was a small sign up front: "Thieves! This store is protected by genital-devouring ringtailed fruit bat."

It was still raining. I rolled up my *Zap Comix* and stuffed it deep into my coat pocket. Two kids came along with a scrawny black dog. "Wanta buy a dog, mister?" I said no. "Then give us each a quarter," the smaller boy said. I said no, but I was thinking, would an incantation for virgin lamb work on a two-legged kid? "Bastard!" the older boy said. "We'll get you."

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The Poor and the Powerful

Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding: Community Action in the War on Poverty, *by Daniel P. Moynihan (Free Press. 218 pp. $5.95), and* ***A Relevant War Against Poverty: A Study of Community Action Programs and Observable Social Change,*** *edited by Kenneth Clark (Metropolitan Applied Research Center, New York City. 275 pp. Paperback, $3.95), examine the effectiveness of the poor's participation in formulating policy for the improvement of their status. Thomas Goldwasser was on the staff of the United States Senate Subcommittee on Employment, Manpower, and Poverty.*

By THOMAS GOLDWASSER

A GALLUP POLL IN JANUARY showed that the man in the street worried most about the Vietnam War, race relations, crime and lawlessness, and the upward spiral in prices; 40 per cent of the 1,535 adults interviewed ranked the war first, 4 per cent feared college demonstrations most, while poverty—ranking sixth—received a 3 per cent rating. We seem not to be concerned about deprivation in the midst of plenty.

The Economic Opportunity Act of 1964, in creating the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO), proposed to obviate poverty in America by offering, among other benefits, pre-school training, neighborhood health centers, legal assistance, and aid to migrants, Indians, and the aged. Although the concept of providing such services was not new, one major aspect was innovative—"maximum feasible participation" of the poor themselves. Heretofore academicians, bureaucrats, and social workers planned and administered programs for the indigent, without involving the beneficiaries in the formulation and governing process. Middle-class America, imputing its value structure to deprived urban blacks, Appalachian coal miners, migrants and American Indians, attempted to solve the problems. Little wonder that this paternalism was not well received by the poor.

Praise and scorn for the participation precept in the Community Action Programs of OEO have been published on front pages of every major newspaper. Debate about the poor's right to govern themselves resulted in near internecine warfare during the 1967 poverty legislation amendment conference. Democratic Congresswoman Edith Green of Oregon was intransigent in her desire to wrest meaningful governing power from the poor on the local Community Action boards; Senators Joseph Clark, Robert Kennedy, and Jacob Javits were equally unwilling for this to occur, but Mrs. Green and the majority of House Democrats prevailed. Although when the "City Hall" amendment was passed, poverty workers greatly feared that local governmental bodies would take over Community Action Agencies, and dominance by the Establishment would prevail, the majority of local governments reappointed existing CAAs, and programs remained virtually unaltered.

In March 1965 Daniel P. Moynihan's "Report on the Negro Family" was completed; this seventy-eight-page document by the assistant director of labor for policy planning and research, attributed the breakdown of the Negro family to the high incidence of illegitimacy and matriarchy. Former President Johnson's speech of June 4th at Howard University reflected Moynihan's major conclusions, and the report itself became public later that summer. It caused great controversy (*e.g.*, civil libertarians labeled the report racist), and Mr. Moynihan was catapulted into the limelight. He is there again.

One of Richard Nixon's first acts as President was to name Daniel Moynihan to his Urban Affairs Council. Almost simultaneously newspapers reported that Moynihan's *Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding* was to be published in February. The book comprises his Clarke A. Sanford Lectures on local government and community life, originally delivered at the State University Agricultural and Technical College at Delhi, New York, in 1967. Its title alone would lead anyone familiar with community action to infer correctly that the study is critical of that most sacred tenet, the poor's maximum feasible participation.

The main contribution of this work is its historical presentation; Moynihan shows the genesis of the 1964 poverty act by a thorough discussion of its precursor—The President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency, which unequivocally decided that the poor must have a meaningful voice in deciding their own fate. Although the nuances of the politics involved are not defined as well in *Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding* as in previous works on this subject (*cf.*, *The Politics of Poverty*, by John C. Donovan), at least one derives from Moynihan's book a good idea of how the concept of community action developed. Unlike what we were led to believe by

". . . And then one day I suddenly asked myself why should neither snow nor hail nor dark, etcetera, stay me from my appointed round?"

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certain press accounts, Moynihan is not completely critical of community action. He defends the Community Action Program against the concept of city hall domination of these agencies, but faults its implementation. "At the risk of oversimplification, it might be said that the CAPs most closely controlled by city hall were disappointing and that the ones most antagonistic were destroyed." Over-all, however, community action didn't make it—"Whatever else had occurred, the quest for community had failed."

Moynihan quotes John G. Wofford, staff assistant to the deputy director of the Community Action Program, to praise community action:

> Very possibly, the most important long-run impact of the Community Action Programs of the 1960s will prove to have been the formation of an urban Negro leadership echelon at just the time when the Negro masses and other minorities were verging towards extensive commitments to urban politics . . . It was, he [Wofford] continues, probably the ablest and largest group of minority group *professionals* ever assembled in one government program.

Moynihan's denigration in general of community action and the social scientists' planning roles is, of course, no surprise. In an article "What Is Community Action?" in *Public Interest*, he hinted at the CAA's shortcomings. In *Current* last November and *Commentary* in August 1968, he criticized intellectuals' and professors' roles as poverty planners. One would agree with Moynihan that social scientists should not unilaterally plan and direct poverty programs; community action by definition rejects that. Social policy expertise is essential in producing viable operating programs, but only a symbiotic relationship between the poor, academicians, and community leaders can make community action work.

Many poverty experts share Moynihan's mixed feelings. Nowhere has community action administration been criticized more than at OEO itself. As with any organization, insiders who participate daily in its operation know best its shortcomings as well as its good points. Yet one doesn't hang his dirty wash out in public. Having served in Washington, Moynihan knows this. The administration of CAP has often been poor; nevertheless the concept is worthwhile. Moynihan is in effect throwing the baby out with the bath water.

Using funds from the Stern Family Fund, the Social Dynamics Research Institute of the City College of the City University of New York conducted a thorough study of community action. *A Relevant War Against Poverty* is the result. Questionnaires were sent to 131 projects, and twelve cities' CAAs were observed directly. This work, like Moynihan's, is not as current as one would like, but the data are still pertinent and valuable in considering the status of community action today. The introduction notes the limitations of this study:

> First, the public officials such as mayors, councilmen, and others in the political establishment who were related directly or indirectly to the anti-poverty program in a particular city were not directly involved. Second, as the study proceeded it became clear that there were important anti-poverty programs being operated in other cities . . . Third, it was not possible to make a survey of the attitudes and opinions of the poor themselves in all the communities studied.

LIKE the Moynihan, this work begins with the Committee on Delinquency and Mobilization for Youth. It describes the different stages in the growth of a CAP, positive and negative characteristics, and rates the twelve carefully studied programs. Although advocating the poor's participation in programs affecting them, this study, which was directed by Dr. Kenneth Clark, recognizes that participation itself is not the major indicator of effectiveness:

> The key sign of effectiveness in an anti-poverty program is observable evidence of social change, not only the modifying of poverty itself but of the psychological context of poverty. The obsession with the requirement of the involvement of the poor has obscured the primary goals: to alter the conditions of the poor and to abolish poverty. The anti-poverty program has tended to confuse the means with the ends. It is, in effect, asking the victims of long-standing social injustice to change injustice on their own, in effect asking the sick person to get himself well.

These two volumes, both of which offer constructive criticism of community action, are important, but not for the same reasons. *A Relevant War Against Poverty* carefully delineates specific merits and shortcomings of ongoing programs as well as of the community action concept. It could serve as an invaluable guideline for community action directors throughout the country. *Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding* has to be considered even more important. The reason is obvious; one assumes that the Nixon Administration might very well use Moynihan's ideas as urban affairs adviser to formulate poverty programs. If so, community action as it now exists is in trouble. Moreover, other important

"I'll read you exactly what it says . . . 'The native merchants seem to enjoy haggling and actually appear disappointed if you pay the asking price.'"

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members of the Nixon Administration are not satisfied with the Community Action Program.

Vice President Spiro Agnew, who chairs the Urban Affairs Council, has let it be known that the poor, in his opinion, are unable to determine what's good for them. Robert Finch, currently heading a poverty task force, concurs. Richard P. Nathan, assistant director of the Budget Bureau for Human Resources (the division overseeing poverty programs), recently chaired a Brookings Institution task force on public welfare. This panel of nine—which included the administrator of New York City's poverty program, a former administrative assistant to Senator Joseph Clark, and Senator Charles Percy's legislative assistant—essentially recommended relieving OEO of its operating programs and concluded that "CAAs leave much to be desired." Yet, "an entire system of institutions at the local level now exists—the Community Action Agencies—which has been organized around citizen participation and self-help activities. To dismantle this system would cause great disappointment and even serious unrest in the communities."

THE Economic Opportunity Act of 1964 was an attempt to duplicate the Peace Corps concept. Like the Peace Corps, OEO attracted intelligent, compassionate young people. The halcyon early days of the Peace Corps remain; not so with OEO and community action. One does not need to look far to understand the reason. Community involvement of the poor is not a threat in Kenya or Bolivia, but in any American city it very well might incur the wrath of the power structure or Congress itself.

Suspicious World of the Mezzogiorno

Torregreca: Life, Death, Miracles, *by Ann Cornelisen (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 335 pp. $7.95), recounts the author's life in an impoverished south Italian town and her efforts to set up a nursery for its many waifs. Thomas G. Bergin wrote the only full-length treatment in English of the Sicilian novelist Giovanni Verga.*

By THOMAS G. BERGIN

THE SUBCULTURE THAT FLOURISHES—or perhaps one should say festers—south of Naples seems to have an enduring attraction for a certain kind of writer, the sort one might define as responsive rather than creative and with quasi-scientific interests of a sociological nature. *Torregreca* has a long and noble ancestry; its best-known predecessor is probably Carlo Levi's *Christ Stopped at Eboli,* but there are others. Italians such as Danilo Dolci, Ottiero Ottieri and Corrado Alvaro and non-Italians such as Gavin Maxwell and, long ago, Norman Douglas have explored the area. An honorable line indeed, and Ann Cornelisen is not unworthy of a place in it.

One may speculate a little about the appeal of the aforesaid culture. The people are not, basically, very attractive; they are ignorant, superstitious and sly. They live in conditions of filth and misery, and if their state be, as it is assumed to be, a result of centuries of oppression and exploitation, it must also be said that in their basic egocentricity they are not much more appealing than their oppressors. Perhaps their attraction lies in the fact that they are primitives at our own back door and thus easily available for study. Perhaps they arouse in a sensitive spirit the "there, but for the grace of God" feeling. They are, it would seem, somehow on our conscience.

They should be a vanishing people. The Italian government has been aware of "the problem of the South" ever since the Risorgimento, and the Republic has certainly tried hard to improve the lot of this hapless folk. Miss Cornelisen mentions various improvements: the breaking up of large estates, healthier diet, better housing conditions, improved communications. Yet as recently as the 1950s, when she was there, it remained true for the average inhabitant of Torregreca that "the crops are worse, prices higher, taxes heavier, graft and corruption more public, schoolrooms scarcer and, if possible, the climate worse." It is not quite true really—but there is a long road ahead.

Miss Cornelisen's is an honest book, based on her own experience, written with no special axe to grind. Its polemical thrusts are, one might say, incidental, and it has rather more humor than most studies of this kind. The fact that the author is a woman gives it a special flavor, too: a single woman living an independent life in the medieval and suspicious world of the *mezzogiorno* has unique problems. How could she prevail in her objective of setting up a nursery for the luckless and abundant waifs of this prolific area? How, as a mere woman, could she win cooperation from the authorities? How could she count on the collaboration of the bishop, priests and nuns, being, even worse than a woman, a foreigner and a Protestant?

She tells us how, with good temper and gusto. She has a skillful pen for depicting landscape and scenes of activity. She is equally successful in her portraits of the rugged characters she meets in the course of her laudable enterprise. Sister Clemente at the wheel of her jeep is unforgettable, and the mother superior, who has learned that honest purpose must be achieved through crafty subterfuge, is a personality of real stature.

Miss Cornelisen weaves into her own story a few narrative sketches of the lives of others who cross her path: her friend the doctor with his sad awareness of the problems of his homeland; Chichella, her maid of all work, whose story makes one think of one of the tales of the great Sicilian writer Giovanni Verga. If *Torregreca* lacks a little of the poetic aura of Carlo Levi's classic and something of the reforming passion of other studies of this area, it is nevertheless an authentic and engaging record of a unique experience, and it is written in sturdy, unpretentious prose. The volume also contains some fine, realistic camera studies by the author.

—*From "Torregreca."*

"They should be a vanishing people."

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Victorian Jet Set

Jennie: The Life of Lady Randolph Churchill. Vol. I: The Romantic Years, 1854-1895, *by Ralph G. Martin (Prentice-Hall. 404 pp. $8.95), attributes to Winston Churchill's American mother, an astonishing beauty, his father's political success. Glendy Culligan is former book review editor for the Washington Post.*

By GLENDY CULLIGAN

THE MANUFACTURE OF PEERESSES is an old American industry, pre-dating the world market later established for tractors, airplanes and soft drinks. None of the nation's subsequent exports, however, produced more spectacular dividends than did Miss Jennie Jerome of New York and Newport, who on April 15, 1874, became Lady Randolph Churchill in a quiet, possibly urgent ceremony at the British Embassy in Paris.

Seven months after this "love match" between a descendant of the first great Duke of Marlborough and an American beauty whose family connection "no man in his senses could think respectable," a baby boy was born. That baby would, in his own way, win more battles than the Duke who made family and world history at Blenheim. Yet, if this glossy biography of Winston Churchill's mother can be trusted, stout hearts are more than coronets. In the present version, which on several crucial points runs counter to previous histories, most of the future Prime Minister's character can be credited to his maternal ancestry.

That lineage, derided by the angry incumbent Duke in a letter to his son, was in fact quite commonplace. In it only a rumored touch of Indian blood enlivened a prosaic middle-class background. Jennie's father, Leonard, was the first of the Jeromes to force entry into Mrs. Astor's famous "400" after pocketing his maiden million through agile maneuvers during the panic of 1857.

His taste for equally agile horses and women later provoked his wife to seek refuge abroad, first in Empress Eugenie's gilded Paris and, when that fell, in aging Victoria's London. Despite its questionable origin, the Jerome money spoke both French and English. Hence, Mrs. Jerome and her three handsome daughters moved in a rakish international set also frequented by the errant Prince of Wales and by the Duke of Marlborough's "dandified" second son. At a yachting party for the Prince, Randolph, a pleasure-seeker with neither "convictions nor . . . ambitions," was presented to Miss Jennie, a truly astonishing beauty. The rest is history, much of which we already know.

And a strange, sad history it is, liberally flavored with melodrama. The wild fluctuations of Lord Randolph's career have been described by earlier writers using such apt clichés as "meteoric rise and tragic downfall." By focusing on his wife's role in Randolph's political success, Ralph G. Martin both supplements and contradicts the view of Randolph's most recent biographer, Robert R. James. Inevitably Mr. Martin's theory will flatter Americans who suspect what one London dowager conceded in the 1880s: " . . . many old families, both in mind and pocket, have been completely revivified by prudent marriages with American brides."

Unfortunately, Lord Randolph could not be revivified for long. His recurrent aberrations, as well as his early death, are here attributed to syphilis, contracted while he was an Oxford undergraduate. Earlier biographers, including his son Winston, referred to a "rare and ghastly" brain disease and to unspecified "vicious rumors." Whatever its cause, his illness is blamed in the present account for the rapid decay of his marriage, his drift into homosexuality, and his wife's allegedly numerous affairs with men of influence and wealth.

If true, those entanglements did not prevent four-square Jennie from doing her duty as she saw it, which was to propel Randolph toward the prime ministry by wile, guile and open campaigning. She nearly made it, too. Happily, readers who follow her through the crushing disappointment of his collapse can anticipate her son Winston's triumphs, reserved for a concluding volume.

—*From "Jennie."*

Jennie—"four square."

Smooth as hock going down, Jennie's biography may affect sensitive stomachs like any excess of stimulant, although the facts adduced are not necessarily false. The sensuality and self-indulgence of those "other Victorians" have been catalogued by more sober historians, among whom we should certainly include Henry James. Nor can we anguish over the tarnishing of a great name when we recall that the first Duke of Marlborough's preferment in 1665 was attributed to his sister's affair with the Duke of York.

As social history, Mr. Martin's biography may actually have some merit, confirming Barbara Tuchman's thesis (in *The Proud Tower*) that a decadent British aristocracy contributed much to the causes of World War I. Protests are nevertheless in order. A bad life is no excuse for a bad book. This one offends by its backstairs tone, banal vocabulary, uncritical scholarship and imprecise documentation. For all those wrong reasons, alas, it is likely to be popular; and Jennie, to reign once more as toast of the town.

Gift of Grace

My Life in Ballet, *by Léonide Massine, edited by Phyllis Hartnoll and Robert Rubens (St. Martin's Press. 318 pp. $8.95), chronicles the dancer's history from his childhood days in Russia through his rise to international fame as one of this century's most famous choreographers. Walter Terry, dance critic for SR, is the author of "Ballet: A Pictorial History," to be published in April.*

By WALTER TERRY

THIS IS AN EXTREMELY DRY, even plodding book by one of the ballet world's most vivid and volatile performers. Massine, in an interview or in conversation, speaks with great intensity and, despite his still heavy accent, with clear imagery. Therefore, I would guess that his editors have taken his reminiscences and put them into "proper" English. The result is a year-by-year chronology of what he danced, what he choreographed, where he was and, sometimes, what people thought about what he did. But the person himself is missing from the book.

My Life in Ballet does, of course, have its values. The book outlines the career of a man who created some of the most enchanting ballets of this century *(Gaîté Parisienne, Le Beau Danube, Boutique Fantasque)*, a number of the most controversial (the symphonic ballets) and some of the most devoutly religious

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(*St. Francis*, for instance). But although it tells you how great Christian art influenced Massine, how Serge Diaghilev guided him from provincial promise to sophisticated maturity as an artist, and how he moved in circles that included Stravinsky, Nijinsky, Cocteau, Satie, Picasso, Bakst, Derain, de Falla, Matisse and even Mata Hari (!), the telling has no pulse of life.

The most colorful sections of the book are those which deal with Massine's childhood in Russia and his schooling to be an actor, for here he evokes the very special characteristics of a closely-knit Russian household. Lively, too, are almost all his references to that great impresario Diaghilev, who created the Ballets Russes and changed the course of dance history: "Listening to him I decided that he was the most cultured and yet most modest person I had ever met. . . . I began to feel that all my past experience had been negligible, and that I was now embarking on an entirely new career." Diaghilev, he learned, could be remorseless (at one point the impresario fired Massine).

There are some marvelous flashes, among them Massine's description of Nijinsky as both person and artist; his reaction to the dances of Spain (and he was a splendid adapter of Spanish dance), and his amusing report of dancing and choreographing stage shows in New York for the late Samuel L. ("Roxy") Rothafel's movie house, the Roxy Theater.

But in this book Massine's children, of whom he is proud, take on no substance; his three wives are shadowy, except for No. 2, Eugenia Delarova, who would ignite even an English-edited manuscript. Danilova, with whom he shared many stage triumphs, is barely mentioned. And his comments on his brief association with Martha Graham in a production of *Le Sacre du Printemps* I don't believe for one minute because he (or his editors) make it seem like a tea party, whereas they had a knock-down, drag-out fight.

That's the trouble with the book. Only the surface is skimmed, yet the life has been a volcanic one. The memoir is a catalogue of accomplishment, but it is not the story of a man who has been cheered around the world, both as a dancer and a choreographer. *My Life in Ballet* is proper—and dull. It is also guilty of inaccuracies in the spelling of names and in such matters as identifying John Kriza, a wonderfully gifted dancer, as a choreographer (which he has never been) in company with Jerome Robbins.

—*From "My Life in Ballet."*

Massine as the Spielmann in *The Miracle*, 1932—"volcanic."

Bombo, the Defiant

JBS: The Life and Work of J.B.S. Haldane, *by Ronald W. Clark (Coward-McCann. 326 pp. $6.95), traces the extraordinary career of a great biologist who was also a perplexing and paradoxical man. Books by William Gilman, senior editor of Natural History magazine, include "Science: U.S.A." and "The Language of Science."*

By WILLIAM GILMAN

THE LIFE OF MAVERICK John Burdon Sanderson Haldane—JBS for short—reminds us to beware of hackneyed images. For this trail-blazing researcher in genetics and biochemistry was also an indefatigable popularizer of science for laymen, a political reformer who ranged from warm humanitarianism to contemptuous iconoclasm, and a bloody-minded activist who enjoyed physical combat in war. He defies snap judgment.

And therein lies the fascination of this biography by Ronald W. Clark, an English writer on science and government. It scans Haldane's scientific feats without jargon and without flourishing the fact that he lacked a science degree (at Oxford he had switched to the Greats of the "other" culture). It displays his faults without exclaiming over them. Clark is content to supply facts for the open-minded reader who is dissatisfied with the weary cliché "eccentric genius."

Haldane was a constantly outraged individualist who could not abide toadies, fools, or establishments; consequently he invited outrage in return. Dogmatic conservatives castigated him for turning Communist; the dogmatic Trotskyites, for not wholly damning Stalin later on. Others, too, were provoked. To Haldane in full blast the closest all-round comparison is George Bernard Shaw. We hear unmistakable Shavian derision, the kind in *Man and Superman,* when JBS mauls "sentimentalists generally willing (after a decent interval) to accept any application of science which appears profitable, or any social institution (such as war) which is hallowed by use and wont. . . . Their god who compromised with high explosives has not yet found time to adapt himself to chemical warfare."

That was impolite but not necessarily unfair. JBS, whose research on gene linkages and mutation rates brought biometries into biology, could also cite statistics showing war gases to be more "humane" than explosives. Moreover, he had personal credentials. While serving with the Black Watch regiment in World War I, he was not only conventionally wounded but deliberately gassed himself in experiments to develop suitable masks. In the Spanish Civil War he similarly helped the International Brigade.

Would heredity and environment account for this man? His family had proper connections. He associated with Huxleys. His father was a noted physiologist; his uncle served Britain as War Minister and Lord Chancellor. So he was sent to Eton. And after the traditional bullying there, says the author, Haldane "was against—against any authority and any government."

An army is usually authoritarian. Yet JBS enjoyed war, and Mr. Clark adds that this worried him: "I am a man of violence by temperament and training." Clark also notes that JBS was inwardly shy. Was this the reason for his extrovert clowning and bawdiness—and his fondness for battle, which allowed him to be a he-man among men? In France he was known as "Bombo"; Sir Douglas Haig called him "the bravest and dirtiest officer in my Army." In Spain a companion described him as "a big shaggy bear enjoying a picnic."

Very well, what about something more intellectual? Haldane joined the Communist Party, which certainly was authoritarian. Clark suggests that the act came naturally. His work helping German refugees led him to despise Britain's appeasement of Hitler. But JBS didn't stop at being a fashionable Red; he became a strident leader in the British apparatus. And why did he remain Communist, following every shift in the Party line, especially after his loyal wife

(*Continued on page* 130)

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Russia of the Streets

Satirical Stories of Nikolai Leskov, *translated from the Russian and edited by William B. Edgerton (Pegasus. 411 pp. Hardbound, $7.50. Paperback, $2.95), contains fourteen tales by a nineteenth-century writer who used puns, malapropisms, and other linguistic devices to expose the foibles of his compatriots. Irwin Weil teaches Russian literature at Northwestern University.*

By IRWIN WEIL

MANY GOOD RUSSIAN WRITERS have suffered a common stumbling block to fame: they lived at the same time as Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. So it was with Nikolai Leskov (1831-95). Obstacles to his renown came from another quarter: righteous revolutionaries for several generations denounced his work as retrograde. Fortunately, Maxim Gorky, a revolutionary of superior literary discrimination, gave support to this master of the succulent Russian idiom heard in railway cars, churches, taverns, and lowly places in the Tsar's broad realm. But Leskov's unusual linguistic effects—the translation of which offers nightmarish problems—have prevented his recognition abroad (excluding from consideration the atypical *Lady Macbeth of the Mtsensk District*). The present collection is the most extensive Western attempt to render Leskov's work into English.

For the reader who wants to see old Russia (imbedded in layers of irony and puns by a devilishly sharp observer) this is an invaluable book. Leskov does not deal with the soul-stretching passions of his literary contemporaries, although his themes show his admiration for Tolstoy. Perversely and mischievously, Leskov exposes certain petty elements of the Russian character. Add to these the Russian's almost automatic defensiveness against the internal enemy (those who are not "Orthodox folk") and the external, foreign enemy (the technologically advanced and comfortable English will never understand the virtue or the talent of the vodka-saturated albeit mistreated craftsman from the city of Tula) and you have the Russian people, minus their soaring geniuses, before you. It is hard for a man of decency and vision to avoid preaching to them; it is equally hard for a man with even half a heart to resist their vitality and charm.

Professor William Edgerton of Indiana University is an extremely able specialist who has long studied Nikolai Leskov. He has examined documents and worked with specialists in the Soviet Union, and many of his wry comments indicate their bemused reactions to an American treating this most Russian of Russian writers. Keeping to a rather English type of understatement, Edgerton has deftly and laconically inserted a great deal of useful information. My only adverse reaction (aside from an inclination to argue with such statements as "the kind of unobtrusive standard literary style that is assumed to be characteristic of the mainstream of nineteenth-century Russian realism") is to Professor Edgerton's own characteristic calm and precision, which contrast so sharply with the text. Is this a subtle dig at Leskov's characters, at the Russian temperament, at the earlier poet Viazemsky's "Russian God of the bumpy, tortuous road"? The reader aches for just one wild, impulsive, even petty remark.

The translation is meticulous. Both Edgerton and Hugh McLean, who translated two of the stories, have used English equivalents for almost all of Leskov's special words and phrases, puns, and other linguistic tricks; only occasionally have they surrendered to explanatory footnotes (badly and confusingly placed by the publisher). Their courage and straightforwardness are admirable, the more so since previous translators have taken refuge in conventional paraphrases instead of trying to equal the original. Edgerton and McLean have achieved a considerable measure of success. The irony of *khrapiát v kakóm-to ozloblénii* is nicely caught by the pseudo-Shakespearean "were giving forth snores full of sound and fury." The archaic flavor of the reductive *da zasnút' iáko zhe i próchie chelovétsy* is suggested by the redundant preposition in "and go to sleep like unto other men." Even the rhythm of the lines is vaguely similar.

To say that the translations are far from perfect is by no means a criticism of the translators. They have made a significant step forward in the art of translating Russian prose, and others can build on their efforts and on the information in this book.

The Courage Seeker

The Other Man's Shoes, *by Abraham Rothberg (Simon & Schuster. 507 pp. $6.95), concerns a journalist's search for the motives of an American soldier in Saigon who had deliberately killed himself to save the former's life. Peter Wolfe teaches English at the University of Missouri in St. Louis.*

By PETER WOLFE

ABRAHAM ROTHBERG IS A SERIOUS, committed writer who must be taken seriously. He asks deep questions and then goes about answering them with vigor and intelligence. His powerful imagination, intellectual depth, and driving style bring to life the dizzy experience of American city life in the late 1960s. *The Other Man's Shoes* is so rich a novel that it seems unfair to ask more of it. Yet we do.

The book is not easily summarized. It has a complex plot with many characters, both living and dead, and sometimes the dead arouse more interest than their survivors. Complementing the fast-moving story is a web of intellectual jokes, word games, and learned puns, several of which turn on T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*. The protagonist (named Elliott Sanders) is as much a seeker as the composite narrator of Eliot's poem; the various allusions to chess, like the "Game of Chess" section of *The Waste Land*, spell out the deathlike nature of modern urban life.

Elliott is the only son of a famous journalist who died a hero's death in World War II while working for the French underground. A reporter himself, Elliott nearly retraces his father's footsteps, the crucial difference being that he has little of his father's courage or commitment. After ten years abroad, Elliott visits San Francisco in search of information about the American soldier who, several weeks before in Saigon, had thrown himself on a hand grenade, thereby saving Elliott's life. He establishes his own complex relationships with

(*Continued on page* 129)

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

A Very Prime Miss Brodie

THERE IS a neat and very basic difference between an actor and a star. An actor is one who can assume all manner of roles and bring them credibly alive. A star, on the other hand, plays only one role—himself—but does it very well. Actually, it is not only difficult but dangerous for a star to change his image. Cary Grant, one of the great stars of our time, tried it once or twice, and the results were almost disastrous. The public wants to know that when it pays its money to see a Cary Grant movie, it will see the witty, urbane, sophisticated Cary Grant, not an ersatz Cockney *(None But the Lonely Heart)* or a hirsute beachcomber *(Father Goose)*. Few stars can afford to be actors and, conversely, few actors can manage to be stars. Rapidly edging into those rarefied ranks, however, is Britain's willowy, titian-haired beauty, Maggie Smith. While her every role has been radically dissimilar—the demure secretary who stole *The V.I.P.'s* out from under the expensive noses of the Burtons, a sterling Desdemona to Olivier's Othello, a hilariously dim-witted mate to Robert Morley in *Hot Millions*—she has been making giant strides toward proving to both the studios and her audiences that she is at once a formidable actress and a star. *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* should complete the process.

It is, of course, one of the few great and complex contemporary roles. For those who never read Muriel Spark's novel nor saw Jay Presson Allen's play adaptation of it (Mrs. Allen has also done the excellent screenplay), Miss Jean Brodie is a passionate spinster teaching in a conservative school for girls in Edinburgh. Seemingly very prim and proper, she carries on affairs with two of the teachers at the school—both male, it seems necessary to add these days—and evinces an increasingly ardent attachment to Mussolini and Generalissimo Franco (the period is the mid-Thirties). Self-deluding and self-deluded, she tries to shape her girls into her own image of herself, even to the point of sending one of her young charges off to Spain to fight for Franco. One of the film's finest ironies lies in Miss Brodie's belated discovery that the girl's brother was fighting on the side of the Loyalists.

Gradually, as the children grow older, they begin to see through the poses and pretenses of their mentor. They understand that her passion for a schoolmaster with inherited money is simulated, that she has switched off her affections for an art teacher who is married and Catholic. One girl even understands that her ardor for fascism has deep, twisted, psychological roots. And, also gradually, the children force Miss Brodie—and the audience—into a greater awareness of herself. The façade of good manners begins to crack, the pretensions are stripped away; ultimately, the good, kind, considerate Miss Brodie is revealed for what she really is—a monster.

To play such a role, to give it both substance and sympathy, is a major achievement for any actress. Maggie Smith does more: She makes the character so utterly human that one comprehends all the weaknesses and delusions, all the stupid romanticism and the snobbish self-gratifications that contribute to the Fascist mentality. Her Miss Brodie is so winsome and appealing, so devoted to the teaching profession, that anyone would unhesitatingly place his offspring in her care—and live to regret the consequences. Celia Johnson, too long absent from the screen, superbly plays the headmistress of the school, well aware of what those consequences might be. Robert Johnson and Gordon Jackson are no less impressive as Miss Brodie's enthralled swains. And teen-aged Pamela Franklin, her fresh beauty barely disguised by horn-rimmed glasses, lends both depth and enchantment to her role of the "dependable" student who ultimately brings Miss Brodie to heel.

Miss Franklin is also present in *Sinful Davey,* which is about as much as one can say in favor of this oddly misbegotten film. John Huston seems to have directed it as if not quite certain whether the world was ready for another *Tom Jones,* but willing to have a go at it nevertheless. Davey (John Hurt) is a youthful highwayman following in his father's roistering footsteps, while his own are dogged by the simple, loving Annie (Pamela Franklin), eager to bring him to redemption. The picaresque script bumps them all over the countryside, and somewhat belatedly into the presence of a benignly daft duke (Robert Morley), who thoroughly enjoys Davey's taking ways. Unfortunately, the urbane Mr. Morley is the only one in the cast with the style and sense of self-mockery to whip some cream into Huston's jest; coming toward the end of the film, however, his performance merely serves to emphasize how singularly unstylish and unwitty the film had been up to that point. But the wild Irish landscapes (standing in for early nineteenth-century England and Scotland), and the dewy innocence of the charming Miss Franklin are both refreshing to watch.

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Yesterday

By Edwin Honig

DARLING, I thought of you today
on the elevator going down so fast
I had no time to face the door
before being banged to a stop
on the bottom floor.
My brain wedged like a brick
between my shoulders.

That's how it was when we began—
impact was all.
Mere living, the smash
of tumultuous kissings in depots,
airports, rent-a-car garages.
And breathing, one hot war to the death,
in geysers of unsquelched desire.
Apart, sunk to the eyeballs in gloom.
Together next day, a swarming of minds,
a clashing of jack-knifing bodies.
Limp with watching,
the world lay down like a puppy
and whimpered for weeks in the dark
while we threshed out our love
like a pair of King-Kongs.

Which reminds me, my dear,
where've you been?
I haven't laid eyes on you for days.

Right under your nose,
The washing machine broke down.
washing diapers by hand.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Smooth Stones for the Goliaths

IN AN IMPORTANT decision handed down late in January, the FCC took away the license of WHDH-TV (Channel 5 in Boston) from the Boston Herald-Traveler Corporation and awarded it to Boston Broadcasters, Inc., a new group of local businessmen. On February 4, Voice of Los Angeles, Inc., a group of local citizens in the nation's second largest market, applied for the license (up for renewal) of KNBC-TV (Channel 4), the West Coast flagship station of the NBC-RCA network. The new Los Angeles applicants had been preparing their filing since last October, but their official application, arriving at the FCC so soon after the Boston decision, gained a new symbolic impact. In a third case, Fidelity Television, Inc., another group of citizen-businessmen in Orange County, a suburb of Los Angeles, is currently before the FCC in a comparative hearing procedure, challenging the license for KHT-TV in that city held by RKO-General, Inc., a wholly owned communications subsidiary of General Tire and Rubber Company.

All this activity is a sign that there may be a new spirit stirring at the FCC; that long-held, inflexible policies may be in flux; and that financially independent entrepreneurs, their profit-oriented approach tempered by some degree of genuine community responsibility, are, like David, beginning to gather their little bags of smooth stones for combat with the corporate Goliaths of the broadcast world. It begins to look as if broadcast licenses may no longer be deemed proprietary rights, renewable on demand by virtue of a tenure that is characterized by average or mediocre performance in programing.

The FCC recently proposed a study of communications conglomerates (at the same time, it approved three big, new mergers); Congress is considering the licensing of networks; and the Justice Department has proposed a rule of one station to a market per owner. Cross-ownership of media is under examination, and perhaps the more informed public is awakening to the fact that there are elections in broadcasting (license renewals) every three years, and that independent candidates can be nominated. The essence of meaningful action, as in the Boston, Fidelity, and now the KNBC-TV cases, is organized legal involvement with the FCC, by courageous, community-minded groups, supported by reasonable, if not giant, corporate wealth, and by top legal talent.

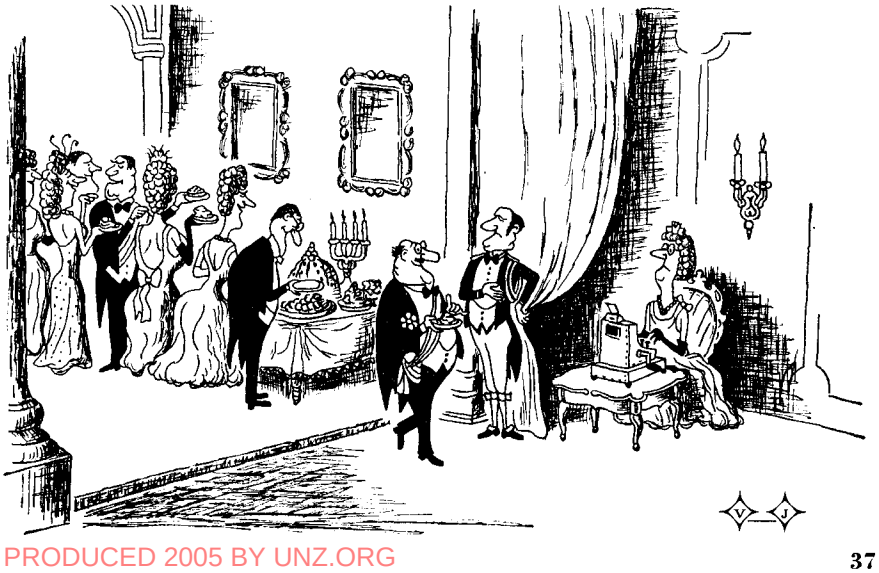
Voice of Los Angeles, Inc., the KNBC-TV challenger, consists presently of ten stockholders, headed by Nathan K. Rickles, M.D., a practicing Los Angeles psychiatrist. The corporation includes three black businessmen, also a violinist, a top screen and television writer (Charles M. Warren), a real estate operator, an insurance man, and the owner of a chain of dress shops. The range of their individual net worth is from an "estimated" $12,000 to "in excess" of $100,000. None holds more than a 20.4 per cent share of the corporation. A spokesman for the group said that they are not interested in operating Channel 4 (should they win the license) at a loss; but that they are not out for the kind of financial return aimed at by an absentee-owner conglomerate.

"We would be satisfied with one-fifth of the present profit picture," the spokesman said, "a happy medium between what a business needs to survive and what the law says the license should be used for—meeting the needs of the local community." In its application, Voice of Los Angeles, Inc., proposes that news, public affairs, and all other programs exclusive of entertainment and sports will total 49.5 per cent of the schedule; that there will be no network feeds; and that only 23.5 hours out of a weekly 104-hour-and-37-minute schedule will be devoted to "recorded" programs (probably films and syndicated network reruns). The applicants promise to rely heavily on local, live programing, utilizing the extensive pool of professional talent in Hollywood for "minimum-scale, challenging television." The group looks forward to a tough, three- or four-year battle before the FCC and in the courts—if nobody tires, is bought out, or loses heart for fear of some sort of economic reprisal.

The WHDH-TV decision affords some reason for hope. The FCC ruled, in the Boston case, that the licensee's *average* performance in the past did not shield it automatically from a new challenge. It gave the challenger a "demerit" for flashy, unsubstantiated promises of superior performance; but the decision stressed heavily the need for diversification of ownership, and integration of ownership with daily management—two factors that, by precedent, should weigh in the favor of the challenging Los Angeles group. Crucial for KNBC-TV may be a number of "blemishes on the record," now in the FCC files, complaints that were responsible for the deferral of the NBC renewal at normal expiration time (December 1, 1968).

Against these considerations, however, must be weighed the staggering impact of taking away a network's owned-and-operated flagship station in a top-ten market. Half the licenses in the nation (conglomerate-owned) would then be in peril. Yet, the new application and the renewal of KNBC-TV are "mutually exclusive." Under the law, it would seem that a comparative hearing is inevitable, and this alone is without precedent in a situation of such magnitude (a license estimated between $75,000,000 and $100 million).

Some commissioners have argued that bigness is no evil but an advantage in serving the nation; others have inveighed against the dangers of monopoly control of the media. Another argument runs that it is a problem for the Congress not the FCC. Whatever the eventual outcome of this notable case, the citizen-entrepreneurs of Voice of Los Angeles, Inc., have already shown that there are at least ten community-minded Davids in California who are not frightened by the armor of the giant Philistines.



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THE FIRST RESORTS

A Roundup of Vacationlands Preferred by World Leaders

—*Greek National Tourist Office*

Corfu's Achilleion—once a home of royalty, today a house of chance.

THE HOLIDAY HABITS of world leaders differ as widely as their ideologies. Some prefer to go off on their own, to walk and think in a quietude they couldn't hope to find near the seat of power; others take with them enough friends, relatives, and assorted devices to fill in every spare minute they are away. August's heat and torpor send some hieing to cool mountain retreats, others to the sun-simmered oceanside. If they share a single habit, these potentates at play, it is a tendency to stay within the boundaries of the country they rule—else the national tourist office might have some explaining to do. In the following pages, *SR*'s annual spring travel section takes you to the favorite hideaways of leaders both royal and political, past and present. It opens with a look at American Presidents from Nixon all the way back to Washington (who found himself a watering hole in Colonial Virginia more than two centuries ago), and then jumps to the vacationlands of today's foreign leaders, ranging from the austere countryside of de Gaulle's Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises to the palmy shores of the Gulf of Siam, where the Thai King sails until sunset.

—D. B.

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—*Wide World.*

Nixon, Rebozo, and Riddle on *Coco Lobo*—"a peaceful retreat from travail."

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NIXON IN REBOZOLAND

By DAVID BUTWIN

WHO can forget Ike with his shiny putter, walking off the green and into the sunset, or JFK rescuing touch football from decades of proletarian sand-lot obscurity, or LBJ at home on the range lassooing steers and trying to make a horseman of Humphrey?

We cut to Richard Milhous Nixon, late of Key Biscayne, Florida. His putter is rusting, there is not a football or lariat in sight, but the sun is out and the day is his. If he achieves no more than a glide around the placid green bay in Bebe Rebozo's houseboat or a stroll up the beach under luxuriating palms, Nixon will have realized his ideal in holiday diversion, his reason for slipping out of the White House.

Much was made of Nixon's retooled image in the 1968 campaign, how he learned to win electors and influence voters with a blend of the old dogged pursuit and a new disarming humility, but when he felt he needed a day or two of R&R on Key Biscayne, no matter what the press of business or the advice of image-makers, he didn't hesitate to go. If there was any doubt he would continue the getaway tactic after Inauguration day, it was dispelled in early February when he settled into the Winter White House on Bay Lane for a three-day weekend. Of course it wasn't all boat rides and long beach walks, the President packing plenty of homework along and conferring at length with Secretary of State William Rogers and foreign affairs adviser Henry Kissinger, who lodged at the Key Biscayne Hotel. If a seventy-two-hour pass sounds a luxury even a Commander-in-Chief seldom affords, it appears that the American public and press aren't about to begrudge him the pleasure. It won't be his last escape either. No doubt the President will continue to pursue an all-work-no-play-makes-Dick-a-dull-boy policy, whether he goes to Key Biscayne, or the rustic

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calm of Camp David, Maryland, or his native southern California, where he's been on the lookout for a summer place.

Nixon's hideaway theories may have been formed in the wake of his 1960 defeat when he ran a nonstop campaign that left him entirely drained. Directly after the election he went to Florida and holed up at the Key Biscayne Hotel (his favorite retreat until the purchase of three beachfront homes on Bay Lane), and that weekend received a call from John F. Kennedy, who was celebrating up the coast at Palm Beach. Kennedy wanted to talk, and Nixon invited him down. Their meeting was coined the Sunshine Summit and was probably the first Presidential story datelined Key Biscayne. According to Earl Mazo, a Nixon biographer, one of the opening topics dealt with the art of relaxation. Mazo recalls:

"Nixon told Kennedy to take it easy as often as he could and he promised he would see that Kennedy damn well wouldn't get Republican criticism for it. One of the reasons they talked it out was all the criticism against Eisenhower and his golf. Nixon and Kennedy knew the charges were ridiculous, that a President has to get his engines wound down. I'm sure Kennedy and Johnson spent as much time relaxing as Ike did—or more—but you notice there was never the same criticism after that."

IF the President had personally sampled every winter playground in the hemisphere he might not have found a more likely spot than Key Biscayne, an elongated island flanking South Miami, connected to the mainland by the two-and-a-half-mile-long Rickenbacker Causeway. More than a lush, peaceful retreat from travail, Key Biscayne clearly is Nixon country. Nixon outpolled Kennedy 756 to 383, and in 1968 received 1,055 votes to Humphrey's 248 and Wallace's 83. Key Biscayne is middle-class suburbia on sand, an island of palmy indifference. Its 4,000 or so permanent residents and some hundreds more who come down for the winter to stay in condominiums and apartments (which are rising with rampancy above the palms and Australian pines) display an easygoing disregard for life across the bay, a belief that if peace reigns on Key Biscayne—and it does but for an occasional summer hurricane—peace must reign throughout the land. Life is simple, uncomplicated by tempting divertisement. Surely if the islanders couldn't find enough to do in the half-dozen quiet restaurants and bars, a yacht club, beach club, golf course, and four or five churches, they wouldn't be living on the key.

Prudes they are not. Billy Graham, Nixon's White House preacher in residence, would find juicy sermon material if he looked hard enough. Biscayne residents are steady churchgoers, but they don't object to another man's blasphemy. Some of them like to think of the key as a Peyton Place South, and they chuckle with indulgence at reports of who-met-whom at the Keyhole on Crandon Boulevard or the Sandbar on the Atlantic shore. An outsider has to sharpen his senses to detect signs of eccentricity or rebellion, but sooner or later he will see Mrs. Marilynn Riviere chugging about in a sedan-sized 1936 fire engine, or high school kids throwing all-night beach parties in Crandon Park, or a stylishly hip couple dining at The English Pub. Chances are the high school kids and the hip couple live across the causeway, but Mrs. Riviere is an island fixture. In the past few years she gradually has lost her flair for public candor, a reaction to telephone rebukes by Biscayne residents. "I *will* say this is not the tight little island you might imagine," she told me in the shade of her jungle-like patio. "With one exception—every time the dogcatcher comes across the causeway we get a tip-off, and then each person gets on the phone and calls three other people and they call three more, and by the time the dogcatcher arrives, you won't find a mutt on the street. That's the only example of island spirit I can think of."

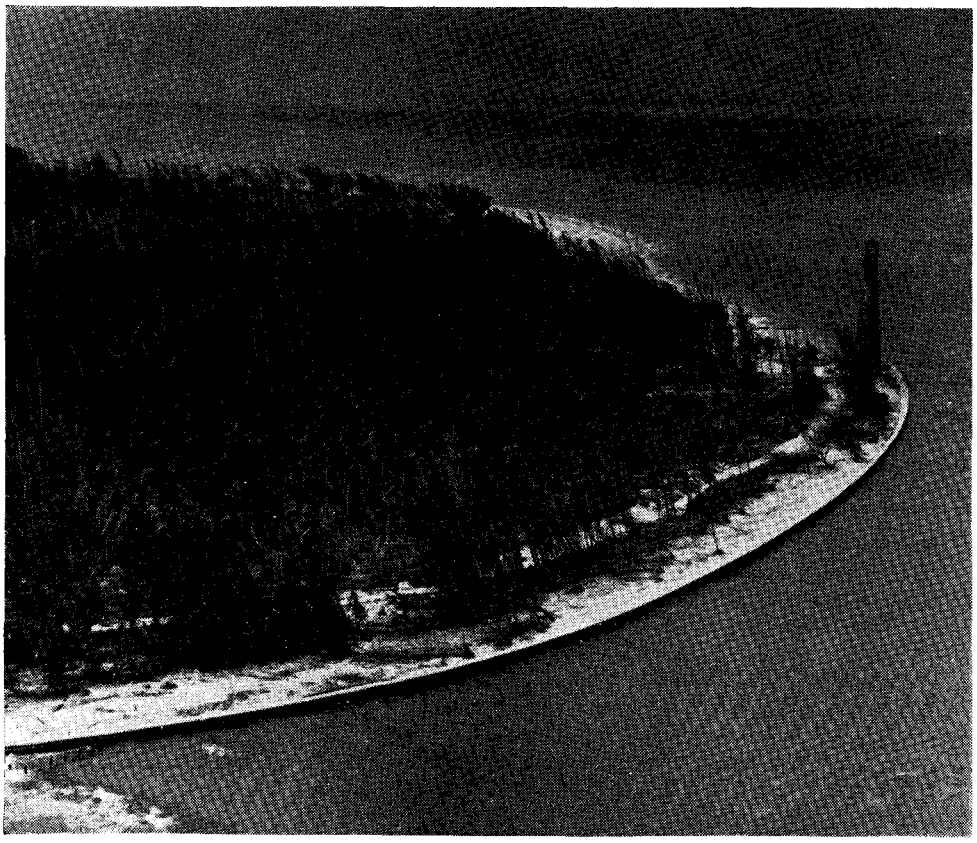
Perhaps, as newspaper columnist John Keasler suggests, the recent building boom and resultant influx of wealthy mainlanders has quelled any small-town spirit Key Biscayne might have retained. Keasler, the key's poet laureate, who writes a daily column for the Miami *News*, owns a simple concrete-block, terrazzo-floor house like the thousand others slapped down in the early 1950s. Life on Biscayne was more adventure and less status then, and children swapped snakes instead of baseball cards.

"It was really a wilderness," Keasler said. "There were rabbits and coons, all sorts of snakes—banded water snakes, indigos, chicken snakes—one of my kids had a boa constrictor for a pet. The working raccoon population has diminished; they aren't panhandling much any more. There's no real woods left but on Cape Florida (a state-owned park on the south end). I don't enjoy it here as much as I used to.

"I remember the kids used to make rafts and drop them in the water where they pleased; now it's the cherished waterways of the $75,000 homes, and the island is ringed with NO TRESPASSING signs. Key Biscayne's just not for shark-fishing or woods-roaming kids any more. Huck Finn wouldn't last a week."

Progress or not, when a man flips a quarter in the hopper and starts across Rickenbacker Causeway, he feels an infusion of childhood exhilaration; he is a school boy dismissed at noon on a

(*Continued on page* 108)



—*Miami Metro.*

Cape Florida, where Nixon used to walk—
"Presidents don't wander far on their own."

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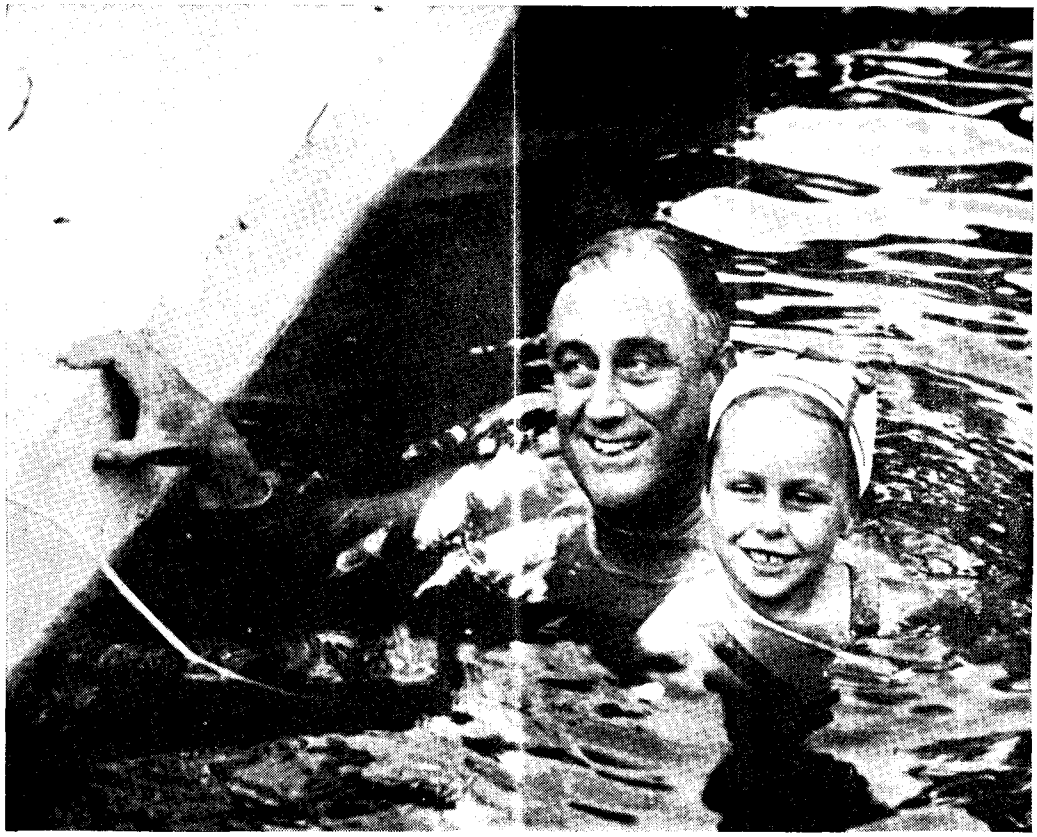

—Brown Brothers.

THE WARM SPRINGS OF FDR

By BETSY FANCHER

THE landscape looks the way he left it twenty-four years ago—an expansive countryside of pine-wooded hills etched with clear streams and brown valleys where the little frame houses wear polished hubcaps like silver badges and the scribbled signs on the boarded storefronts assure the passerby that *Jesus Saves*. The memorials that were planned to honor Franklin Delano Roosevelt in the tiny middle-Georgia health spa of Warm Springs ranged from the United Nations building to a marble obelisk higher than the Washington Monument on top of Dowdell's Knob. Fortunately, they never materialized. Today the Little White House attracts so many visitors (120,000 a year) that a new motel is going up on Highway 85, and the hospital which FDR fathered is now a burgeoning campus of white-colonnaded buildings.

The yellow depot where 10,000 people once gathered to welcome FDR has been torn down; today the endless freight trains go snaking through Warm Springs without a whistle. The wheel chair brigade which used to hold musical reviews at the hospital has disbanded—the children who feasted with Roosevelt at Thanksgiving are grown now, and the hospital is given over to older victims of arthritis, strokes, and back injuries. Bun Wright, the fiddler who played for FDR's barbecues at Dowdell's Knob, is dead; his fiddle and top hat rest in a glass case at the Roosevelt Museum. And the old Warm Springs Hotel, which once swarmed with Secret Service men, reporters, and Cabinet members, is closed. Its blue frame windows stare vacantly at the town's bleak main street.

THE action today is 10 miles away at Callaway Gardens, a sprawling complex of luxury motel units and A-frame cottages surrounding the golf courses, hunting preserve, lakes, and exquisitely planted hills that comprise the vast recreational park created by the Callaway family of La Grange. The coastal aristocrats who 100 years ago flocked to this area as a refuge from yellow fever and the miasma of the rice fields have been replaced by a new aristocracy of status—young executives who, fleeing the tensions of burgeoning Atlanta, manage to combine their business meetings with long sessions on the golf course. You'll see them at dusk, name tags on their lapels, partying from room to room, sipping bourbon and water among cardboard displays of new products, drifting finally down to the heated pools to escape the cigarette smoke and trade talk.

In summer they take cottages in the woods and maintain a hearty beer and hot dog domesticity around the charcoal grills while the children watch the coeds do circus routines on the man-made beach. In winter, they bring their long-haired, wistful sons to shoot quail, to savor nostalgically the breakfasts of country ham and red-eye gravy, and occasionally to venture into the awesome solitude of the gardens where, even in December, holly flares through the misty rain and prayer is sometimes possible among the magnificent stained glass leaves in the little fieldstone chapel by the lake.

Sometimes they drive over Pine Mountain, past the old CCC camp which Roosevelt originated, over the ridge where Dowdell's Knob commands a proud view of the valley, down to the Little White House where, pointing to Roosevelt's brown leather chair, his ship models and wheel chair, they realize the awful magnitude of the generation gap, the futility of conveying to their patronizing youngsters the awesome, bittersweet impact of FDR on their generation.

They would do better to stop in at the Memorial office and speak to Frank Allcorn, the four-time mayor of Warm Springs who owned the old hotel and who was Roosevelt's friend. Or they

Betsy Fancher, a staff writer for *Atlanta* magazine, is writing a book on Georgia vacation spots.

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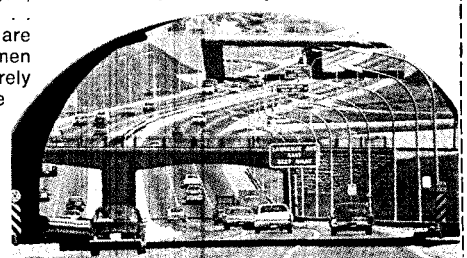

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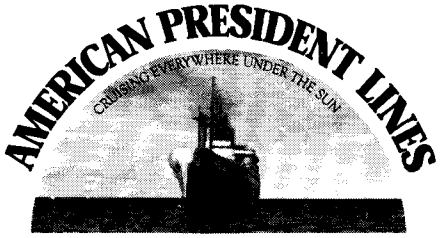

should linger a few minutes with Ruth Stevens, who managed the hotel and wrote a book, *Hi Ya Neighbor*, about FDR's life at Warm Springs. She and Allcorn maintain the museum and the memorial with an uncompromising integrity that could only come from having known the man warmly and intimately. "He was our neighbor," they will tell you. "He was kind to us and we were kind to him."

"I'm somebody down here," FDR used to tell his political cronies when Meriwether County men like Judge H. H. Revill entertained him at suppers of possum, sweet potatoes, and persimmon beer. They were the ones who urged him to re-enter politics in 1928. When he was elected Governor of New York they brought out the old Civil War stage coach, a white chariot etched with blue scrolls and red curlicues, and flanked by pony carts and prancing horses went roistering over the hills and through the valleys, singing and blowing horns. The Meriwether *Vindicator* was the first newspaper in the country to endorse FDR for the Presidency, and when he was inaugurated, Sheriff J. B. Jarrell, escorting the county's "FDR Troop" of Boy Scouts, announced to the Washington press corps that "Jawja has rejoined the Union." "When we heard he was coming to town, even Miss Minnie Bulloch washed her windows," recalls Mrs. Stevens, and everybody went to the barber shop or the beauty parlor. Once he was ensconced in the Little White House, absorbed in affairs of state, they left gifts of wild flowers and honey on his doorstep. One old farmer walked barefoot all the way from Gadsden, Alabama, to leave him a country ham. They say that when he died, the Meriwether County farmers, the leathery old cotton farmers who had survived the bitter years of famine and crop failure in prideful silence, wandered down the main street weeping openly and murmuring, "He was the best friend I ever had."

Ruth Stevens remembers the day he arrived at the Warm Springs station, a broad-shouldered, broad-chested man "whose legs dangled like strings from his waist." A Negro valet, McDuffie, lifted him off the platform, and he was driven to the Meriwether Hotel, a rambling old Victorian building iced with white cupolas and verandas. The pool was fed with the 88-degree waters of an underground spring, a spring which had been thought to have healing powers since the days when the Creek Indians, wounded in battle, immersed themselves in its waters. Roosevelt had heard the story of Lewie Joseph, a lifelong cripple who, after bathing there, had regained the partial use of his legs. Warm Springs was Roosevelt's last and not very promising hope. He had spent three years consulting the country's leading orthopedists and was still a hopeless cripple.

Roosevelt took a room in the public swimming house, was lifted in and out of the water every day, and at the end of three weeks wrote jubilantly to friends in New York that he was feeling "life in

(*Continued on page* 104)

—*Wide World.*

FDR with daughter, Anna, and James A. Farley at Little White House, 1932 — "In Warm Springs they called him neighbor."

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WHEN JERSEY WAS THE SPA OF PRESIDENTS

—Bettmann Archive.

Grant leading the charge at Long Branch—"On the dance floor he was a disaster."

By THOMAS FLEMING

IN the summer of 1869, George W. Childs, the wealthy publisher of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, had a brain storm. President Ulysses S. Grant had been inaugurated that January, and as a personal friend, Childs knew that Grant was miserable in the sweltering White House, besieged by hordes of office seekers. It was a simple matter to persuade him to sample the cool breezes and simple life style of the Jersey shore—at Long Branch, a spa south of the Hudson highlands on the blue Atlantic.

The President and his plump but pretty wife, Julia, their beautiful daughter, Nellie, and their two younger sons, Jesse and Ulysses, created an instant sensation at Long Branch. Grant may since have been downgraded by historians as a mediocre President, but in 1869 his name was magic. After so many other generals had failed, he was the man who had achieved the apparently impossible and won the war that was threatening to destroy the nation. Thousands of people poured into the little town to catch a glimpse of him, and celebrities, society leaders, and men of wealth snapped up every hotel room in sight. On the palmier Sundays in the 1880s, the combined wealth of the congregation worshipping at St. James Chapel on Ocean Avenue was calculated at $120,000,000.

As early as 1767, a village had grown out of the cluster of farms a little south of the so-called Long Branch of the Shrewsbury River. Around the turn of the nineteenth century, it acquired some reputation as a health resort. As early as 1830, it began to assume a gayer air. One visitor commented on the "card playing, billiards, bowling, and dancing, and fast driving on the beach." The emergence of the steamboat made it a convenient refuge for vacationing New Yorkers, and wealthy Philadelphians migrated across the state by stagecoach to join them. By 1860, there were enough hotels and boarding houses along the shore to accommodate 4,125 persons. Celebrities such as actor Edwin Booth, actress Maggie Mitchell, and General Winfield Scott, hero of the Mexican War and the losing Presidential candidate in 1852, joined them. The first hint of greater things was an unexpected visit by Mrs. Abraham Lincoln in July of 1861. The town turned out en masse to greet her, and literally wrapped itself in American flags. Mrs. Lincoln went to a concert, attended a cricket match, and watched an exhibition of the latest life-saving techniques, which included firing a life line to vessels in distress. It was not the sort of activity that attracted the lively set, and, to complete the aura of anticlimax, while she was there the Battle of Bull Run was fought and lost. She departed, never to return.

Long Branch might have moldered into insignificance. The combination of Saratoga's healthful spring waters and famous horse racing was a magnet that drew the best people in the opposite direction. But a number of capitalists had faith in Long Branch, among them George F. Baker, Jay Gould, and George W. Childs. They encouraged Louis P. Brown, a promoter with more energy than money, and in 1866 he acquired a mile and a quarter of oceanfront property and the following year laid out and constructed Ocean Avenue and landscaped a park behind it. Within another year, land values soared from $500 to $5,000 an acre. But the place remained discouragingly middle class.

After the Grants arrived, Long Branch's middle-class days were over. The President and his family tried two of the most fashionable hotels, the Man-

Thomas Fleming, who lives in New York, is a free-lance writer specializing in history.

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sion House and the Stetson. They despaired of the formality and ceremony and the staring eyes of the curious. The President felt compelled to dress in broadcloth and stand on the piazza, bowing and smiling to ladies who passed. On the dance floor he was a disaster. Finishing a waltz at a ball in his honor, he muttered to his footsore partner, "Madam, I'd rather storm a fort than attempt another dance."

But Grant liked everything else about Long Branch, and when he told his friend Childs that he had "never seen a p'ace in all his travels which was better suited for a summer residence," Childs, George Pullman, and New York financier Moses Taylor purchased a cottage at 991 Ocean Avenue and gave it to Grant as a gift. With that almost charming (at this distance) simplicity that led him to trust too many captains and lieutenants of industry, Grant accepted it. The house was soon being called "the summer capital." Two-and-a-half stories high, it had an octagonal porch and an architectural style that a New York *Tribune* reporter called "a mixture of English villa and Swiss chalet."

Although he enjoyed the company of the rich and famous—including fellow generals such as Phil Sheridan and George Gordon Meade—who streamed into Long Branch in his wake, Grant simultaneously displayed the simple tastes and casual airs that made the common man love him. In the Army, he had never bothered to wear his general's insignia. At Long Branch, he sat on his porch in a white plug hat and linen duster, smoking a cigar, and swapping yarns with Len Van Dyke, the special policeman on duty at his cottage. Another favorite crony was Henry Van Brunt, who owned the bathing pavilion directly opposite the Mansion House. Several times a week, the President would come down the street with his high-stepping horse and smart buggy, and Henry would stomp out of the pavilion with his pants rolled high above his bare and blistered feet, and away they would ride down Ocean Avenue in the afternoon carriage parade.

Aside from swimming on his private beach, Grant's favorite recreation was racing 20 miles along the shore or over the roads around Long Branch behind two lively bays, Egypt and Cincinnati. In his West Point cadet days, Grant's horsemanship had been the talk of the school, and he still retained a passionate interest in improving the breed. Thus, in 1870, when several capitalists opened Monmouth Park Race Track, the President immediately took a box and seldom missed a race.

Monmouth Park was sensationally successful and it sent Long Branch's popularity soaring to unparalleled heights. Elegant new hotels were built at a frenzied pace. The Continental, advertising itself as "the largest hotel in the United States," commanded 700 feet of ocean-front and had 600 rooms, bowling alleys, and "the only shooting gallery on the shore attached to the house."

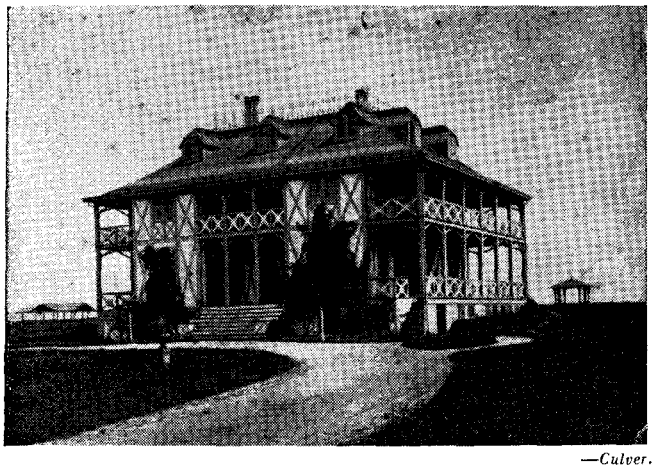
GRANT returned to Long Branch every summer for the two terms of his Presidency and, except for a few summers spent traveling abroad, continued to come back every year until the end of his life. In fact, it was to the old "summer capital" that the ruined ex-President returned in 1884, after the Wall Street firm to which he had entrusted his reputation and cash collapsed. The Grants were so penniless that the ex-First Lady of the land had to cook and keep house. After a month of staring disconsolately at the ocean, Grant, at Mark Twain's urging, began writing his classic memoirs, which he finished in a desperate race against cancer.

Grant's Republican successors followed his example and spent at least a part of every summer at Long Branch. Rutherford B. Hayes, elected as a reformer, and his prim wife, called "Lemonade Lucy" because she barred all wine and liquor at the White House, carefully avoided the resort's more risqué aspects. By the time they arrived in 1876, the little town had become the Las Vegas of the era. Colonel John Chamberlain, an ex-Mississippi riverboat gambler, had opened his elaborate Pennsylvania Club on the corner of Brighton and Ocean Avenues. A skillful French chef cooked magnificent dinners that were served free to all the patrons. The house offered roulette, rouge et noir, bird cage, and many other games in rooms dominated in the most sumptuous mid-Victorian style, by huge paintings, mantels crowded with vases, massive horsehair furniture, and marble-top tables. Other gamblers swiftly opened opulent imitations.

The action attracted characters such as "Jubilee Jim" Fiske, Jay Gould's partner, who used to arrive accompanied by the entire regiment of Ninth New York Guards, of which he was the colonel. They came on Fiske's 345-foot steamer, the *Plymouth Rock*, which Jubilee Jim commanded in an admiral's uniform. Just to make sure everyone knew who owned it, he had his picture painted in rich colors on each side of the ship's boiler. Not far behind him was Diamond Jim Brady, who enjoyed riding up and down Ocean Avenue in a fleet of six electric cars, and never failed to create a sensation by swaggering into the Pennsylvania Club or Monmouth Race Track with the statuesque Lillian Russell on his arm.

President James Garfield continued Long Branch's reign, in spite of the fact that it meant an uncomfortable confrontation with Ulysses Grant, whom Gar-

(*Continued on page* 102)



—*Culver.*

—*Culver.*

Grant's summer place (left) and house (right) where Garfield retreated—"an uncomfortable confrontation."

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WILSONIAN SUMMERS IN RURAL NEW ENGLAND

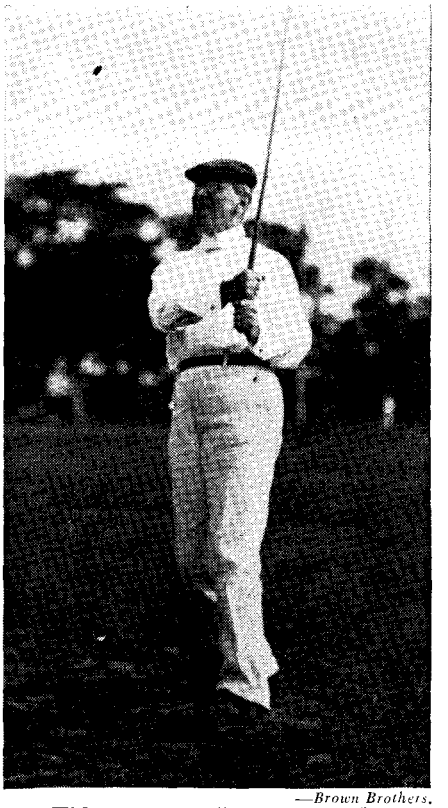
By ROLAND VAN ZANDT

IT didn't take Woodrow Wilson long to realize the value of fleeing Washington in the summer, if only for a week. Thus he confided to a friend during the summer of 1913: "The eight days I spent in New Hampshire with that happy, adorable family did me a lot of good. I had grown stale down here. Washington is, I should judge, the worst place in America to keep normal. . . . The amount of work a President is expected to do is preposterous."

In the last years of his office, Wilson's worsening health and the crush of world events bound him more closely to Washington, but during the summers of 1913-14-15 he rented a house at Cornish, New Hampshire, in the very heart of rural New England. "Harlakenden," as the estate was called, was the summer residence of Winston Churchill, the American novelist. It was (until it burned down in 1921) a rambling, sedate Georgian mansion built of pressed brick, gray granite, and white marble, with spacious loggias and terraces that afforded magnificent views of the low-lying Connecticut River and the distant mass of Mount Ascutney near Windsor, Vermont.

Wilson was not unacquainted with the therapeutic value of travel and a summer holiday. A man of extraordinary energy and determination, he nonetheless possessed one of the frailest constitutions of all our Chief Executives. Wilson had suffered a complete breakdown of health and spirit while still a young man in college; he suffered three more breakdowns during the years at Princeton. He was in such bad health when he first entered the White House that one of the leading physicians in America prophesied that he would not survive his first term in office. That he did survive was due in no small measure to the care and wisdom of Cary T. Grayson, the President's private physician from 1913 to the final breakdown of 1924. Grayson saw the need for a strict regimen of "preventive medicine" implemented by a daily round of golf (which the non-athletic Wilson learned how to play out of a sense of "duty," though he came to enjoy the game); plenty of fresh air; almost daily motor rides (to which Wilson became addicted, sitting bundled up in a big open car and becoming intimately acquainted with all the roads and byways around Washington); occasional outings on the Presidential yacht *Mayflower* (down the Potomac, up the Hudson, along the New England coast); and the rest and recreation afforded by travel and an occasional summer vacation.

In earlier years before entering politics he benefited greatly from several bicycling tours of his favorite regions in the Lake District of England. While governor of New Jersey he sought the sanctuary of the governor's mansion at Sea Girt. He also visited Bermuda on several occasions in quest of good health, both alone and with his family. And after becoming President, he spent a Christmas vacation at Pass Christian on the Gulf of Mexico and an Easter vacation at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. During the crucial summer of 1916 when Wilson wished to conduct a political campaign outside the hallowed precincts of the White House and still be close enough to Washington to give immediate attention to the crisis with Germany, he spent as much time as he could at Shadow Lawn in Long Branch, New Jersey.



—Brown Brothers.

Wilson trying "to put an elusive ball into an obscure hole."

HIS first three summers, however, Wilson thought he could go farther away from the seat of government, and since not only his own precarious health but that of Mrs. Wilson demanded a respite from the heat and turmoil of Washington, he went to Cornish. He leased Harlakenden sight unseen, simply through the appeal of photographs and the enthusiasm of friends who knew the area. The Wilsons were also drawn by happy memories of a previous vacation on the Connecticut when they spent some time in the picturesque village of Old Lyme. Another special attraction, particularly to Mrs. Wilson, who was a good amateur painter, was the presence of a sophisticated group of artists and writers, her favorite type of people. The village of Cornish was known locally as "Little New York" and can best be described as an art colony in the pre-Bohemian or Edwardian style, a region of hidden estates and high-minded

Roland Van Zandt, a free-lance writer, historian, and a resident of New York City, is the author of *The Catskill Mountain House.*

—Brown Brothers.

Wilson's Harlakenden — pre-Bohemian artists, bird sanctuaries, and quiet countryside.

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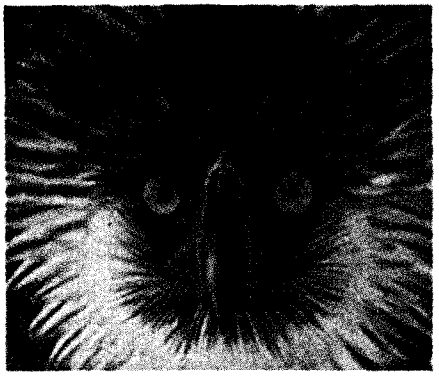

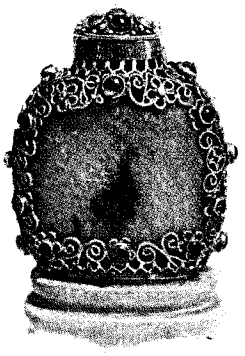

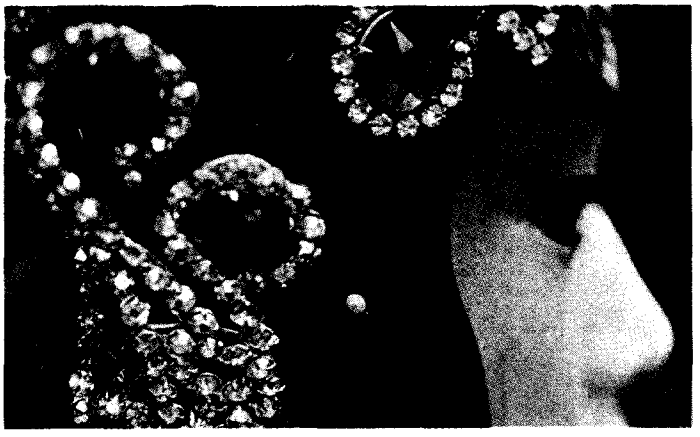

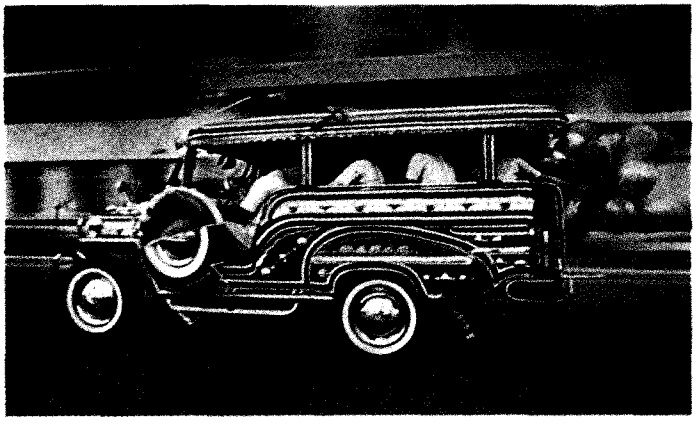

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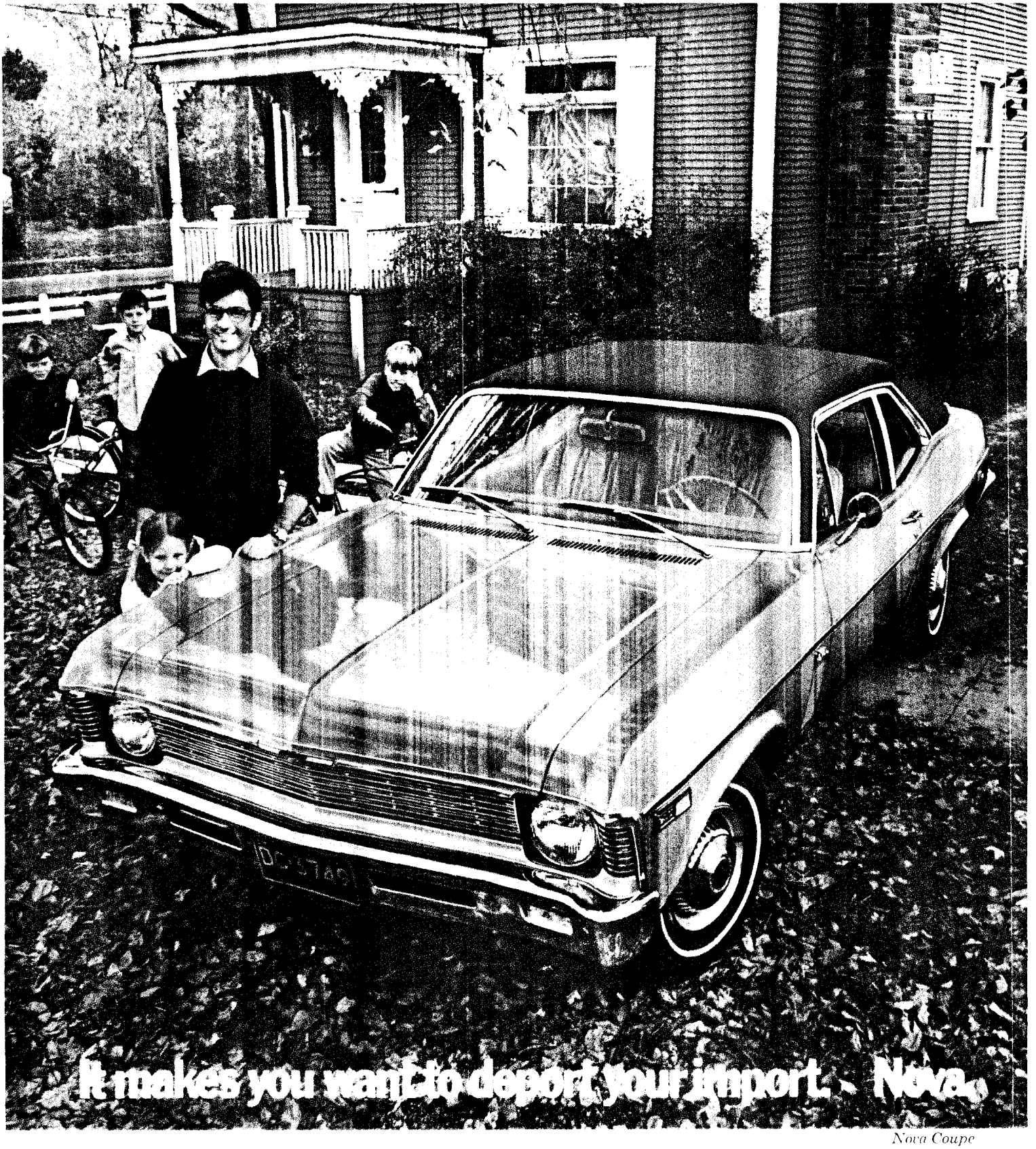

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studios, presided over by such luminaries as the illustrator Maxfield Parrish, the poet Percy MacKaye, and the playwright Witter Bynner. The area also boasted the presence of the Augustus Saint-Gaudens shrine and museum, administered by his son Homer, who at the time was a stage director for Maude Adams. A few miles north of Cornish, at Meriden, the naturalist and ornithologist Ernest Harold Baynes ran a famous bird sanctuary which for one memorable day in mid-September 1913 became "the center of the world" when the President and a distinguished retinue arrived from Washington to attend a "Bird Masque" given in his honor and featuring two of his daughters as star performers.

Ordinarily when Wilson visited Cornish—a week in early July and occasional weekends thereafter—he arrived without fanfare and tried to avoid large social affairs. Accompanied always by Dr. Grayson and the perforce presence of Secret Service men, he became a familiar figure on the local golf links, happily lost in the game, but obviously not proficient (he once defined golf as "an ineffectual attempt to put an elusive ball into an obscure hole with implements ill-adapted to the purpose"). For total relaxation requiring a minimum of physical exertion he resorted to his favorite pastime of motoring for hours on end through the quiet countryside. Aware of the President's love of driving, as well as his daughters' constant use of an "electric runabout" brought from the White House, and the almost daily appearance of the Presidential limousine in the shopping center of Windsor, the township of Plainfield built eight miles of new road from the covered bridge at Windsor to the stone gates of Harlakenden and dubbed it forthwith "Wilson's Highway."

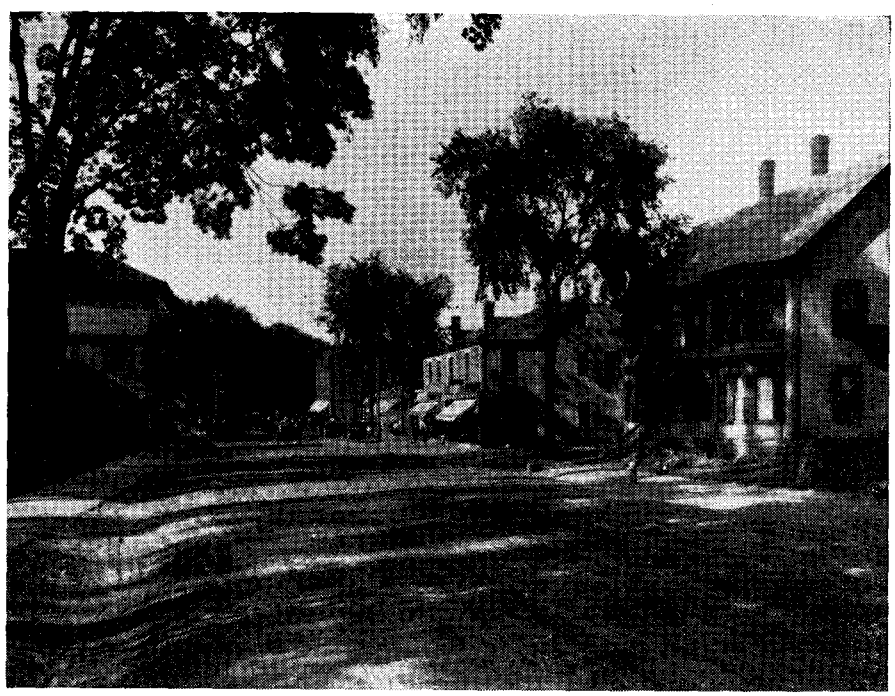
AT the end of the day after touring, playing golf, picnicking, or strolling along the river, the President would catch up on the latest dispatches from the capital and the family would then congregate on the terrace and spend the long twilights and starlit evenings listening to what one of Wilson's daughters called "his vivid and humorous account of what was going on in hectic Washington." On other occasions, friends from "the Colony" would join the Wilsons in an evening of games, songfests, or poetry readings. And on one unusual evening, Marie Dressler, who owned a farm on a hill near Windsor, came to entertain the President, and perhaps fearing that her bawdier style of performance would be inappropriate for the Wilson family, decided to sing a medley of lugubrious ballads and ditties about unrequited love, abandoned mothers, and orphaned children. The effect was disastrous, and when a last minute attempt at some comedy failed to dispel the gloom of the evening, the star of *Tillie's Nightmare* went back to her farm convinced that of all the Presidents she had met, Wilson was the most serious and unapproachable.

Harlakenden saw very little of Wilson during the tragic summer of 1914. Mrs. Wilson, who had been desperately sick throughout the spring, died in the first week of August just before the European nations went to war. The grief-stricken President lost himself in the narcotic of work and diplomatic turmoil, and spent each Sunday afternoon driving into the far country around Washington, dozing and silent. When he did finally visit Cornish in the middle of September it was mainly to spend forty-eight hours with his daughter Margaret, whom he had prevailed upon to go to Harlakenden after Mrs. Wilson's funeral.

The next year saw a remarkable change. In early July, Wilson wrote from Cornish: "I am faring famously. I have not had such a period of comparative rest and freedom for four years." The following month he wrote a friend: "We are spending the summer here in New Hampshire, in the same house we had last summer and the summer before, and become more and more attached to the place every year." The enthusiasm stemmed in part from the presence of all his children to the third generation, for Wilson could never be happy for long, separated from his family. He had also found new hope and energy in successfully weathering the storm that had been created by the sinking of the *Lusitania* in early May; a lull had settled over German-American relations, and Wilson saw the respite as a vindication of his policy of neutrality. He was thus free to get the rest he needed and to make the most of a long vacation in the hills of New Hampshire. But perhaps the true secret of Wilson's happiness at Cornish during the summer of 1915 may be found in the following words penned many years later by a frequent female visitor of that summer:

> Whenever my thoughts turn back to that wonderful summer, there seems about it all a halo of gorgeous colour from the flowers, and music made by the river where nearly every day we walked when the President was there. He was like a boy home from school, when he could steal a week-end away from Washington and come there to the peace and quiet of the hills. When we walked we would try to forget that lurking behind every tree was a Secret Service man. We would go, always a car full of us, on long motor rides through that lovely country, exploring new roads and sometimes very bad ones, getting back in the late twilight for tea on the terrace, or stopping at a picturesque little teahouse en route . . . .

On such days as these Edith Bolling Galt became convinced of her love for Woodrow Wilson and consented, some three months later, to become First Lady of the land.



—*Brown Brothers*

Wilson, an incurable motorist, stopped in Windsor almost every day.

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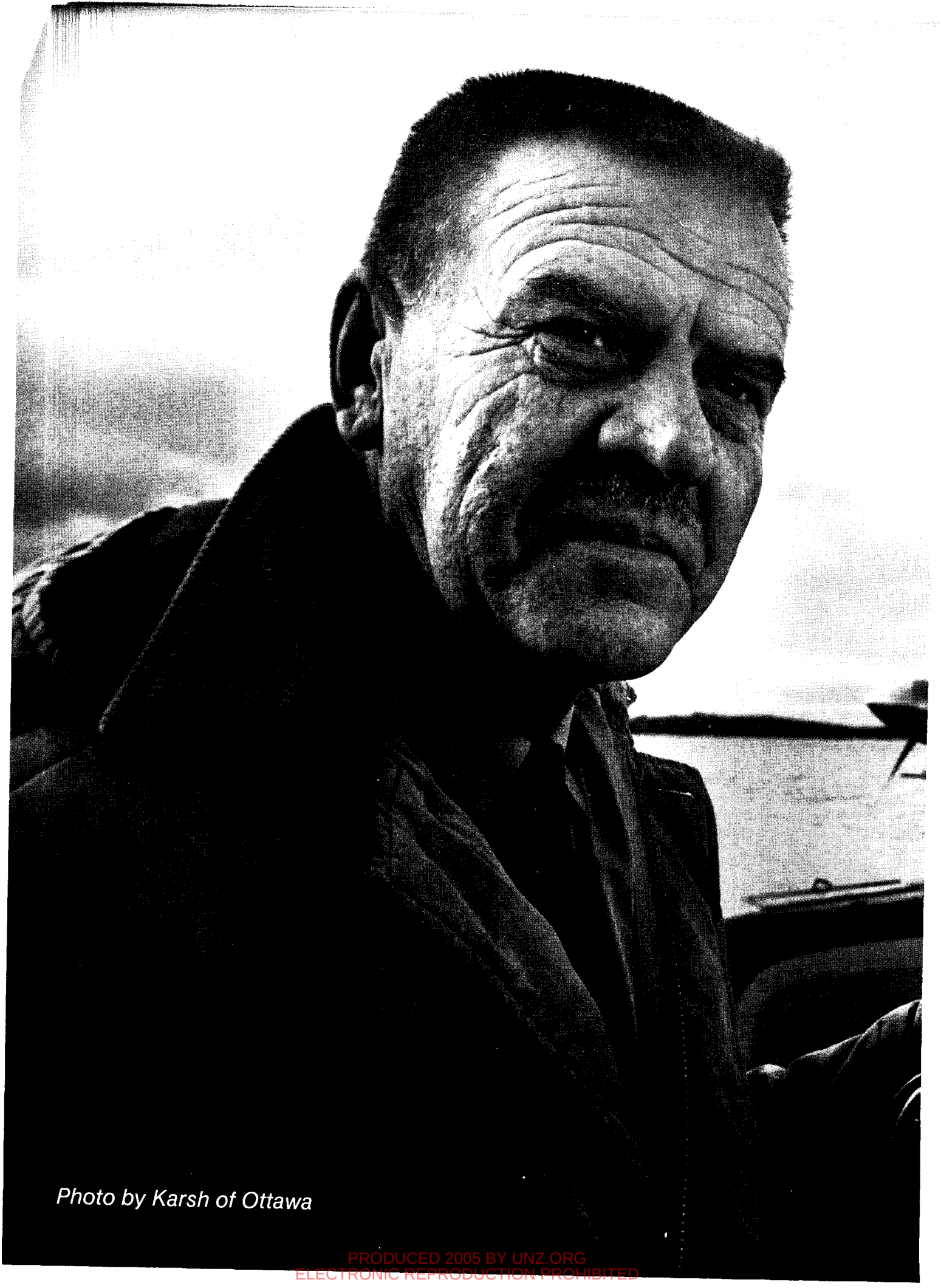

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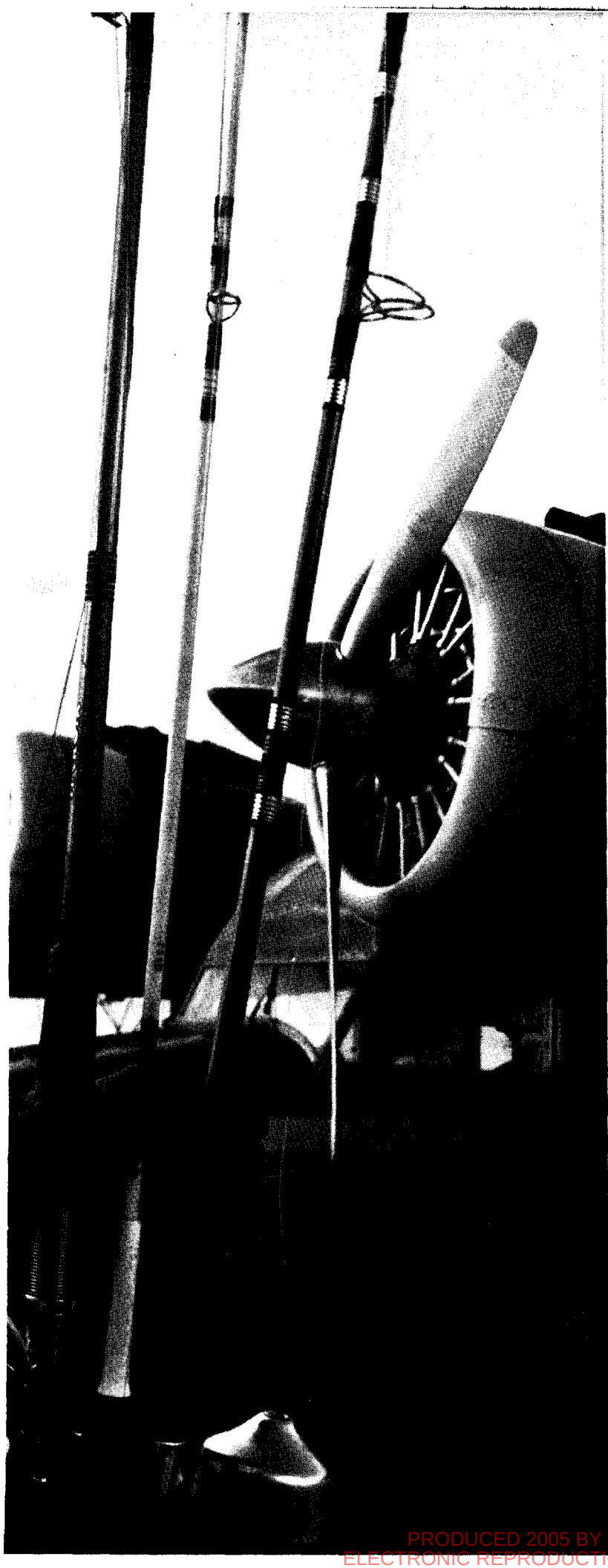

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Cleveland hooks a big one—"He made a business of pleasure."

CLEVELAND ON THE CAPE

By TREVOR L. CHRISTIE

STEPHEN Grover Cleveland, the twenty-second and twenty-fourth President of the United States, passed the happiest days of his life on Buzzards Bay at the foot of the Cape Cod peninsula. He lived there in peaceful seclusion for fourteen summers amid its wild and lovely land-and-sea-scapes and found it a welcome respite from national politics. But it was not the sparkling waters or sheltered coves or wooded glades that drew him—it was the fishing.

In 1891, three years after his defeat by Benjamin Harrison for a second term in the White House, the former President bought a "cottage" on Monument Point near the village of Buzzards Bay (named after the flocks of fish hawks that filled its skies). He rechristened the cottage Gray Gables in token of its six gables. It was a rambling, two-story, clapboard structure, almost encircled by broad, shaded piazzas, built on the edge of a rocky beach. The interior was dominated by a great hall rising almost to the roof, with a mammoth stone fireplace at one end. Around the house roamed several acres of woodland and pasture dotted with huge boulders. On the lawn was an American flag with forty-four stars.

As a contemporary writer in *Harper's Weekly* described it: "Gray Gables is a pleasant house and is most admirably situated for people who care little for the society of summer places and a good deal for the sports and opportunities which nature bestows upon the sons and daughters of men."

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Cleveland and friend—"I never saw a place I liked so well."

While practicing law in New York, the state's former governor took the Fall River Line every Friday afternoon to Boston and switched to the cars of the Old Colonial Railroad for the rest of the journey to his summer place. His good friend Richard Watson Gilder, then editor of *Century* magazine, recalled in "A Record of Friendship" that on one sweltering day he discovered Cleveland sitting in the baggage car "on a rough chair under a shelf" because he had given up his seat to a woman in the crowded passenger compartment. When he reached his station he had to drive four miles through the woods to his home, but the railroad later set up a flag stop near his gates to accommodate his many visitors.

Invariably, Cleveland—a stout man with a bulging paunch, wearing old trousers, a flannel shirt, and a floppy straw hat—was up at dawn the next morning to begin fishing. (He fished Saturdays and Mondays but never on Sunday.) On these outings he was usually accompanied by Gilder or actor Joseph Jefferson of Rip Van Winkle acclaim, who had a summer home called "Crow's Nest" about two miles away. All day they angled for bluefish or sea bass, taking time only for a sandwich at noon. While his companions sought the shade in mid-afternoon, he would stick doggedly to his lines throughout the

(*Continued on page 58*)

Trevor L. Christie, who lives in New York City, is a frequent contributor to *SR*.

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heat of the day, pleading for "just one more turn" of the boat. He once reproved Gilder for his faithlessness: "If you want to catch fish attend strictly to business."

Allan Nevins, a Cleveland biographer, writes: "He went to Buzzards Bay each summer with the eagerness of a city-jaded boy escaping to the woods. Yet he took his pleasures, like everything else, conscientiously." And Gilder echoes this in his book: "His Cape Cod neighbors have discovered that he made a business of pleasure—not a wearing, laborious business but a cheerful, contented and persistent business."

Cleveland seems to have hit it off from the start with his predominantly Republican neighbors, and they accepted him proudly as a fellow townsman with neither prejudice nor enthusiasm —much as John F. Kennedy would find seven decades later at Hyannis Port 20 miles to the east. Several months after his arrival, Cleveland told a gathering at Sandwich:

> Let us look for a moment at some of our suburbs and surroundings. We have located Boston just far enough away to be a convenient trading place, and yet not near enough to annoy us with its noise and dirt, nor to permit its children to damage our cranberry bogs. Though we know that the Pilgrims landed in Barnstable County, we see fit to maintain Plymouth Rock far enough outside to serve as a stimulus without being bothered by the strangers who visit the spot.

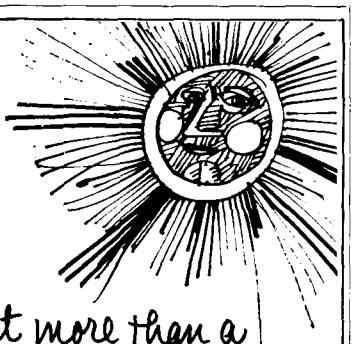
At the start Cleveland appeared to put politics out of his mind and—when he was not fishing—would devote hours to sailing his catboat *Ruth*, tinkering with a rod and reel, repairing a toy for a youngster, or chatting with the fishermen by day; sitting on his front porch socializing with his friends and neighbors by night. In one letter to a friend he said: "I never saw a place I liked so well thus far and I never was so contented and happy as I am in these days. I have a good many schemes to carry out in the way of improving my 'Estate' and these, with my regular fishing business, keep me very busy—too busy to read or write or think of politics."

Within a year or so, however, his own suppressed ambitions surfaced, and he came under mounting pressure from his supporters to run again for the Presidency. They came often to Gray Gables, and his correspondence grew until he was forced to hire a stenographer. After he defeated President Harrison the second time around and returned to the White House in 1893, he continued to summer at Buzzards Bay, till 1904, but it was never quite the same haven of seclusion and peace.

Two years before his death he wrote a series of light essays titled "Fishing and Shooting Sketches," one chapter defending anglers against accusations of laziness, mendacity, and especially profanity. "It must be admitted, however, by fishermen of every degree," he wrote, "that when the largest trout of

the day, after a long struggle, winds the leader about a snag and escapes . . . the fishermen's code of morality will not condemn beyond forgiveness the holder of the straightened rod if he impulsively, but with all the gentility at his command, exclaims: 'Damn that fish.'"

When Cleveland died in 1908, the *Berkshire Evening Eagle* in Lenox, Massachusetts, bannered a big black headline, and beneath it, in a tribute Cleveland would have cherished, added a subhead: MAY HAVE FISHED HERE.



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GEORGE WASHINGTON took the waters at Berkeley Springs in Colonial Virginia at what is now the oldest spa in the country. As a young man surveying the lands of Lord Fairfax he noted in his diary in 1748 that "this day call'd to see y Fam'd Warm Springs." He fancied the spot so well that he returned often, sometimes with Martha Washington and his family, even after he became the first President.

Washington's enthusiasm for the little watering hole led the Virginia Assembly to pass an act in October 1776 establishing "a town at the Warm Springs in the county of Berkeley," naming it Bath after the English spa, though it has always been known as Berkeley Springs. He bought two lots at the first sale of the town property and built a house which he never lived in and which was eventually expropriated because of unpaid taxes.

During the Revolution the town was filled with a mixture of Colonial officers' families, wounded soldiers, paroled Hessian officers, and wealthy couples taking the cure. After the Revolution the place reached the zenith of its popularity, with the young blades of the day dancing, drinking, gambling, and betting on the horses. Methodist Episcopal Bishop Francis Asbury after a visit condemned it thus: "My spirit is grieved at so much vanity as is seen here at Bath by the many poor, careless sinners around me. The living is expensive, four dollars a week."

With the rise of White Sulphur Springs and other resorts, Berkeley Springs lost much of its popularity in the 1830s, but an extension of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to a nearby point promoted a strong comeback. During the Tyler and Polk Administrations of the 1840s, politicos journeyed 100 miles northwest to Berkeley Springs to debate affairs of state in the splendid new Berkeley Springs Hotel, making it the unofficial summer capital of the nation. The town was virtually destroyed during the Civil War, and when it revived it became part of West Virginia.

Today's visitors to the state-operated Berkeley Springs Park and Sanitarium will find several reminders that George Washington bathed there. One is the "Washington Elm," a huge white tree bearing the inscription: "ELM PLANTED BY GEORGE WASHINGTON"—evidently during his last sojourn in 1794. The Washington house is gone, but a later structure erected on the site carries a bronze plaque attesting that he passed that way. —T.L.C.

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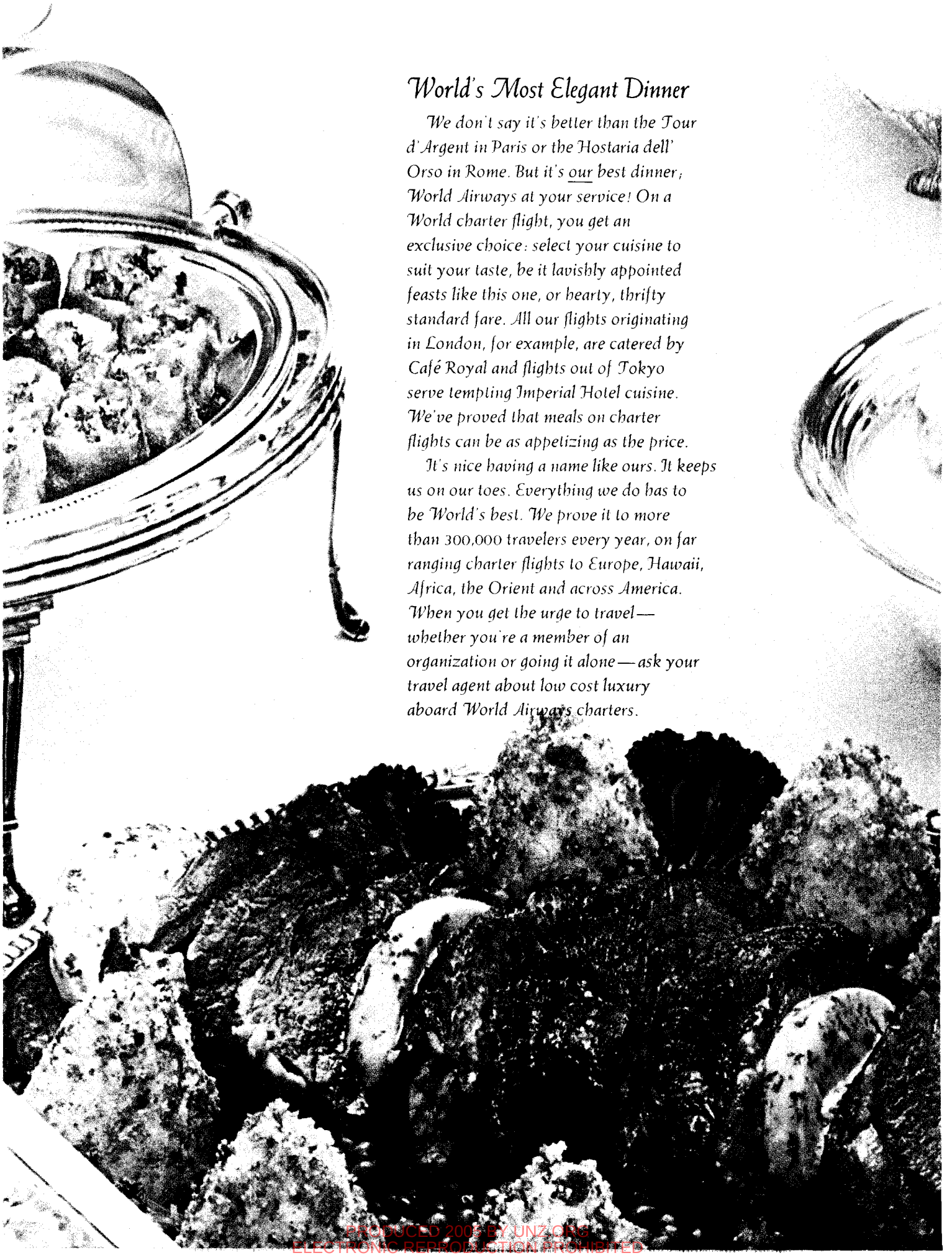

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The President letting go—Alaska was a temporary escape.

HARDING'S ALASKAN DREAM

By FRANCIS RUSSELL

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In the summer of 1923, as the Teapot Dome scandal was beginning to boil, Harding realized a lifelong hope of visiting Alaska. On the journey home, he died in San Francisco.*

ALASKA lay before them, a territory of forest and lake and mountains as it was before the white man came, a fifth of the land mass of the United States, edged only by the little wooden settlements along the shore. But the renewal that President Warren G. Harding had hoped to find in this land that had been so long in his fantasy he did not find, and the temporary escape that he did find in receptions and parades always left him in the end intolerably alone with himself.

On the late afternoon of the fourth day, with a cloud rack shredding before a fiery sunset, *Henderson*, a refurbished Army transport, dropped anchor in Alaskan waters, and as the tide swung the ship's bow west the band serenaded Harding's wife, the Duchess, with "The End of a Perfect Day" that, with "La Paloma," was her favorite song and one she requested daily. Next morning, Sunday, the President was awakened by the whistle of an approaching tugboat followed by a quick and brassy version of "The Star-Spangled Banner" as played by an Indian band on the deck, the bandsmen barefoot but formal in white trousers, blue coats, and straw hats. After breakfast, the Presidential party landed by launch at the Indian village of Metlakatla to be greeted by 500 Indians and Alaska's Governor Scott Bone. They walked under an arch reading GOD BLESS OUR PRESIDENT along broad sidewalks raised on stilts on either side of which larkspur, fireweed, and daisies grew in brief summer profusion. Harding was presented with a four-foot king salmon, and raised the flag on the new flagpole.

FROM Metlakatla they sailed past empty forest-covered islands to the salmon-canning town of Ketchikan, a city on a hill built like a great wharf, its wooden streets and sidewalks supported by piles. Then north again, where they were met by blanketed Indians in war canoes and landed at Wrangell, a wooden city like Ketchikan on the side of a mountain, with its buildings and streets planted on tall green stilts above the muddy water of the Stikine River. There the President saw his first totem pole, and in an informal speech said he wanted his Administration to go down in history as "a period of understanding."

A heavy rain was falling as Harding arrived at Alaska's capital, Juneau, but, in spite of the rain, long lines of children holding garlands of fireweed formed a guard of honor as he drove with Bone to the governor's residence past a building that looked like a deserted garage and that carried a sign THIS IS THE CAPITOL.

ON the voyage from Juneau to Skagway, Captain Buchanan had the ship's gunners fire several rounds of five-inch shells into the wall of the Taku Glacier so that Harding could watch the flashing ice avalanche. Then came Skagway, a port in a mountain pass, a city of deserted piers, empty streets, and rotting buildings that had once been the outfitting center for thousands of prospectors and adventurers in the Klondike gold rush before their setting out over the Chilkoot Pass for the Yukon and Dawson. Now the ghost city's 484 inhabitants had gathered on the wharf beneath the cliff wall daubed with long-forgotten names to greet the President. Harding, after being met by the mayor, was taken to the one hotel, Pullen House, where he made a brief speech and was presented with a vase of fossilized ivory.

From Skagway the *Henderson* headed west through Joy Strait past Muir Glacier and austere snow peaks named

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after half-forgotten politicians and into the black waters of the Gulf of Alaska. A chill three days' journey across the gulf brought the Presidential party to the winding passage beween sheer snow-capped mountains that led to Resurrection Bay, Seward's landlocked harbor. Governor Bone, standing beside the President on the observation deck, suggested naming a glacier or a mountain in his honor. Harding said he would prefer the entrance to the bay, and within an hour Bone had issued a proclamation naming it the Harding Gateway.

Seward was sweltering in an unaccustomed heat wave, with the temperature over 90 degrees. Instead of landing directly, Harding, his face drawn with exhaustion, invited the mayor and welcoming committee aboard, explaining how tired he was, and asking if he might be excused from speeches and public appearances. The Duchess, who had spent her days in the ship's solarium at the stern, did not show herself and sent word that she was indisposed.

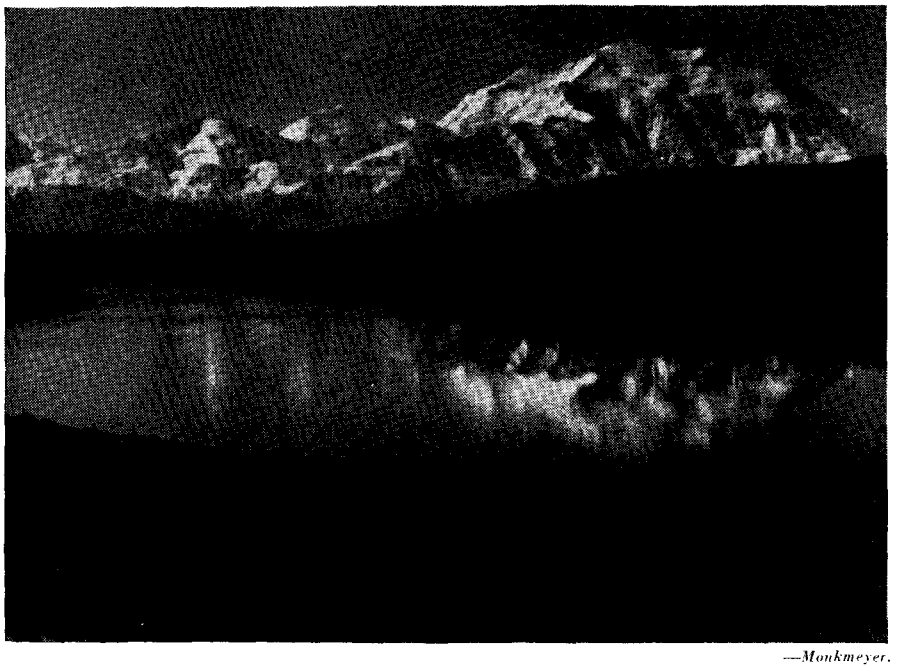
The days that followed became a kind of waking dream, a flashing past of transient wooden towns and cities against the unalterable background of sea and sky and glacier, the small party under the enormous sky caught up in the immediacy of the moment that itself slipped away like quicksilver. Yet for Harding there was his underlying sense of doom, sometimes muted, sometimes acute, but always lurking in the shadows of his mind.

From Seward, the sea terminus of the recently completed Alaskan Central Railroad, the travelers found a Presidential train made up of all of Alaska's Pullman cars, hastily assembled and with a volunteer amateur staff to carry them to Fairbanks, "farthest north on steel rails." On that long journey toward the Arctic Circle they crossed mountain passes, edged glaciers and waterfalls, looped through tunnels, and coasted down ice-filled canyons. Winding around a great mountain to circle the shores of Turnabout Inlet, the train arrived in the evening at Anchorage, the nine-year-old boom town on its tableland above the harbor. Although it was past 11 o'clock, the skies were almost as bright as midday, with a strange yellowish sheen to the air. In spite of the hour, Alaskans had flocked from their bungalow homes to see a real-life President. Harding, met by a committee on arrival and presented with a painting of Mt. McKinley, remarked that he did not know whether to wish them good evening or good morning.

ON leaving Anchorage for the two-and-a-half-day journey north, the President and his party could even make out Mt. McKinley 60 miles to the north, the highest point in the Western hemisphere. In the mellow light of Alaska's midnight, the sea below Anchorage looked as if covered with gold leaf. The train puffed along the Susitna River, through the towering Talkeetna Mountains, over high iron bridges, past the abandoned coal mines at Chickaloon, past stations with only numbers instead of names – Milepost 13, Milepost 79. Early in the morning they stopped at Matanuska, and the wife of the deputy United States marshal brought two boxes of strawberries aboard that she had just picked for the President's breakfast. Those up early, or who had not gone to bed at all, could see flocks of reindeer grazing near the Broad Pass of the Alaska Range. At Healy, Harding, cap aslant, took over the controls in the engineer's cab for the next 26 miles while the Duchess sat in the fireman's seat opposite. He greeted, but did not pat, the huskies at Kobe, the terminus of the overland dog-team mail trail to the Kuskokwim and Iditarod gold district. In the Yukon District the train stopped at Nenana long enough for him to mark the completion of the Alaskan Railroad by driving a golden spike into a crosstie with a silver sledge hammer—which he succeeded in doing only after two misses.

The moon and the sun were both shining in the night sky as the train reached the rough plain lands of Fairbanks where the Presidential party was welcomed with huge bouquets of flowers. In the gold-rush days Fairbanks had had a population of 20,000, a number that had since dwindled to less than 1,500, most of whom lived in log bungalows plastered with moss and mud. Although Fairbanks itself was on frozen ground, there were lush farms on the sunnier slopes, and Harding was proudly taken past them to the new Agricultural and Mining College whose one solitary senior had just graduated that June. After the tour the President was given a midnight banquet at the Model Lunchroom on Main Street where the mayor presented him with a gold-encrusted collar for Laddie Boy. Miners had mushed in from miles around to see their President. He spent the night at the still-uncompleted Hotel Norvale, then spoke next morning at the ball park—the largest place in town—with the temperature at an astonishing 96 degrees. Here at Fairbanks Harding reached his farthest point north, and the fatigue lines had etched still deeper into his face. Doctor Sawyer insisted that he have two days' rest, and canceled the planned drive back over the Richardson Trail in favor of the direct rail route to Seward.

AS the Presidential train pulled out of Fairbanks, a flotilla of cars accompanied it for some distance along the dusty rose-edged road. The *Henderson* had tied up under the shadow of the mountains at the Seward Wharf. When Harding and his party appeared the Navy band blared out "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here!" Once aboard Harding, despite Sawyer's orders, worked a while at his remaining speeches; then, growing restless, he slipped ashore with Joe Chapple, unguarded and unnoticed. They chatted with several children, who failed to recognize the President, and the owner of a fish market who did and who insisted on reciting a poem he had written about Alaska. As they were passing a blacksmith shop, Harding stopped and told Chapple: "The sound of that hammer and anvil is real music to me—reminds me of Harry Cooper's shop at Caledonia."



—*Monkmeyer.*

Harding saw Mt. McKinley "in the mellow light of midnight."

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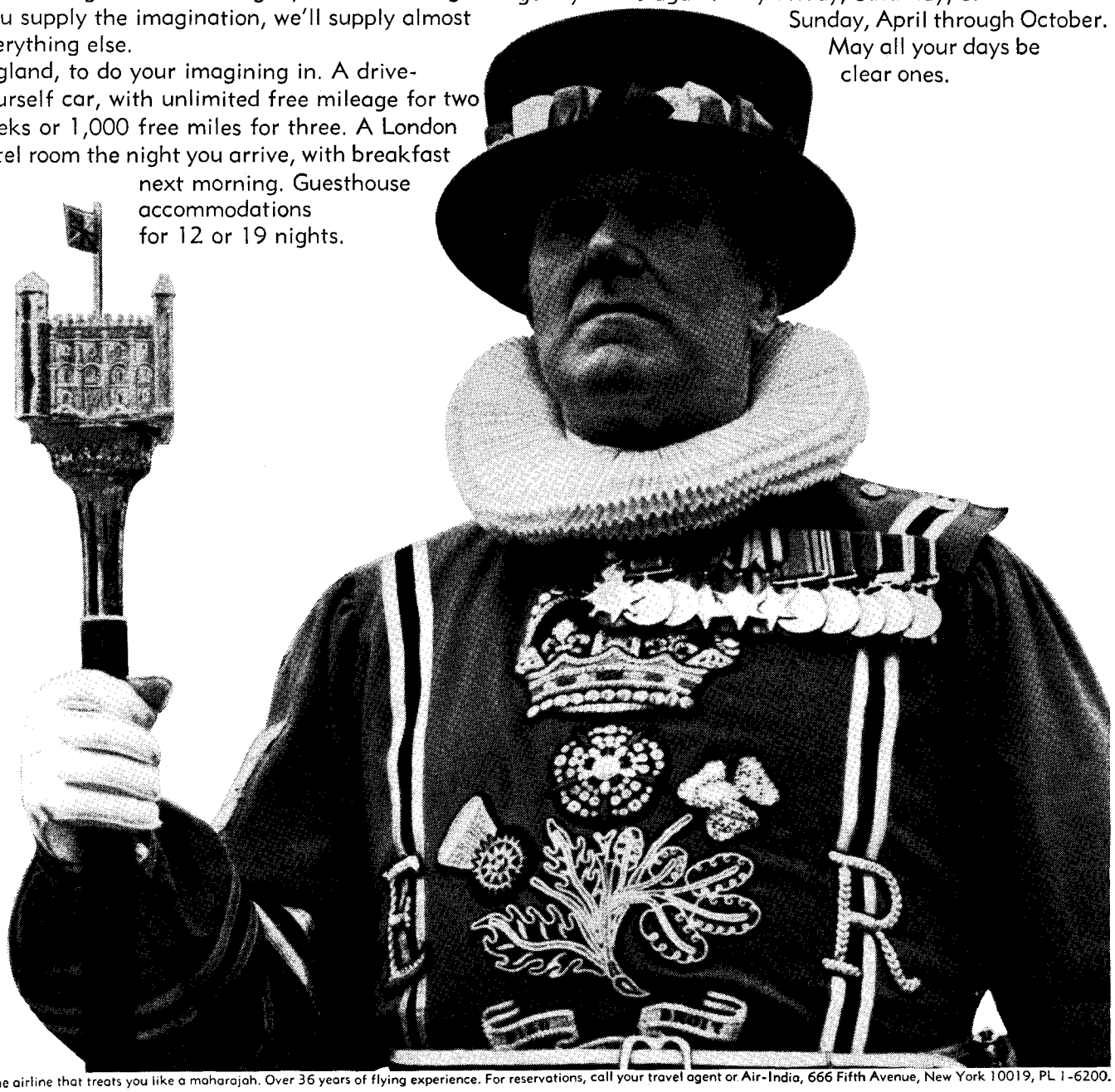

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ON FRENCH LEAVE WITH DE GAULLE

By JOSEPH BARRY

CHARLES DE GAULLE'S presence at Colombey - les - Deux - Eglises (Colombey of the Two Churches) for weekends, holidays, and summers has not brought boundless joy or prosperity. It is still an astonishingly sad little village of about 365 inhabitants, most of whom subsist on farming and a very few on the sale of postcards, Lorraine crosses, de Gaulle key rings, miniatures, and such. Tourists look vainly for the second church. Colombey once had two, but the second is now a common lodging. There is, however, a third, it is said, that is neither Catholic, nor Protestant, but rather Gaullist.

Colombey huddles in the non-bubbling part of Champagne, 130 miles east of Paris. It is ignored by the *Guide Michelin* (there are two café-restaurants, neither of which rates a single fork). It is mentioned *en passant* in the *Guide Bleu*: "Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises: private residence of General de Gaulle, President of the Republic (one does not visit it)."

Statistically there are about 40,000 villages like Colombey in France, many of them melancholy lots of half-buried lives. It is one reason de Gaulle likes it. He passed his own exile years here from 1946, when he resigned as President, until 1958, when he returned. There is a satirical *Guide de Colombey* (1965), not on sale at Colombey or easily bought in Paris, which refers to it as a "poor little village with practically no horizons, scraping the earth, surrounded by mournful woods, a ghost town in its lifetime. . . . Here was the Isle of Elba. Here, some day, might be Saint Helena."

Anti-Gaullist? Undoubtedly. But there is also this description of Colombey and its setting: "wide, mournful horizons; melancholy woods and meadows; the frieze of resigned old mountains . . . the houses of the village are decrepit. . . ." They are phrases from the last pages of de Gaulle's memoirs; he wrote them as he looked out of his study in the hexagonal tower of La Boisserie, his manor house at Colombey. On the edge of the village, it has the best, if not the only, view of the only horizon.

Charles André Joseph Marie de Gaulle, seventy-eight, detests even the word "vacation," and when he goes to La Boisserie he uses the military expression *en permission*—on leave. His ministers, too, when they vacation are *en permission*. "And in August," says one, "the General always sees to it that there is a cabinet meeting bringing us back to Paris." This summer, the permissiveness is even more restricted: Like all Frenchmen, they are "advised" to see France first to save the franc—and are limited to the same $200 travel allowance should they, as is wholly unlikely, venture privately abroad.

General de Gaulle's favorite exercise, of course, is the exercise of power; another is walking. He is a man, one might safely say, who enjoys being President. But not like other presidents. It may partly explain his dislike for Rambouillet, which is only 28 miles from Paris. Since 1897 the royal château has been the summer residence of French presidents. De Gaulle has used it for diplomatic weekends and organized shoots in its magnificent park. A typical day's slaughter for eleven visiting guns, for instance, was recorded as 353 pheasants, twenty-nine hares, one rabbit, and six miscellaneous. De Gaulle himself never shoots and sometimes doesn't even stay around to watch. (Louis XVI originally bought Rambouillet, but Marie Antoinette was bored with it, calling it *La Crapaudière* or Toad Hole.)

Last year, when de Gaulle coughed several times during a press conference, discreetly slipped a pill into his mouth, and sipped some water, Cultural Minister André Malraux—who alone dares such things—advised the General to go south to the Mediterranean for the summer (he used to spend a week there in the 1950s). He did not, although Brégançon, an island fortress on the Côte d'Azur, was expensively prepared for him. He went, as usual, to Colombey. "But it is so humid there," I remarked to an aide at the Elysée Palace, the President's residence in Paris. The aide reflected. "*Humide*? No. *Sinistre*, yes." But it is indeed *humide* as well. Central heating was installed only four or five years ago at La Boisserie, where fireplaces remain lighted from October to June and are often relighted on August evenings.

Sinistre is not quite as sinister as it sounds; its meaning of *dreary* will do. The General, in any event, would not have Colombey change. He thinks of it as one of those "tranquil, unpretentious villages where nothing has altered its spirit or its place for thousands of years." The passage follows "the frieze of resigned old mountains" and is all very fine if you are not a young villager.

NOT long ago an enterprising Parisian looked into the building of a hotel at Colombey. He was discouraged by de Gaulle's security forces (almost one to every inhabitant when de Gaulle is in residence). The owner of the Café de Commerce, also known as Chez Janine, is quite pleased telling about it. The *patronne* of the café-restaurant Le Relais Routier tried to open a little jazz-rock dance hall for local youth. Her café lies athwart Route Nationale 19, which skirts Colombey and daily in the summer brings some 500 cars of tourists detouring a few kilometers to pass the Gener-

—*French Embassy Press & Info. Div.*

De Gaulle at La Boisserie (1958)—"Lights are out by midnight."

Joseph Barry, a free-lance writer who lives in Paris, is author of *The People of Paris*.

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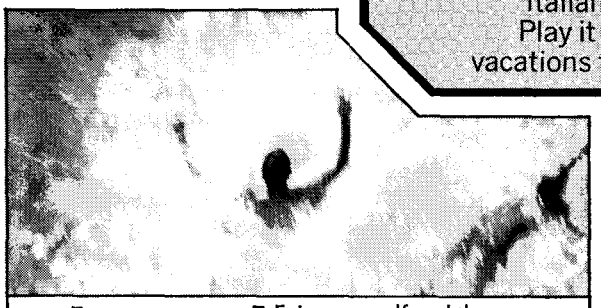

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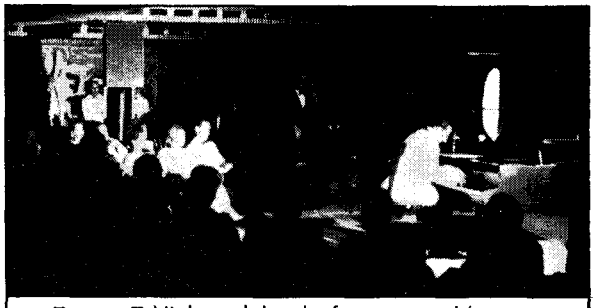

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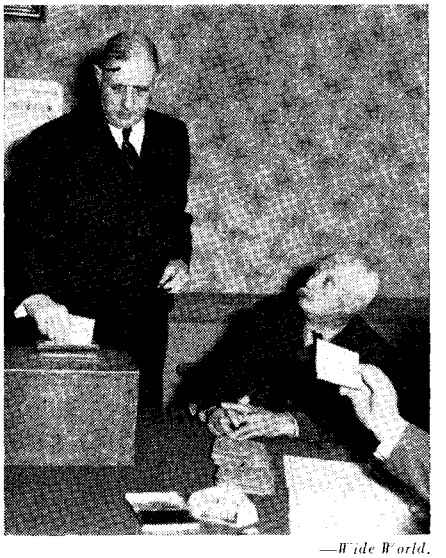
al's walled-off property. She was closed down for three months and her café is still off limits for de Gaulle's gendarmes. She is quite bitter about it.

Mrs. Maria Jolas recalls that forty years ago the only meeting place for the boys and girls of Colombey was the outdoors. Now there is a *salle de fête* with a little library. She also remembers babies tied to beds when their mothers went to the fields. Friends often wondered why she and her husband, Eugene Jolas, both Americans, had picked so *austère*, if not *sauvage*, a place to edit the most sophisticated expatriate magazine of the Twenties, *Transition*. "Wonderful place to work," she told them, "you are left so alone."

The Jolases had rented La Boisserie for 4,000 francs a year and lived in the eight-room, bathless and towerless house from the spring of 1927 to the fall of 1929, or five years before a Lieut. Col. Charles de Gaulle, stationed in Metz, bought it through an ad in *Echo de Paris*. The purchase price was 28,000 francs down and 2,000 francs a year for the rest of the life of its widowed owner (she died two years later). "Where else would a career officer want his house," de Gaulle is quoted as saying, "except midway between the Rhine and Paris? Besides, I did not have very much money."

TODAY, La Boisserie has thirteen or fourteen rooms, four or five baths, and the three-story hexagonal tower—added after the war—which gives the white limestone house its slightly absurd, small-château look. Once called La Brasserie, it was used for the making of malt for beer. It sits in a rather formal garden of some eight and a half acres, shielded



—*Wide World.*

At Colombey: Swelling the home town vote.

from the village by a wall and clumps of elm and pine, and opening on the west across neighboring farms toward a "wide, mournful horizon." De Gaulle vaunts the view from his ground-floor study in the tower: "180 degrees without the sight of a single inhabitant!" A hedge neatly hides a row of sentry boxes on this side of the grounds and one is waved away even when the General is not in residence. When he is there and when he walks several times a week in the adjacent forests – driven there in a black Citroën—the woods become alive with guards who have melted into the trees. Their orders are "not to be seen, but to see everything." De Gaulle is brought to Colombey by helicopter, weather permitting. His Alouette used to land on the grounds, but now lands nearby. Too many flower beds were blown apart—possibly including the 30-foot Lorraine cross of red salvia.

During holidays, the family – son, daughter, in-laws, and five grandchildren—come together at La Boisserie and for them there are a half-sunken plastic, inflatable pool (all de Gaulle felt he could afford), a very miniature golf course, a swing, and a tennis court (possibly on the site of Jolas's old cement one). The General no longer swings a racket, but he likes to referee. Once, when the century was young, he played soccer, the national sport. He has not been seen in a bathing suit, nor in vacation clothes. His last time on the beach may have been in Algeria in the summer of 1943, when Macmillan persuaded him to go along for a swim. That is, Macmillan swam—nude in the sea—while de Gaulle sat on a rock—in uniform, kepi, and Sam Browne belt – and watched. (On the other hand, he does *not* starch his pajamas, as was said of Macmillan—by a Laborite.)

THE grandchildren on occasion have been allowed to invite friends with the understanding they are to ask the General no questions and speak only when spoken to; in the meantime the study in the tower has been soundproofed. Most of the family fun at Colombey is had by *other* families—father, mother, grandma, and kids—who come regularly from miles around to Colombey's little church and await de Gaulle's arrival for the 11:30 Sunday mass. It has become part of their Sunday excursion; the Café de Commerce prepares for 180 lunchers. Arriving punctually a few minutes before, the General hurries past to sit with *his* family on a bench reserved for them, at the far end of which—as if joining them—is a statue of Jeanne d'Arc.

At La Boisserie one looks at television or plays dominoes—knowing the General hates to lose. "In his courting days at Calais," says Pierre Galante, who has done the latest "intimate" study, titled *The General!*, "his reputation of being an irascible player was such that he could no longer find anyone to play bridge with him." He now plays solitaire.

De Gaulle is France's No. 1 TV-viewer and his opinion stands as the No. 1 TV-rating. He frequently refers to the government network as "our television," except when there is a program he dislikes, in which case, at the next cabinet meeting, he speaks icily of it to the offending Minister of Information as "your television." A special relay was set up for Colombey eight years ago. Until then de Gaulle could only tune in on *Télé-Luxembourg*, which rather spoiled one of his few vacation pleasures. He is an amateur of TV sports and makes loud critical comments during an international match, especially if the French team

(*Continued on page* 100)

Chateau and countryside—"When he walks, the woods become alive with guards."

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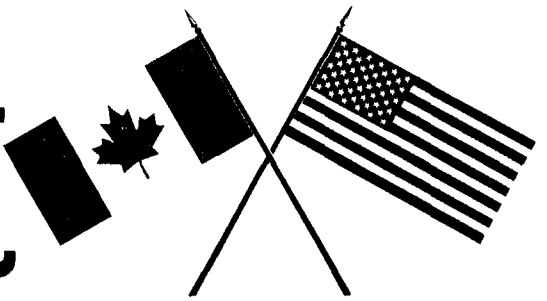
The two-nation vacation bonanza



– yours to enjoy in Oregon, Washington and British Columbia

by H. P. Koenig

H. P. Koenig is a Manhattan-based travel writer whose work appears regularly in major newspapers in the U.S. and Canada. He contributes to a number of magazines, and has covered eastern resort regions for a guidebook to the U.S.A. In the past year he and his photographer-wife have traveled more than 50,000 miles "in the line of duty" in the U.S., Canada, Europe, North Africa, the Caribbean, New Zealand, Australia and the islands of the South Pacific.

Travelers in search of the unusual; the unforgettable, along with the unhurried, uncrowded—and *unspoiled*—would do well to follow Horace Greeley's advice of more than a century ago.

In 1968, to "Go West" means to go where the *extras* are. Here one can get away from it all without going half-way around the world in order to do so. Expect the unexpected when you come this way. Exciting worlds are to be discovered in the big country beyond the Rockies. And nowhere West will the traveler find such a series of surprises as in that very special world of the Pacific Northwest.

The *Two-Nation Vacation* bonanza, wrapping the combined charms of Oregon, Washington State and Canada's province of British Columbia into one enticing holiday package, can make for the biggest and best western deal of all.

That the Pacific Northwest offers the ideal setting for an unforgettable vacation no one can deny. No matter what your definition of a vacation may be—whether it's an action-packed holiday you're after, an idyll by the sea, the beautiful sea, relaxation in the midst of some of the most magnificent scenery to be encountered in the whole wide world, or simply to thrill to spectacular sights on a wholesale basis — the bountiful Pacific Northwest will fill the bill. Most adequately.

Within the area bounded on the south by the Oregon-California border and stretching into the far north reaches of British Columbia, beginning at the calm blue Pacific on the sunset side and spreading east across several mountain ranges to within sight of the Rockies, it is possible to put together virtually any kind of vacation one could hope for.

Contrast is a keynote of this fascinating region. Consider variety its hallmark.

This is the big, expansive, non-pressurized part of America. Time is not in short supply. The Pacific Northwest is easy to reach, easier to get around in.

A sample of British Columbia's mountain scenery, along the Trans-Canada Highway.

Take your own kind of holiday here. At ease. Put together aspects of the area on a do-it-yourself basis. You'll get more than you ever bargained for in the past, more than you dreamed of finding so close to home. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Choice becomes perhaps the biggest difficulty of all.

The Two-Nation Vacation makes for a fairly large order, no matter how you plan it. The first-time visitor soon realizes he is not going to see it all—or do everything—the first time around. Which is all right, too; once he comes here chances are he will want to come back again—and again.

Even after several weeks of intensive explorations there will still be enough left over to make for an entirely different vacation on a future visit.

And don't think the Pacific Northwest is limited to only those aspects featured in the promotional material and full-color ads.

There is more to the region than Oregon's lovely coast, Washington's snow-capped mountains and the water wonderland separating Vancouver Island from the British Columbia mainland. Far more.

No matter what you may have heard or read, much of the Pacific Northwest still comes as a surprise—which is in itself a refreshing discovery in an age when over-exposure (and the over-sell) seems to be the order of the day.

Here one can pan for real gold, fish for king-size salmon and rainbow trout, ski in mid-summer, ride the range where the deer and the antelope play and skies are not cloudy for months on end.

Or ride ferries from one enchanted island to another—and cross from one country to another in the process by way of diversion and bonus.

Choose the Wild West of cowboys and Indians or the lavender and old lace

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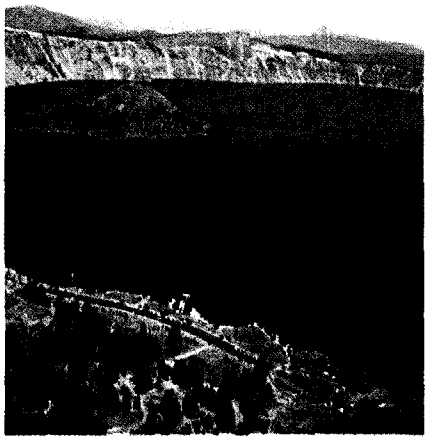
mood of Victoria, British Columbia, known to be more British than Britannia herself.

If it's rodeos you're after, then the Pendleton Round-Up and Williams Lake Stampede rate as two of the most exciting spectacles in the whole West. And there are countless lesser-known rodeos, big and small, but just as thrilling in their own way. Oregon alone has two dozen on its schedule.



Don't miss Oregon's beautiful Crater Lake, atop a once-active volcano.

Camping anyone? Oregon has more than 11,000 public campsites—and this is only *part* of Oregon's story, where 96,000 square miles of cool, green vacationland await the visitor.

Fly in, rent a car and trailer. In this country one can get into the middle of nowhere in less than an hour from just about anywhere. More lakes, mountains, rivers and streams than most of us ever dreamed existed, greater expanses of forest than an Easterner could imagine.

All this, plus 400 miles of virtually uninterrupted beach, not so much as a roller coaster or amusement pier to mar the beauty. This is not to imply the coast is lacking in man-made facilities. By no means. Nature comes first; comfort and convenience are thought of too.

Washington comes up with its own set of impressive statistics. Like the world's longest continuous stretch of sand beach—measuring 28 miles from stem to stern—appropriately called Long Beach.

Or cross over to the Olympic Peninsula where the 50 mile strip of Pacific coastline remains almost as wild and primitive as in the days when the Spanish explorer Juan Perez passed this way close to 200 years ago.

To the north, British Columbia's fiord-indented coast beckons, even further removed from the commonplace. And that's only the beginning.

Diversity is the name of the game this far west.

Where else could you find so much?

History buffs can follow the old Oregon Trail, walk in the footsteps of Lewis and Clark. Dam watchers will get a billion dollar preview of four spectacular hydro-electric projects under construction. Rockhounds can take off after gems, fossils, thundereggs, Indian arrowheads, discover jade by the ton . . . Strike it rich. For real.

Sportsmen will find the finest moose hunting in the world. Tap the riches of the sea for delectable Dungeness crabs. Pick oysters by the bushel. Gun for clams. (A "gun" in Pacific Northwest seaside parlance is a shovel.) Ride whitewater rivers by way of small boat. Thrills are assured; but guides make this adventure so safe even the timid can participate.

Search for a ghost town named Ruby. Find Dolly Varden on the end of your line. Wander lava fields where astronauts train for a moon landing. Discover a last refuge for covered bridges. Comb beaches for glass floats drifted in from Japanese fishing fleets.

Those less actively inclined can watch birds, roam through the damp green of a rain forest, stare at trees old as time itself.

Then comes pleasure boating, skindiving, golf as a matter of course—or do absolutely nothing in an incomparable setting of your own choice.

Within the boundaries of this vacationland calm fiords will remind the world traveler of Scandinavia.

Mountain scenery is second only to the Alps.

The lake country of British Columbia appears every bit as romantic as the Swiss-Italian lakes region centred around Lake Como.

Plains, prairies, wheat fields, cattle country, vast valleys given over to fruit growing—these one could find only in North America.

Names alone would be enough to entice the imaginative: Pistol River, Sisters, Deception Pass, White Salmon, Gold Bar, Friday Harbor, Vesuvius, Horsefly, along with Rhododendron, Zig Zag, Sublimity and Sweet Home.

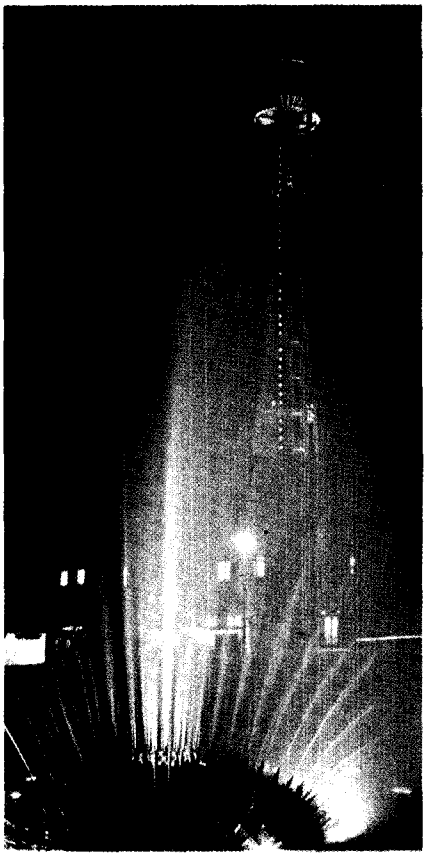
Rent a luxury apartment smack on the beach by the day or week. Put up at a dude ranch affording all the comforts of home and then some. Or stay in deluxe accommodations on an Indian reservation yet.

On the one hand, the Pacific Northwest is the Great Outdoors—America's last territorial frontier, a century or less removed from the days of the pioneers, rough, rugged, Americana-to-the-bone; but, with the inclusion of British Columbia, it also becomes delightfully foreign.

These may be the wide open spaces; but here also are ultra-modern and ultra-sophisticated cities. The traveler will be put up in style at sensible rates. (And one can dine as well as just about anywhere in America—again without mortgaging the family jewels in order to do so.) It is fitting perhaps that the jets of tomorrow become a reality along the Pacific shore.

More than anything this is a land of contrasts, a country of sudden and swift transitions. One soon runs out of superlatives.

And there is a sense of service such as one is not likely to encounter in more high-pressure areas.



The Space Needle and International Fountain lend night-time glitter to Seattle.

Extra personal touches make the visitor's world a brighter one, whether it's during an oil change at an Oregon service station, getting directions from the man on the street in Vancouver, or over a breakfast cup of coffee at a Washington hotel counter. (Your cup will be automatically refilled. At no extra charge. As many times as you wish. In the West things are still done a little differently than anywhere else the traveler is likely to find himself.)

But it is almost as though there were aspects of the area residents would as soon keep under their hats. Like Vancouver, for instance. It is, in this writer's opinion, simply the most beautifully situated city on the entire North American continent. Barring none.

Compared to San Francisco? you may ask.

Yes, compared to San Francisco—and with Hong Kong and Rio de Janeiro thrown in for good measure.

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Most travelers are prepared for Oregon's "City of Roses," the fair of waterfront Seattle, even that lovely bit of Merry Olde England known as Victoria; but how much have you heard about the city of Vancouver? Which is in character.

The first thing one notices about the people of the Pacific Northwest is a delicate balance between pride and modesty.

Those who live here are extremely proud of their special part of the world; at the same time they are reluctant to over-sell it. They would rather the visitor find out for himself what makes the region different from all others.

Gearhart is a pleasant place to pause along the spectacular Oregon Coast.

"Here is the best of all places to live," could serve as the area theme.

As one resident of half-a-dozen years put it: "All of us are here because we *want* to be. We like it here. And we want those who visit us to like it too."

Come by plane, train, private car. It makes no difference. But once here heed the call of the open road. By auto is the best way to get around. You will find an excellent network of highways both large and small. Fast. Smooth. Uncrowded. And *free*. Of course. There are no toll roads once the West begins.

Perhaps you will want to start in southern Oregon and make the big swing north, through Washington, later crossing British Columbia, to leave by way of the Rockies—and discover as much of a Grand Tour in its own way as Europe ever had to offer.

Vancouver's mountain-and-seashore setting is unsurpassed in all the world.

Oregon's coast has been called America's most magnificent shoreline. For close to 400 miles it remains in the public domain. "More beach than people." Even in mid-summer.

Stop at Gold Beach. Make a side trip by mail boat up the churning, cascading Rogue River. Near Florence, take an elevator down to sea lion caves. Newport, in the resort trade for over a century, is rated as the Dungeness crab capital and rates at least a pause to sample these tasty crustaceans.

Salishan Lodge is the pride and joy of the coast, although north of dramatic Cannon Beach, at Gearhart, luxury condominium apartments are available; and the visitor will find comfortable, lavishly appointed accommodations at the various resorts strategically set at convenient intervals along the length of shoreline.

Astoria, overlooking the Columbia River, is the oldest city in the West. Lewis and Clark made their winter headquarters here in 1805. John Jacob Astor set up a fur-trading post in 1811. Historic relics remain. Reconstructed Fort Clatsop. Astoria Column. Several museums.

Portland serves as the ideal base of operations from which to explore the Columbia River Gorge, visit Bonneville Dam, where the fish are jumping—namely salmon climbing ladders. Continue on through the apple orchard country of Hood River Valley, by way of the Mt. Hood Loop reach Timberline Lodge (elevation 6,000 ft.) for unsurpassed views across the snow-capped Cascades.

Water sports and rich mountain scenery draw visitors to Oregon's Wallowa Lake.

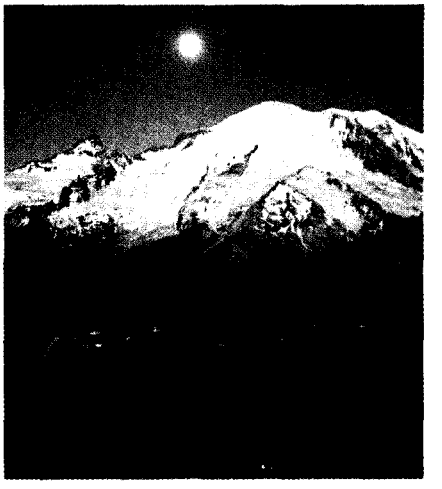
South, on the desert oasis of an Indian reservation, the Warm Springs tribes operate unique Kah-Nee-Ta. Accommodations run from authentic teepees to deluxe housekeeping cottages.

From Bend, the scenic "Cascades Lakes Drive" runs into the high, wide and handsome Deschutes National Forest Area. Central Oregon's Cascades feature cool green forests, blue, blue lakes, snowcapped mountains and more peace than anyone has a right to expect.

But the real wilderness begins in the northeastern corner of the state. Fly in to the lofty Wallowa Mountains—"The Switzerland of America"—hunt, fish, take it easy beside glacier-fed alpine lakes, get back to nature like nowhere else.

Another Oregon "must see": Crater Lake. Six miles of brilliant blue lake situated in the crater of a former volcano—one of the wonders of the world. All this, along with caves down in the redwood country, summer Shakespeare festival, music, museums, historic Jacksonville where gold rush days are recreated in romantic setting of the Old West... And this is only the beginning.

In Washington everything starts in



By night or day, Mount Rainier is Washington's crowning scenic jewel.

Seattle. Like Rome, Seattle is situated on seven hills. A stately city, a scenic city, it offers more than the ordinary share of contrasts, even by Pacific Northwest standards.

The Space Needle—that 600 ft. spire known as the "Eiffel Tower of Puget Sound"—serves as introduction to city and surroundings. Elevated dining in revolving restaurant. Look out over timber, snow-capped mountains, water wonderland studded with emerald islands.

Discover Seattle by way of four clearly marked scenic drives; take in parks, gardens, waterfront, Chinatown, Boeing Field, locks, floating bridges and Seattle Center, site of 1962 World's Fair.

After that there is no choice but to reach Mt. Rainier, America's most beautiful mountain peak. Stop off at aptly-named Paradise Valley or take

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Chinook Pass. Either way one is in for breathtaking views of glaciers.

Continue into the year-round sunshine of Yakima Valley, the fruit bowl of the nation. To the east begin vast wheatlands. North is cattle country. Beyond that comes Grand Coulee Dam, the "Big Bend" country of Columbia Plateau.

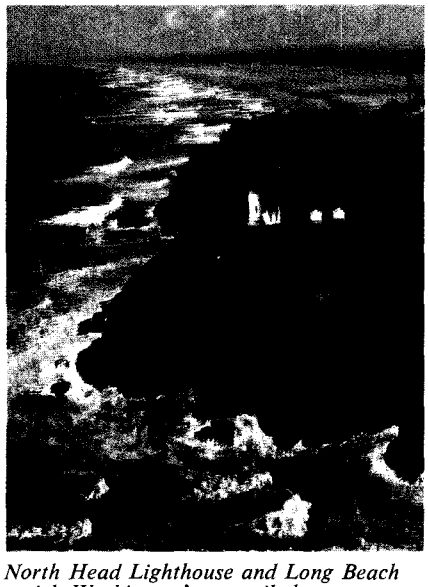
On the Pacific side, along with beaches, timberland, unexcelled opportunities for salmon and steelhead fishing, the Olympic Peninsula makes for an obligatory destination.

This wilderness runs the gamut from rugged mountain peaks to moss-carpeted rain forest.

Glaciers by the dozen overlook trees reaching a height of 250 ft.

Elk, deer, black bears make their home here. Seals sun themselves along the rugged shore. Towering over everything is Mt. Olympus.

From Port Angeles take the new Heart O' the Hills highway to Hurricane



North Head Lighthouse and Long Beach enrich Washington's unspoiled coast.

Ridge. Superb views into Olympics, out to sea and across to Canada.

At Dungeness, cracked crab and garlic bread is the big specialty. Delicious! Port Townsend emerges as surprisingly Old World and serves as jumping-off place to the other world of the islands.

Start with Whidbey Island where Coupeville, with its false-fronted stores and Indian block house, drowses in the sun.

The jewel-like San Juan Islands are invariably referred to as "enchanted"; the inter-island ferry ride is described as America's most beautiful water trip. And once one gets this far there is nothing to do but continue on to the truly foreign setting of Vancouver Island, British Columbia.

Victoria belongs to the turn of the century. The mood is *Empire*, a corner of Olde England preserved in as gentle a climate as one could hope to find.

"Quaint" is the obvious word for Victoria, where one can tour by way of Tally-ho or doubledecker bus, wander down Chaucer Lane and Antique Row,

Wooded islands drift by as you cruise the scenic waterways of British Columbia.

sip tea at five o'clock, shop for British woollens, china. A garden spot if ever there was one.

From there, take the Island Highway north alongside Georgia Strait, cross over to the mainland and approach Vancouver by way of the lovely Sunshine Coast, including two cruises by British Columbia Ferries.

Either way, the "Rio of the North" is likely to come as the biggest surprise of all. More than anything, Vancouver is *photogenic*, a delight to the eye, with its soaring skyline, miles of green parks, mountain-rimmed harbor. Take the Grouse Mountain Sky Ride late of an afternoon, stay through the magic time of dusk as a million lights come on. Infinite glamour!

Vancouver is stylish, cosmopolitan, a city of museums, fine restaurants, first class accommodations. You will find yourself sorry to leave. But leave one must. There is still much to see and do in British Columbia.

Start with the gentle Fraser Valley. Stop at historic Fort Langley, which was built in 1858. Continue on to the Okanagan, B.C.'s own "Land O' Lakes." Or follow the route of the old wagon trails up into the real West of the Cariboo, truly the *big country* that was also gold rush country.

A century ago Barkerville stood as the largest settlement west of Chicago, north of San Francisco; today its restoration is becoming one of the prime visitor attractions in North America.

Much further north, the rugged Peace River Country qualifies as the great outdoors in every sense of the word. Vast timberlands. Big game. The massive Portage Mountain Dam project (officially named the W. A. C. Bennett Dam) stretches for more than a mile across the Peace River Gorge.

This project will house the world's largest underground power plant, and the dam's reservoir will become a 225 mile long lake, with 1,000 miles of shoreline. A visit to the dam makes for one more unique extra of a Two-Nation Vacation.

For the motorist heading back east by way of the Trans-Canada Highway, the most impressive stretch of mountain scenery of all has been saved for last. The 92 miles of the Rogers Pass route from Revelstoke to Golden is considered Canada's most spectacular scenic drive. This masterpiece of highway engineering takes the traveler through rugged terrain where until a few years ago only the Canadian Pacific Railroad dared go.

Now a smooth year-round highway crosses the Selkirk Mountains, goes through Glacier National Park, wends its way along swift-flowing rivers, passes peaceful alpine lakes . . . Snow-capped peaks stand all around. Views are into pristine valleys, across to glaciers, snowfields and thundering waterfalls.

At times clouds drift in at hub-cap level. And always, beyond, the towering grandeur of the Great Divide of the Rockies defines the limits of the region.

Again, as in the case of Oregon and Washington State, consider these aspects of British Columbia no more than a preview of more good things to come, a sampler of all the Province has to offer.

No matter how you plan your Two-Nation Vacation—no matter how much you manage to see or do—you will know there is still enough left over to make for an entirely different kind of holiday on a second or third visit, and that should serve as a comforting thought to ease the strain of parting.

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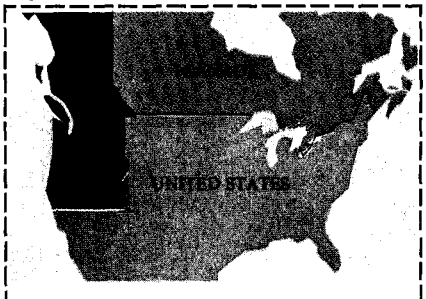

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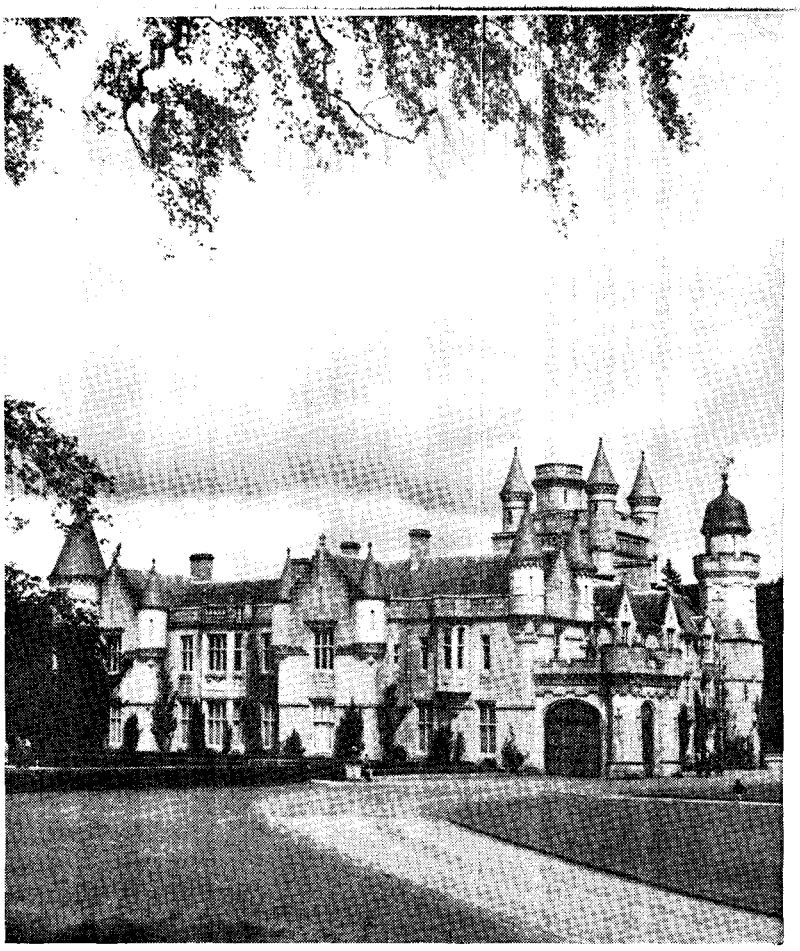

—B.T.A.

Balmoral Castle—all shutters, locked doors, and a dignified "Please Keep Out."

THE QUEEN'S SCOTTISH SUMMER

By BEATA BISHOP

FOR the British Royal family, a long holiday at Balmoral is an annual fixture which only a major emergency could dislocate. The timing rarely changes. In the first week of August the Duke of Edinburgh attends Cowes Regatta on the Isle of Wight; afterward the entire family moves to Scotland, possibly sailing up in the Royal yacht *Britannia* and paying visits en route. Alternately, the Queen and the younger Royal children may travel by rail or air to Aberdeen and cover the remaining 50-odd miles by car. The recent streamlining of the British railway system, which closed down uneconomic services, did not spare the branch line which linked Aberdeen with Ballater, a mere eight miles from Balmoral (jealous of privacy, Queen Victoria herself caused the line to end there), so the former, almost door-to-door, overnight rail journey is no longer practicable.

The Royal holiday normally lasts from mid-August until the second week in October and is kept strictly private. Balmoral is an ideal hide-out even today when organized tourism and mass mobility make most places uncomfortably accessible. Balmoral Estate covers 24,000 acres of rugged, beautiful Highland territory, including several villages and minor castles; another chunk of land is held on lease. The vast Castle itself lies in a sheltered hollow on the south bank of the River Dee, screened by tall trees. It was even better screened until January 1953, when a terrible hurricane hit Scotland, destroying millions of trees in two hours and depleting Balmoral's natural defenses. To make up for the loss, tall timber screens were erected along those stretches of the north Deeside road which might otherwise give too free a view of the Castle and its 10-acre grounds.

The precaution is justified. The enchanting Dee Valley, known as Royal Deeside, is visited by growing numbers every summer, especially from July until late September. It's a lovely, sparsely populated region, unspoiled by industry; even farming and cattle breeding are limited to the fertile riverside strip. Overhead and as far as the eye can see, hills and mountains form a rolling pattern of forest, moors, and wild rock. In itself, Deeside is a natural tourist attraction, and of course the presence of the Royal family acts as an additional magnet. Their attendance at nearby Crathie Kirk, for instance, is witnessed by thousands of sightseers every Sunday. Ten years ago the crowds grew so huge that for a while private services had to be held in the Castle. Under the circumstances strict measures are needed if the Queen is to enjoy any peace and quiet.

Privacy has always been Balmoral's greatest charm. Unlike Windsor Castle and Holyrood Palace in Edinburgh, Balmoral is neither Crown Property nor State Residence but the Monarch's personal property and private home. That's why the public may visit the gardens in May, June, and July if no Royal person is in residence, but never the Castle. Journalists aren't admitted either, and no photographs of the interior are released. An excellent official guidebook

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Beata Bishop, a free-lance writer who lives in London, is a frequent contributor to *SR*.

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helps the rubbernecking visitor to identify landmarks and architectural details. The rest is shutters, locked doors, and a dignified air of "Please Keep Out." But—gradual modernization apart—since the essential Balmoral hasn't changed much since Queen Victoria's well documented involvement with the Scottish Highlands in general and Deeside in particular, it's easy to get the feel of the place.

Despite its Scottish-baronial bulk, the Castle was intended by Victoria and Albert to be a Royal shooting box, a comfortable, but not lavish, home where they could enjoy informal Scottish country life at its best. This principle still operates. True, during her holiday Queen Elizabeth spends every morning working—her private secretary is always in attendance, and the Castle has its own post office to handle the constant flow of state papers—but daily life centers around outdoor pursuits. Only a minute portion of the estate is farmland. The rest consists of great rugged hills and mountains, deer forests, grouse moors, and deep, dark lochs full of fish. Prince Philip and Prince Charles are keen on birdwatching, stalking, and shooting. The Queen Mother loves salmon fishing in the turbulent Dee. The Queen herself enjoys riding, and everybody takes part in long walks and picnics. The nine-hole golf course, laid out under Edward VII, is more popular with the Queen's guests and staff than with the family. There is always a multitude of children, dogs, horses, and ponies. All in all, Balmoral holidays are relaxed and informal, featuring more tweeds than tiaras. Local events range from Highland Games to a gillies' ball or a sale of work at Crathie. After the grueling London season the Queen must find these undemanding occasions very refreshing.

Strictly speaking, Queen Elizabeth II owns Balmoral III. The Castle may look ancient to the uninitiated, but it was completed only in 1855. However, there had been two earlier castles on the site that was called Bouchmorale, i.e., "the town of the great wood," back in 1451. The earliest castle was a rugged fortress, just the job to withstand the bloody episodes of early Scots history; the second one, more pretty than formidable, was built by Sir Robert Gordon in 1834. It was this turreted building which the young Victoria and her consort first visited in 1848. If their previous stay in West Scotland hadn't been ruined by rain, and if they hadn't been told of the drier climate of the Northeast, they might have never gone there. Yet although their connection with Balmoral had started with practical considerations, it soon blossomed into a passionate attachment. Victoria's love for anything Scottish was often naïve and gushing but always sincere; Albert enjoyed the grand mountains and forests which reminded him of his native Thuringia; both longed for a retreat away from London and Windsor. When Sir Robert Gordon died, they took the lease of the Castle, and in 1852 Albert bought the whole estate for £31,500.

THE Royal couple decided to replace the inadequate castle with a larger one, a tailor-made dream castle based on Albert's own designs, professionally realized by an Aberdeen architect (whose father, ironically enough, had built Balmoral II not many years before). The total cost of Balmoral III was about £100,000. Queen Victoria paid for it out of the £500,000 left to her by an eccentric old London miser who had lived and died in total destitution.

Balmoral III is a perfect example of Scottish tradition reinterpreted in the romantic Victorian fashion and spiced with the German love for heraldry. It's all massive walls, gables, turrets, and crests, crowned by an impressive 100-foot keep. The white local granite looks luminous. Marble reliefs show St. George, St. Andrew of Scotland, and St. Hubert, patron of hunters, complete with horse, dogs, and miraculous stag—undoubtedly the right saint in the right spot. The ornamental figures of a deer, a chamois, and a boar are the last survivors of German sculptures provided by Albert. One may disagree with certain features—at one time Balmoral was derided as a prize product of Victorian bad taste, and "Balmorality" was no compliment—but the workmanship is superb, down to the lawnside gutter lined with hand-picked river pebbles.

The exterior of the castle hasn't changed in 114 years. The décor has, and just as well. Queen Victoria suffered from severe "tartanitis" and had the entire building fitted with tartan curtains, furnishings, and even linoleum. Albert designed a Balmoral tartan, using the German colors of silver, red, and black. It was meant to be a "district check" to be worn by the outdoor staff—the Scottish way to make a great laird's servants instantly recognizable. Now, however, only members of the Royal family may wear it.

Queen Mary and King George V carried out large-scale refurnishing, but much of the original stuff remains, including countless stag heads and other sporting trophies, the high-Victorian Landseer paintings of dramatic Highland scenes and, of course, the strangely moving Winterhalter portraits of the young Victoria and Albert.

Today's visitor must make do with the grounds, or, to use the Scottish word for any park surrounding a country seat, the "policies." These, too, were planned by Prince Albert and have survived largely in their original form. Splendid, tall specimen trees line the main drive. Some are older than the Castle. The flowerbeds near the windows are planted with sweet-scented blooms to be at their best during the Queen's holiday, complementing the pine-scented air. Near the front entrance there are some white Bonnie Prince Charlie roses, descendants of the bushes in Prince Charles Edward's Rome garden. Today they're supposed to bring luck, but they had political significance in the eighteenth century when Stuart sympathizers planted them outside their houses as an invitation to needy Highland fugitives. Even the outdoor lights alongside the huge front lawn are suitably Victorian-rustic: the green-painted iron lampposts imitate spiky tree trunks.

Four Royal generations have resided at Balmoral since Victoria's death, and

(*Continued on page* 100)

—*Pictorial Parade.*

Elizabeth, climbing the heather hills (left) and presiding over dog show—Balmoral holidays feature "more tweeds than tiaras."

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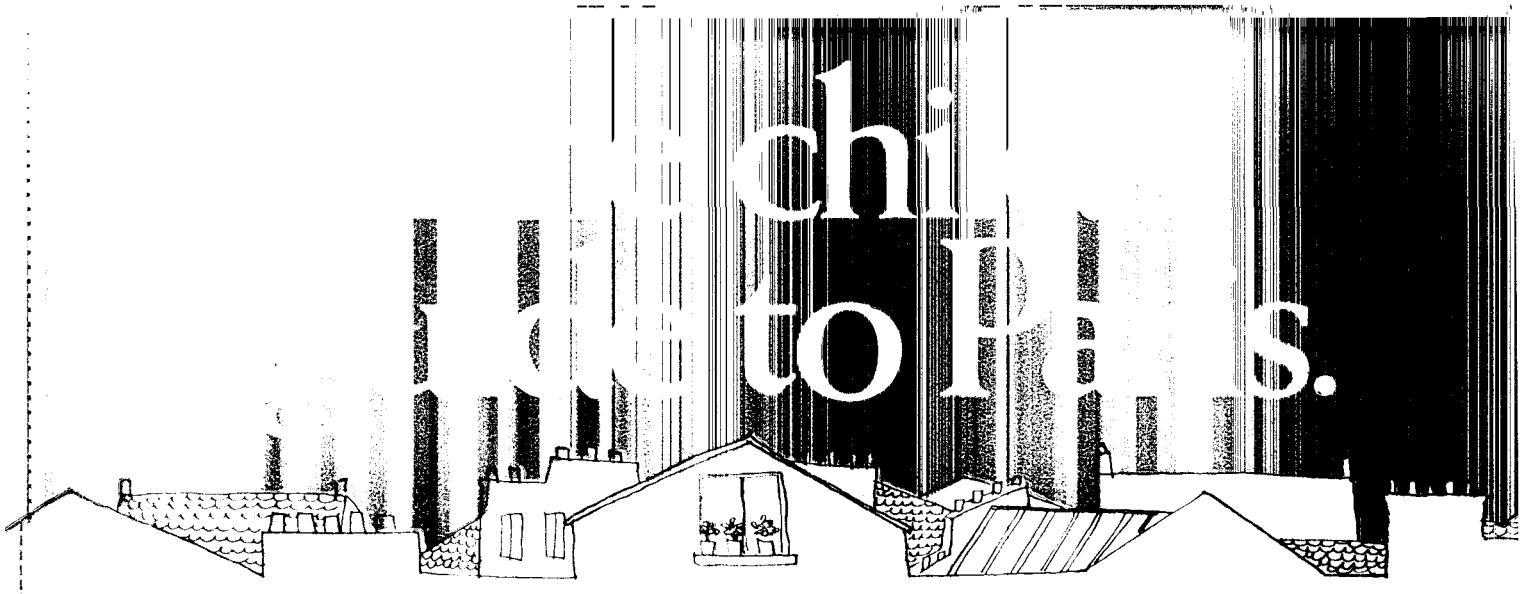
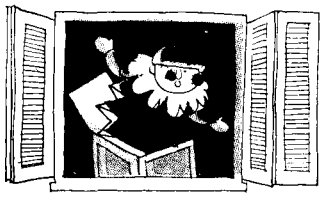


le Voyage par Air France

A trip on the world's gentlest airline is a joy for the world's smallest passengers. Air France provides everything from bottle-warming for infants (who travel virtually free) to pop music and movies at the standard in-flight charge for the pre-teens (who travel for half fare). And there's very special service for the 8-to-12-year-old who travels alone. We're not saying it's* le Disneyland *of the skies but kids seems to like us. And Paris. Here's where to find what they'll like most.*

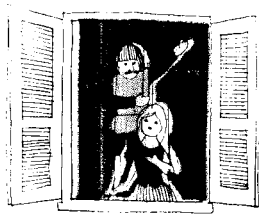


Magasins de jouets

Superb continental toys can be seen and bought at: Le Chaperon Bleu 14-bis, ave. Hoche; Farandole 48, ave. Victor-Hugo; Au Nain Bleu 406-410, rue St.-Honoré, Paris' oldest toy store with celebrity customers from all over the world and a stock to fit; Baby Train 9, rue du Petit-Pont, fantastic miniature train store, the bulk of whose customers, needless to say, are adults.

les Baby-sitters

You can find suitable baby-sitters through these organizations: L'Association des Etudiants en Médecine ODEon 25-44; Comité des Oeuvres d'Etudiants DANton 07-49; Azur Baby-Sitter 265-69-26. In addition, For Children Only offers half-day and full-day chaperoned excursions for young people through Taylor Travel Service ANJou 68-31. The number to call for help concerning children arriving in Paris alone is 225-91-88.

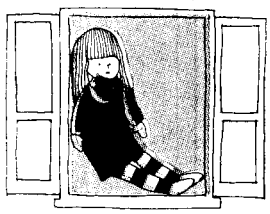


Marionnettes

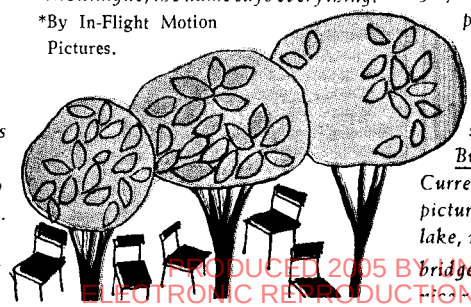
The famous Guignol shows are performed during the summer months once or twice every afternoon in the Tuileries, Luxembourg and Champs-Elysées Gardens (the last being the oldest puppet show in Paris). In the winter months: André Blin Marionnettes 77, rue de Bagneux (Thursdays only); and Claude & Daniel Brazilier 76, rue Mouffetard.

Vêtements

The children's wear departments of the large department stores are a good place to find reasonably-priced clothes—the kind Parisian children wear. In addition, the following shops offer the fancier type of things you'd expect to find in Paris: Bellina 7, Fbg. St.-Honoré, top luxury togs; Celine 3, ave. Victor-Hugo, shoes for boys and girls; La Châtelaine 170, ave. Victor-Hugo, the kind of clothes visiting royalty buys to bring home; Jones 39, ave. Victor-Hugo, extraordinary collection of clothes for boys and girls from infancy to 18; Baby Dior 28, ave. Montaigne, the name says everything.



*By In-Flight Motion Pictures.



Curiosités

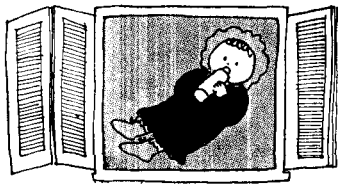
Excursions to the following will delight almost any child: Dog Market 106, rue Brancion, Sundays, 2-4 PM; Donkey and Mule Market, same place, Mon. Wed. Fri. mornings; Miniature Trains 6, cité du Midi, 3 & 8 PM (except Wed.), children can drive miniature trains; Musée Grevin 10, blvd. Montmartre, 2-7 PM daily, fantastic and historical waxworks tableaux; Open-Air Stamp Market corner, aves. Garbriel & Marigny, Thurs. Sat. Sun.; Paris Metro, the illuminated mechanical map is a must—you press a button for your destination and the route lights up; Eiffel Tower, a trip up, up, up, is even more fun for children than for adults. You can arrange to have the Eiffel Tower flood-lit just for the kids at a time of your choice- all you need is two days' notice to the Cabinet du Préfet de la Seine, and $55.00 an hour; Seine Boat Rides, from Alma (right bank) and Jena (left bank) Bridges, boat tours leave almost every half-hour from 10:30 AM to 5 PM.

Parcs

There's a real amusement park with rides, funny mirrors, a miniature train, and a miniature motor-racing track at the Jardin d'Acclimatation (zoo to you). The zoo part has lions, bears, etc. Open from 9 AM to nightfall. Also here, a bowling alley open until 2 AM. Plus a miniature golf-course 57 rue Cuvier. Other parks with special-interest events include: Jardin des Plantes, with a winter-garden, live animals, reptiles, aquarium, stuffed animals, paleontology, etc.; Buttes Chaumont, Place Armand Currell at Belleville, is the most picturesque park in Paris—small lake, 100 ft. waterfall, a suspension bridge, puppet theater, swings,

Théâtres

For the very young (for whom language is not yet a problem): Théâtre des Enfants Modèles, Salle-Chopin-Pleyel 252, Fbg. St.-Honoré, 3 PM; Théâtre des Enfants, Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Martin, 3 PM; Théâtre le Kaléidoscope 5, rue Frédérique-Sauton, 2:30 and 4:45 PM.



les Snacks

The best ice-cream in Paris? Try Berthillon 31, rue St. Louis-en l'Ile. When the kids must have a hamburger or milkshake, Le Drugstore 133, Champs-Elysées, and the Pam-Pam and Wimpy luncheonettes.

Vocabulaire

yes: oui
toilet: lavabo
I am hungry: j'ai faim
I am thirsty: j'ai soif
ice-cream: la glace
please: s'il vous plaît

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Washington, 337-8711
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—J. Allan Cash, Rapho Guillumette

Corfu's palace-turned-museum—While the King's away, the tourists still play.

CORFU: FROM CAESAR TO CONSTANTINE

By FRANK SHEA

FROM mythical times, the great have made Corfu their playground. The long list of Corfuphiles begins with Homer and includes Virgil, Julius Caesar, Napoleon Bonaparte, Goethe, Oscar Wilde, Edmund Lear, the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, Kaiser Wilhelm, and the brothers Lawrence and Gerald Durrell. For these and many others—poets and scholars, warriors, and kings—this western gateway to Greece has long been a favorite away-from-it-all haven. Until recent times, it was the summer home of the Greek Royal family. Here, when the young sportsman-King was in residence at Mon Repos, the villa jumped to the frolics of the princes and princesses of the royal houses of Europe.

Frank Shea, a foreign correspondent in Greece during World War II, was on the staff of *Time* for many years. Now retired, he writes free lance and lives in Greece.

With Constantine in exile all that has naturally changed.

As the song goes, "Those Were the Days." Constantine, who seems to master every sport he takes up, made Corfu the sporting, swinging Mecca for vacationing potentates. The King, a Brown Belt first class in karate, delighted in jousting with Prince Juan Carlos of Spain. In March 1965 he won the amateur doubles squash championship of Greece. Of course sailing was his specialty—he won an Olympic gold medal—but was forced to give up serious competition when he ascended to the throne.

There have been other changes. Considering that it has been a going piece of real estate since the Corinthians took the first historic lease on the land in the eighth century B.C., the changes that have been wrought in recent years, particularly from the tourist's point of view, are nothing short of dazzling. Today, Corfu (in Greek *Kérkyra* for "two hills") is colorfully dotted with new hotels, motels, restaurants, marinas, and *tavernas*. There is a new casino and the ubiquitous Club Mediterranée. Currently, there is considerable villa-building, chiefly by Britons. But for all the changes, the island seems not to have lost its charm.

MUCH of that charm has been left by history. Over the centuries, Corfu has received waves of foreign visitors—rarely on invitation. It has known the Spartans, the Vandals, Goths, Slavs, Sicilians, Catalans, Genoese, Venetians, French, Russians, Turks, and, finally, the British, who were given the island as a protectorate after the Napoleonic wars. The British ruled more or less benevolently for fifty years and ceded it to Greece when George I ascended to the throne of the Hellenes in 1864.

The British have left their marks. Splendid Georgian mansions dot the isle, and to this day cricket is played with great gusto on a field smack in the center of town. Italian sports linger, too. The fans take it all in, fortified with that

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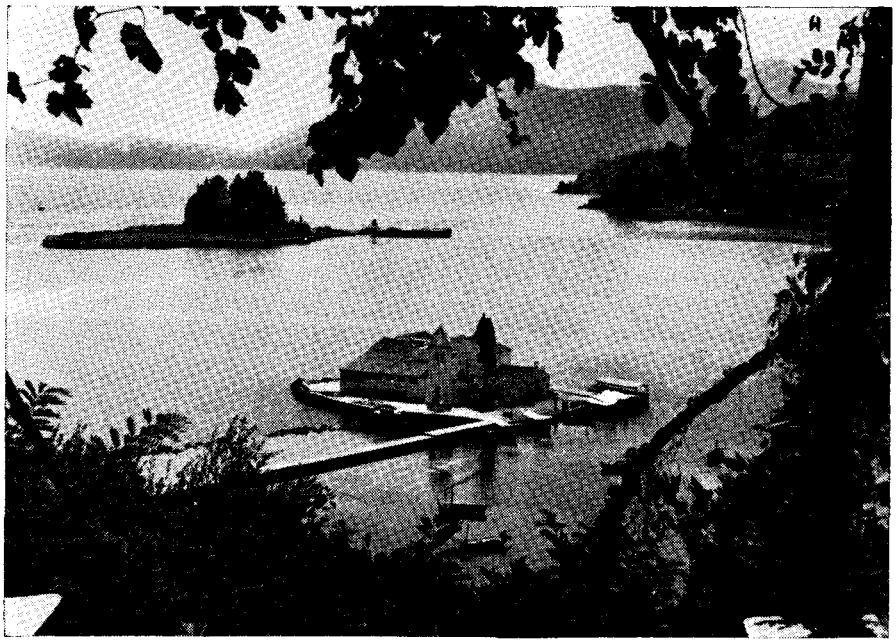

—H.S.

Monastery and Mouse Island—"a favorite of painters and poets."

favorite brew of yesteryear, ginger beer.

It is interesting to note that the Turks, in their 500-year hegemony over the Balkan world, were never able to put down Corfu, though they tried three times and twice ravaged it mercilessly. Largely because of the Venetian presence—though the Corfiotes did their share—the dreaded Turk was repelled each time.

The imprints that were left by the British are nothing compared to the Venetian overlay. The Venetians held the longest lease of all the visitors (1386 to 1797), and during these four centuries Corfu was the mightily fortified bastion that controlled the Adriatic and protected the Venetian empire. Indeed the island's chief landmark is the Venetian fort imbedded in a bluff overlooking the harbor and flanked by a Byzantine citadel. It is an awesome sight. The fort is perhaps the best-preserved of the many Venetian fortifications that dominate so many landscapes in the Mediterranean-Ionian-Aegean sphere. A military permit is required for a visit.

Corfu, unique among Greek isles, overflows with olive groves which give the land a lovely cast of silvered green, more like Italy than Greece. Even the winding narrow streets, the balconies awash with the week's laundry, recall Venice.

It is this evocation of other lands, other cultures that enhances the visitor's pleasure. Song and poetry flourished in the Venetian era, and the pure Greek tongue nearly vanished. Although Corfu never lost its basic Greek culture, there can be no mistaking its Italianate coloring and character.

Corfu is the largest of the seven islands that make up the Ionian group—Paxo, Lefkas, Ithaca (mythical birthplace of Ulysses), Cephalonia, Zante, and Cythera. The capital town, also called Corfu, lies on the east central coast within sight of the Albanian hills. Today it is easily reached by air from Athens (there are daily flights), by car ferry from Brindisi, and by numerous inter-island ships out of Piraeus. For the visitor approaching leisurely from the west, the car-ferry trip from Italy across the Adriatic (128 miles, eight hours) is a most agreeable way of breaking the trip.

THE island abounds in beaches, and many—such as Paleokastritza, Canoni, and Gouvia—are splendid. Most of them have the usual tourist facilities—small hotels, cabanas, showers, restaurants, *tavernas*—and are of generally good quality. Canoni is a pleasant half-hour walk from town. Or one may try the colorfully decorated Victorian hansom cabs, relics of the British days. The west coast has the best hideaway beaches, some within reach by car, all by hired boat.

Canoni is perched on a promontory overlooking a lagoon and offers a fine view. At the entrance to the lagoon is tiny, cypress-wreathed Pondikonísi (Mouse) Island, a favorite of painters and poets. There is an excellent Xenia hotel and first-class restaurant. Gouvia, five miles north of town, can rightly boast many attractions: an enchanting bay in the midst of olive groves and wild flowers, a new first-class hotel and bungalow complex and a fine table. Guests are automatically members of the nearby Corcyra country club, which has swimming pools, tennis, boating, water skiing, restaurant, nightclub, and squash.

Paleokastritza lies across the island on the northwest coast 15 miles from the capital. The drive is a scenic joy, the more so now that the meandering road is being at last repaired for the 1969 season. The air is scented with oleander, cypress, and olive. You come upon the tiny, Euclidean semicircle of the bay and behold perhaps the most enchanting spot in all Greece. It was on Corfu, ac-

(*Continued on page* 96)

—H.S.

A corner in Corfu—"an air scented with oleander, cypress, and olive."

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The Mountains of Mourne, in County Down, Northern Ireland

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Or turn south from Belfast to where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea. Call on the way at the Ulster Folk Museum, for a fascinating impression of Ireland a century ago.

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I like the pretty seats, and the way they use color.
I even think the Braniff girls are nicer.
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And I always go off my diet on Braniff. I can't help it.
Put good food in front of me, and I eat it all.
Oh heck, flying ought to be fun.
So I always ask my Travel Agent one question:
"Does Braniff fly there too? Put me on it."

Britt Fredricksen, Playmate

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centerfold of Playboy, I fly on Braniff. (When you got it– flaunt it.)

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—*Sovfoto.*

Brezhnev (left) on pigeon shoot with Pakistanis; Khrushchev leading the hunt (right)—also cross-country skiing, mushroom-picking, and Chekhovian fishing.

HOW THE KREMLIN TAKES A HOLIDAY

By MARVIN KALB

SOVIETOLOGICAL speculation, the lifeblood of political reporting in Moscow, was having a field day recently. It happened that Prime Minister Kosygin had not been "seen" in the Soviet capital since December 20, 1968; he reappeared on February 6, 1969, but no foreign reporter or diplomat worth his Kremlinological salt could resist the temptation to produce a theory about his long absence.

"He *is out!*" "No, he *is in*; Brezhnev is out!" "Ridiculous, both are out; Shelepin is in." "Even more ridiculous, it is the military-industrial complex." Diplomats, noting all of these journalistic stories, were characteristically more cautious. "Kosygin is away from town because he has liver trouble," they said.

"Nonsense," exploded a spokesman for the Soviet Foreign Ministry one day, trying to puncture all of these theories, some of which may yet be proved to be correct; Kosygin is on vacation!

Vacation? Vacation? The idea itself was overpowering. A Kremlinologist can handle any nuance, any misplaced comma, any unusually raised eyebrow, and fit it into a cohesive, albeit speculative, story about Soviet life and politics. But a vacation! That was too much.

The reason is disturbingly simple. In the Soviet Union, when a leader goes off on vacation, there is no Kremlin pool of reporters traveling with him, as there is when the President flies off to Key Biscayne. There is no press plane. There are no daily dispatches that glory in every detail of the President's schedule. There is only a shattering silence. There is nothing, absolutely nothing. Where the Soviet leader goes, what he does when he gets there, when he is apt to return—these seemingly unimportant facts are as much a state secret in the Soviet Union as the latest rocket fuel concoction.

Why?

Soviet leaders believe in secrecy. It is part of their political tradition. During Stalin's times, the Russian people were told practically nothing about their leaders. They did not know if they were married or not, or had any children. After the crushing purges of the 1930s came the unbearable burdens of World War II; and after the war came new purges and terrible repressions. Security became a sacred cow. When a Soviet leader slipped away for a week or a month at the shore, no one knew. Only after Stalin's death in 1953 did security ease a bit (now the reverse process is sadly in effect), and small details that would hardly get a second glance in the West have surfaced as profound revelations.

Remember, for example, in August 1963, when Secretary of State Dean Rusk was invited to former Prime Minister Khrushchev's summer home near Sochi, a resort town on the Black Sea, after both men had presided over the signing in Moscow of the limited nuclear test-ban treaty? It was an event—a genuine event. *Time* magazine devoted an article in its August 16 issue to a description of the Khrushchev villa; and pictures of Rusk playing badminton with the ebullient Soviet leader were prominently displayed in Western (or, better still, non-Communist) newspapers all over the world.

DID the *Time*-like descriptions appear in the Soviet press? No. Were the badminton pictures shown on Moscow television? No. Were these omissions unusual? No. That is the way things are in the Soviet Union, where vacation spots as well as vacations are regarded

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Marvin Kalb, who speaks Russian, was a member of the U.S. Embassy in Moscow, later became CBS representative in the Soviet Union. He is now CBS diplomatic correspondent in Washington.

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as nobody's business but that of the leaders themselves.

Still, some facts are known. There are three favorite places for the Soviet leaders. One is the government resort town of Barvikha, a collection of wooden and pastel-colored stuccoed *dachas* nestled among elegant white birch trees along tributaries of the Moscow River not far from the Soviet capital. None of the *dachas* are privately owned, although Communist party chief Leonid Brezhnev, we're told, has one reserved for himself and his family. The *dachas* are not pretentious. They are comfortable country homes, adequately staffed with servants and connected to the Kremlin by good communications. "If one were transplanted to Westchester County in some miraculous way," a diplomat mused, "it would not get a second look by the snobs. It is strictly mid 'e class."

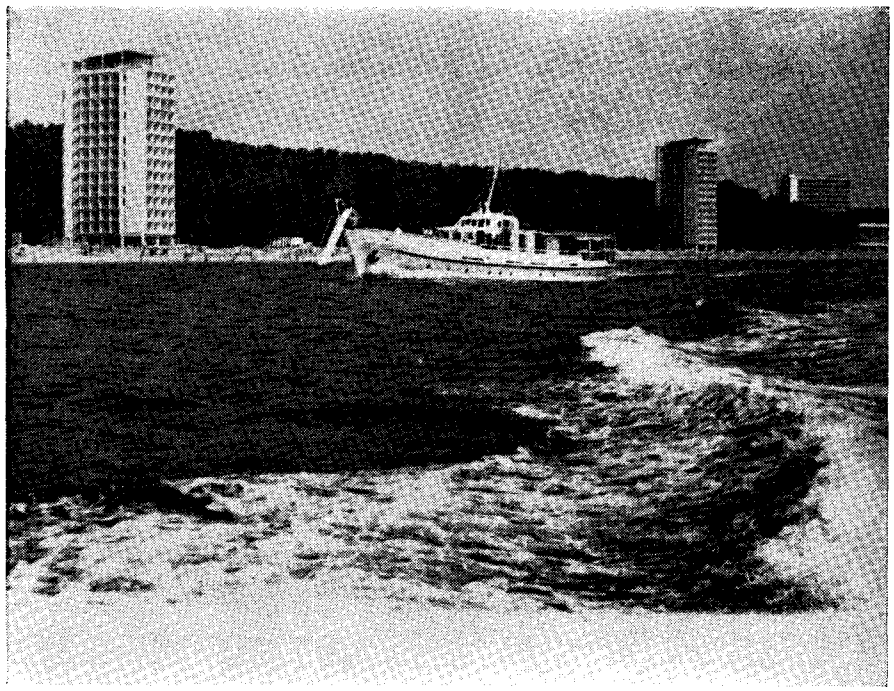
During the winter, at resort towns such as Barvikha or Zavidova, where Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko occasionally vacations in a government hunting lodge, shooting and cross-country skiing are the principal sports. Khrushchev once took Yugoslavia's Marshall Tito out for a hunt and clearly outshot him. There is no record of Brezhnev's aim.

During the treasured summer months (treasured because they are so few, and the dark, gray winter months are so many, so bleak, so oppressive), the Kosygins enjoy going mushroom-picking. This is a pastime as ancient and revered as the Russian lands themselves. But, in proper Chekhovian fashion, Soviet bigwigs spend a great deal of vacation time fishing off small piers along the Moscow River and talking and eating well into the night under the spreading oak trees. Conversation in Russia is an art which has been carefully nurtured in the absence of the civilizing influence of television. Perhaps as TV spreads, conversation will, like the state in a Marxist paradise, wither away; but this is still in the future.

ANOTHER resort area—no doubt the favorite—is the Black Sea, often called the Riviera of the Soviet Union by those Westerners who have never been there. The Black Sea itself is magnificent; emerald and blue water rushing forth or gliding majestically towards the rocky, pebbled, and generally uncomfortable beaches. The skies are deep, deep blue; a lonely puff of white cloud may interrupt the vast blueness and provide a pitifully small cover for the rugged, fierce mountains which rise up abruptly from the sea.

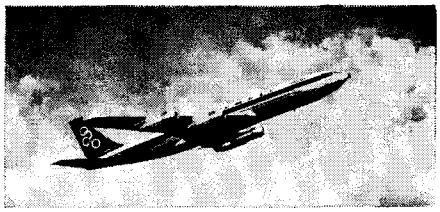
Khrushchev's villa (it was not really his; it too belonged to the state) was situated on one of these Caucasian mountains. It was, like Brezhnev's *dacha* in Barvikha, modest and unpretentious; but Khrushchev built a modernistic complex nearby which could fit into an American suburb. It consisted of an Olympic-sized swimming pool, with a retractable bubble-top cover to protect

(*Continued on page 99*)



—*Sovfoto.*

New Black Sea resort at Pitsunde—Westerners call it the Riviera of Russia.



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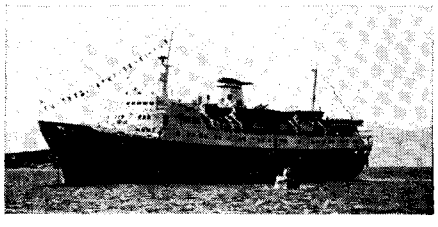

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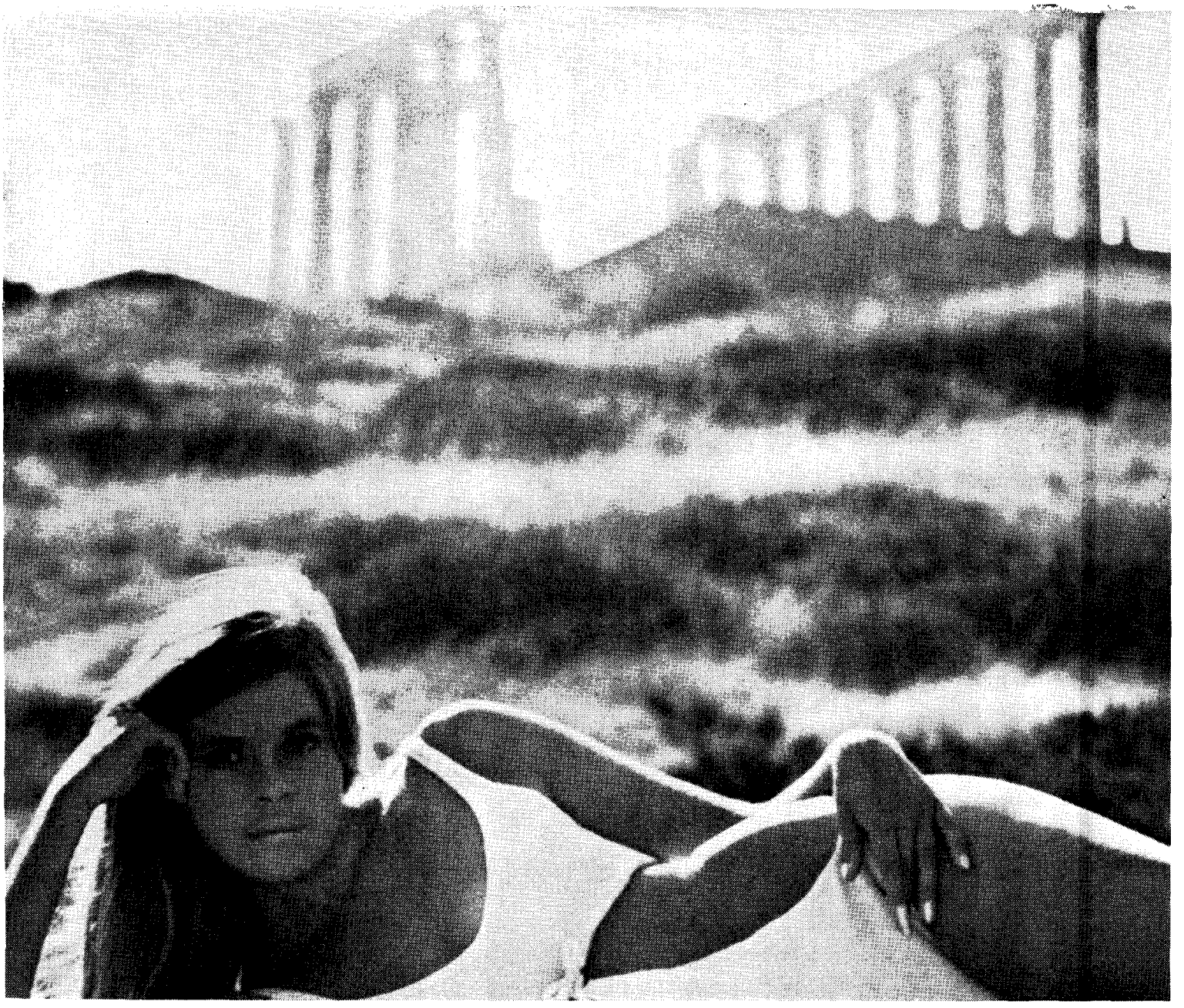

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Photos by Royal Courtesy

Royal couple dressed for jungle duty—more than yacht races and floral-print shirts.

SIAM BY-THE-SEA

By PETER SIMMS

FOR two months every year, one of the most exclusive clubs in the world blossoms alongside the Gulf of Siam. Its life-style is a mixture of then and now, of pre-World War I gentility and up-to-the-minute mod. Its members move effortlessly between hallowed Thai tradition and shoeless oceanside ennui.

This club—if one may call it that—is presided over by His Majesty King Bhumibol Adulyadej and his beautiful wife, Queen Sirikit. Each April and May, they move down to the platinum white sands of Hua Hin to their palace at Klai Klangwol, which, aptly now but ironically in the past, means "free from worries." Hua Hin lies to the southwest of Bangkok on the tapering strip of land that joins the Malay Peninsula. To the other side of Bangkok on the gulf are many resorts rimmed with offshore islands and coral reefs, but Hua Hin is something different. It has only sands, a restless sea too rough for water skiing and full of poisonous jelly fish (whose omnipresence limits swimming to the very brave), swaying palm trees, and the tranquil beauty of hazy, blue-green mountains rising up behind.

Joining the King and Queen on their annual two-month visit are an immediate court of about thirty people and various personal guests, who live in the dozen houses spread through the palace gardens. Most days begin about 8 a.m., with all visitors having breakfast in their private cottages. By 9, the court and guests begin to gather on the palace lawn, wearing shorts and floral-print shirts. Those who intend to join the King in his favorite sport of yacht racing head for the beach to put their boats in order. Most of the boats are centerboard style of the "OK" class. On shore the sailors exchange a lot of talk about sails and rigging before the small boats start tacking back and forth in front of the palace, their sails billowing and cracking in the wind. When the King appears, the day's serious sailing gets under way.

By 1, the morning races are over, and as the boatmen run their yachts ashore they are met by servants bearing tankards of cold beer on silver salvers. The King and Queen usually take lunch together in a private apartment, with the court and guests eating in an enclosed, galleried badminton court reminiscent of the *Orangerie*. After lunch, all hands escape the midday sun and rest until 4, when the sailing resumes. At dusk the yachts come ashore again. Dinner, an informal affair brimming with easy conversation and modern music, brings the King and Queen, court, and guests together. Before retiring, the King may try his hand at playing in a band made up of his invited friends.

Not all days are free from worry. Unlike other Royal families, King Bhumibol and Queen Sirikit believe they cannot afford to take a full week from the responsibilities of their reign. Entire days in April and May are given to driving or flying by helicopter and then walking overland to secluded villages, where the Royal couple hear out their subjects' problems. The Queen believes firmly that if the villagers could learn to read the difficult, highly ornate Thai script with ease, they would feel far less isolated and better equipped to deal with twentieth-century life.

As one prince who is a frequent guest at the palace explained: "The Queen thinks that the best way to do this is to get the children interested in reading. She always has a large number of story books which she gives to the children. Then she assigns one member of the Court to be responsible for revisiting the village and helping them. Just before she leaves Hua Hin, she goes back to all the villages again to see what the children have learned and what they thought of the books."

Thai court life at Hua Hin, in addition to its pomp and ceremony, also includes a down-to-earth element of difficult mountain walking, canoe trips on crocodile-infested rivers, and primary school coaching. The King schedules a round of visits to nearby army garrisons and an air base during the holiday period, and at least once a week, he gives a semiformal dinner at the Klai Klangwol palace for officers and local officials with whom he seeks to maintain close ties.

In December 1911, when King Rama

Peter Simms, a Briton living in Bangkok, is a reporter for *Time-Life*.

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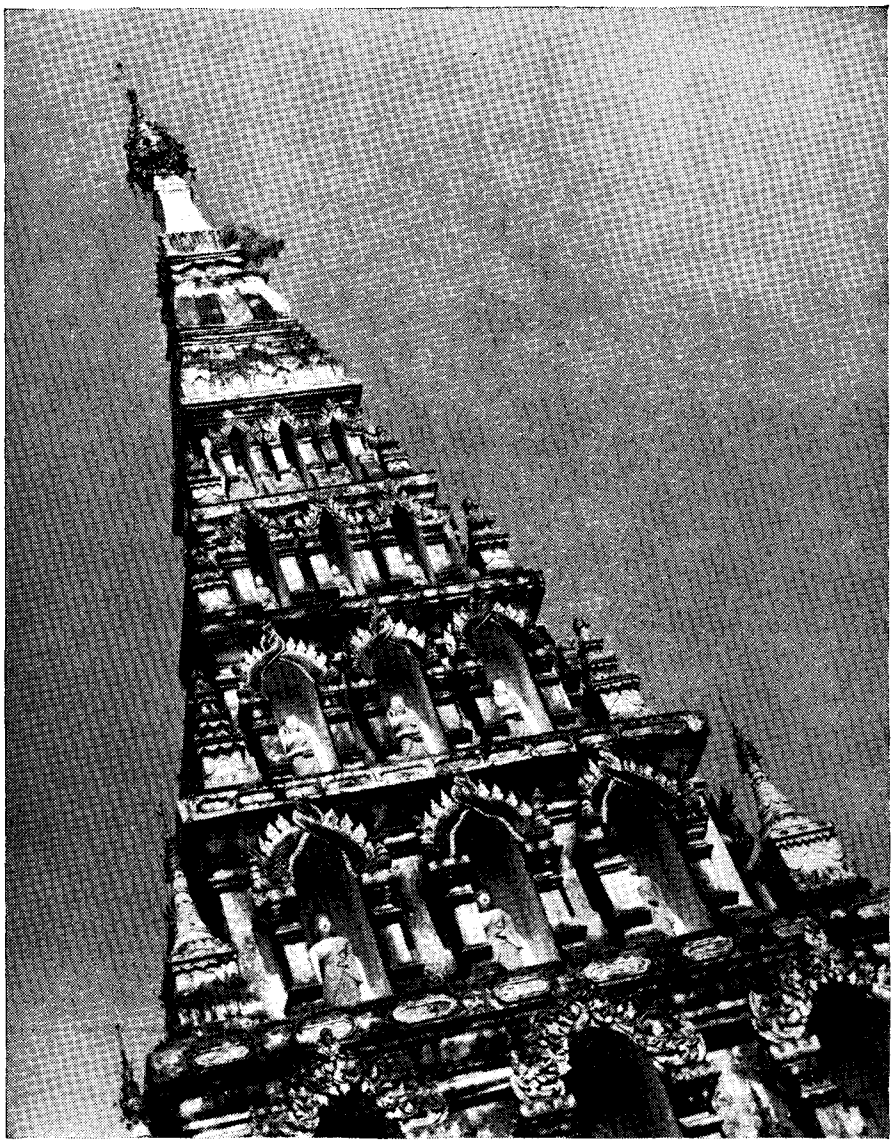
VI held his official coronation in Bangkok, Hua Hin was a small fishing village little known to outsiders other than hunters who knew that the jungle came down close to the sea and that there were always tigers and other game. After the coronation, the King's brother, Prince Chakrabongse, took a number of the Royal guests to a shooting lodge near Hua Hin. The Prince was so impressed by its beauty that he bought some land and persuaded his brother, the King, to build a palace. But Hua Hin did not come into its own until 1927 when the next King, Prajadhipok, chose a site for a new palace a mile outside Hua Hin near the village of Ban Kwai (the village of water buffaloes). "The King thought the name too ordinary so he renamed it Klai Klangwol," a member of his court told me.

The palace is built in Riviera style with its French and Spanish balconies, its flat English façade, and its square Gothic tower, which is surmounted by a small circular tower that resembles a gazebo. The palace, finished by 1929, soon became King Prajadhipok's favorite residence and, as such, it was to become a focal point in Thai history. At Hua Hin, King Prajadhipok, who loved golf, had one of the best eighteen-hole courses in the country. He also liked squash and tennis, sports that could be played in greater comfort there with the cool sea breezes each morning and evening than in the day-round humidity of the capital city.

"Looking back on those years," one of the ladies of the court said, "we seem to have spent most of our time at Hua Hin. I remember one of our favorite games was 'tombstones' golf. Each of us had a handicap and when we had used up all our strokes, we had to stop where we were until the game was over. My handicap was 140, not counting air shots!"

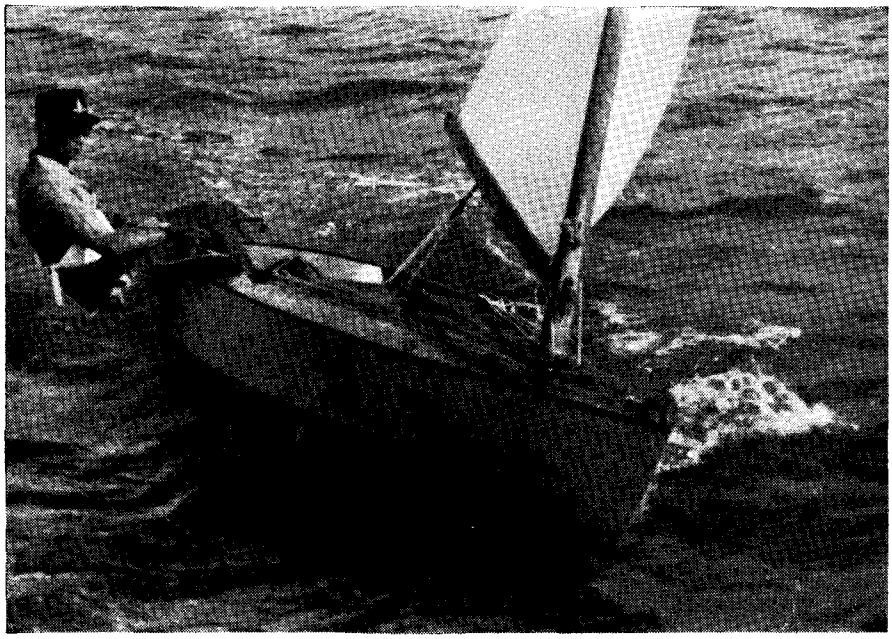
It was a regal life, as magnificent as anything the previous century had known. The railway line had been opened up and the express train covered the 141 miles in six hours. Life was a great adventure and Hua Hin was perhaps the greatest adventure of all. For weeks before leaving Bangkok, the members of the families would plan what to take with them. Most families booked half a railway wagon and loaded it with their silver, crockery, linen, and anything else they might want or need during the stay. Then, attended by a retinue of servants, they would go down to the train to be swirled away from the cares and problems of Bangkok.

Golf, tennis, and squash filled much of the day. As one person described the life: "It was a very leisurely time. I can remember the excitement each day as we all went down to the railway station to see who the latest arrivals were and get the latest news from Bangkok. Then in



—*Fujihira (Monkmeyer).*

Ancient temple (above) and modern King—"moving effortlessly between hallowed Thai tradition and shoeless oceanside ennui."



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Klai Kangwol palace—It wasn't always "free from worries."

the evening we used to meet after dinner at the Railway Hotel to stroll along the esplanade, or to talk while one of the party played the piano."

The L-shaped Railway Hotel still stands, its large high rooms and ceiling fans recalling another era. An air-conditioned annex has been added, and as one person remarked sadly: "It all looks different. I don't even remember where the large salon was with the piano."

From 1932 to 1935, King Prajadhipok struggled to keep one jump ahead of revolutionary forces, leaving him little time to relax on the Gulf of Siam. It was the present monarch, King Bhumibol, who brought back life to Hua Hin. He ascended to the throne in 1946 and decided that Klai Klangwol should become both a place for relaxation and work. There may well have been political reasons behind this decision. The Thai Government has long been accused of neglecting the provinces, especially those in the South, and the King's annual visits have brought them not only prestige and greater prosperity but also tighter security along the coast road. Even so, Communist bands roam the jungle only 30 or 40 miles to the south of Hua Hin, spreading anti-Government propaganda and terrorizing the villagers. It is to combat their influence that the King and Queen spend so much of their holiday time searching out the remote villagers that are seldom visited by officials.

Hua Hin, the one-time fishing village, is now a municipality of 17,000 people, and the Railway Hotel caters to tourists and not the court. The esplanade, where King Prajadhipok's court strolled and conversed gently in the evenings, is now crowded with Thais in bathing trunks. The beach in front of the hotel is shaded by brightly colored awnings, and there are food stalls for trippers who come by the busload to spend the day.

Recently a prince sat talking over a meal and with a wave of his hand said: "Of course things have changed a lot; Hua Hin is always full of people now. There is no season really." It was significant that we ate in the main food market of Hua Hin, not in the palace, and our meal cost us less than ten cents. The prince seemed as natural sitting there as he would later that night dining with the King.

Bonnie Prince Charles in Bush Country

TIMBERTOP is situated 2,000 feet above sea level in wild, rough country some 116 miles northeast of Melbourne, picturesquely located amidst blue rocks and tall gum trees. About 135 boys go to Timbertop at any one time. While there, they live a rugged backwoods-type life, sleeping in timber-built chalets, wearing what they like—"we encourage them to wear out their old clothes"—and following a concentrated curriculum which includes wood-chopping, chicken-raising, pig-breeding, gardening, fishing, and climbing, as well as more orthodox . . . studies.

Prince Charles, when he went there in February 1966, was already seventeen, which made him senior to most of the other boys at Timbertop. While the comparative ruggedness of life in the bush may not have disconcerted him, he doubtless found, as his parents had found before him, that Australians have few inhibitions in their attitude towards royalty and that, prince or no prince, a "pommie" is still a "pommie."

Cries of "Good on you, Charlie," greeted him as he emerged from the aircraft in his dark grey suit with its matching tie and blue shirt, hands clasped behind his back in the familiar royal pose, and Australia's first impression of the future King was perhaps pinpointed by the man in the crowd who exclaimed involuntarily, "Isn't he like his father?"

All the time, of course, the accent was on the great outdoors. During his first week at Timbertop, Charles swam in the school dam, joined in the weekly cross-country run and went on a bushland trek designed to teach the rudiments of pitching a tent, lighting a fire, and, most important of all in those surroundings, fighting a bush fire. For horse-riding, arrangements had been made for him to borrow a mount from a neighboring establishment run by an Australian show-jumping champion, and he was also issued with a license to go fly-fishing on the Howqua River, where at least one local resident has contrived a novel method of fishing from horseback. Weekends brought the traditional Timbertop toughening-up experience of a long trek through the bush with bedding, tucker, and anti-snakebite kit.

Prince Charles returned home after his spell at Timbertop with his face and body bronzed by the Australian sun. Those months at Timbertop amongst the uninhibited youth of Australia had completed what Gordonstoun, a school in Scotland he had attended, had already begun. The boy was on the verge of becoming a man.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: *Prince Charles of England, who will be invested as the Prince of Wales this July, was sent to Timbertop on the lower slopes of the Great Dividing Range so he could get a view of Commonwealth life Down Under.*

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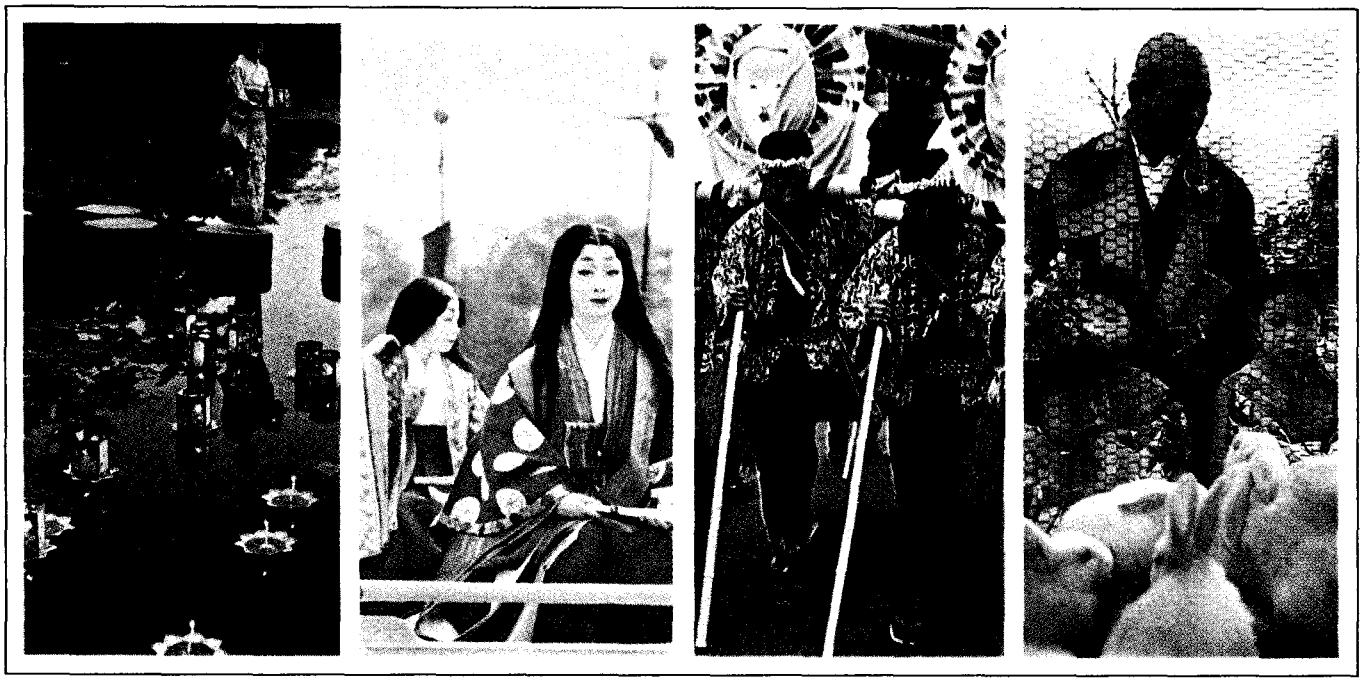
Come for the festival season

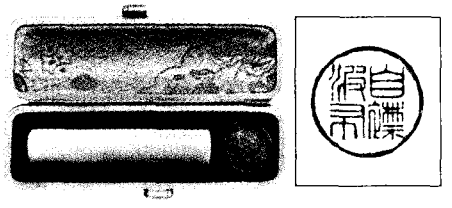


In Japan the festivals find you. Each with its own delightful legend and color. Candlelit lanterns floating on a quiet stream. Elegantly staged pageants commemorating a page of local history. Whole villages turned out in parade. Traditionally dressed children thanking animals for their fur with gifts of food.

Or perhaps it will be a tiny street fair you'll discover just around the corner from your new western-style hotel. Big or small, you're bound to sight a celebration almost any day in Japan. Complete with costumes and customs from another era. In delightful contrast to the bustling present.

It's all part of the charm of visiting Japan. The old and the new happily blended—to see, and to enjoy. Travel by luxurious jet to a town where time seems to have stood still, and where the houses are festooned with bright streamers for the Summer Star festival.

Stay in a 17th-century ryokan—inn—and enjoy ham and eggs for breakfast. Feast your eyes on shops loaded with cameras, pearls, silks. Indulge yourself in one of the unique crafts—perhaps a han seal with your own name delicately engraved



in Japanese characters. Or, just down the street, join the owner of the tiny antique shop in tea and sweet senbei crackers before he shows you his treasures.

For the festivals aren't the only thing that's old in Japan. So is the tradition of hospitality. You'll feel as welcome as a personal guest wherever you go.

Ask your travel agent about what's happening in Japan this year, and arrange to be a part of it. And ask us for our free new edition of "Your Guide to Japan." Then pack your bags and prepare for a real holiday—every day.

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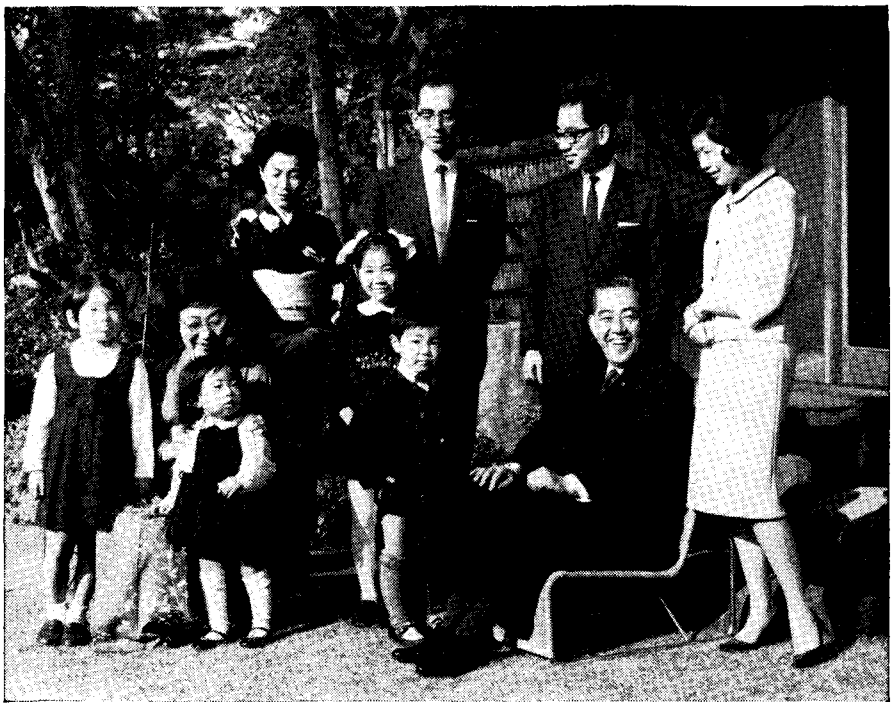
JAPAN'S PREMIER RESORT



—*Pictorial Parade.*

Sato and kin—an escape from pressure but not from the public eye.

By RICHARD HALLORAN

IN the summer, Tokyo and Yokohama can be unbearable. Situated at the same latitude as Washington, D.C., they have the same hot, humid, breathless weather that is all the worse for the silvery, hanging smog that flourishing industry throws up over the cities.

It must have been just as uncomfortable, except for the industrial haze, for the foreign trading community there eighty years ago, in the three decades after the end of Japan's long seclusion. Thus, sometime in the summer of 1886, a British missionary, Archdeacon A.C. Shaw, sought relief by journeying north across the Kanto Plain and then west into the mountains.

Archdeacon Shaw traveled along the old Nakasendo, the central road that led through the mountains to the northwestern coast facing the Sea of Japan and Korea, following the path that processions of barons (*daimyo*) and their warrior retainers *(samurai)* had trod on the way home to their distant domains after visits to Edo, now Tokyo. The British missionary climbed up the twisting road, alongside sheer cliffs and past craggy rock formations jutting up from the bottom of narrow ravines and towering over his head, the eroded and serrated remnants of volcanic cores.

About 3,000 feet above sea level, Archdeacon Shaw slipped through the Usui Pass and out onto a small plateau. Just beyond the pass, he arrived in the small mountain village of Karuizawa, nestled in the woods where the slope of Mt. Asama, a live but not tempestuous volcano, begins to flatten out.

Archdeacon Shaw evidently found the clear, cool mountain air to his liking, for he returned to Karuizawa two years later and built a small villa, or *besso*. He also told his friends in Yokohama and Tokyo about his find, and they followed him there. Over the years, Karuizawa became the favorite summering spot for the missionaries, traders, and diplomats who came in ever increasing numbers to economically developing and politically important Japan. The foreigners were joined by the prominent Japanese political leaders, businessmen, bureaucrats, and intellectuals who, since the end of World War II, have become the Establishment that governs the nation.

Karuizawa today is something of a miniature summer capital. Both Japanese families and foreigners flee Tokyo with the first coming of the sticky heat. Husbands and fathers, tied to their desks, commute on weekends, taking the two-and-one-half-hour train ride up Friday evening and back on Monday morning. Later they stay for their own summer holidays. Some diplomats do better. They move themselves and part of the staff there, and hang out signs—EMBASSY OF XENOLAND or CONSULATE OF CYTHIA. Whether they inform the foreign office back home of their true whereabouts is a closely held diplomatic secret. For the missionaries, however, Karuizawa has gotten a bit too rich. Many have moved on, farther across the mountains, to Lake Nojiri where they have set up a new summer colony.

Prime Minister Eisaku Sato from time to time escapes from the pressures that build in his red brick Victorian official residence in Tokyo and goes to a villa in Karuizawa. He is able to relax somewhat but, as with other heads of government, his political activities go on, and he is not long out of the public eye. Some time ago, then-Foreign Minister Takeo Miki, while on an overseas trip, gave a speech on China policy that was noticeably at odds with Mr. Sato's thinking. Immediately upon his return, the Prime Minister invited Miki to Karuizawa, where they "adjusted views" in the time-honored Japanese tradition of reaching a compromise. But the adjustment didn't last. Miki resigned from the Cabinet last fall to stand against Mr. Sato in the December party presidential election, which determines who will sit in the prime minister's chair. China policy was a major issue.

PERHAPS the most celebrated event to occur in Karuizawa was the tennis match in which Crown Prince Akihito, heir to Emperor Hirohito's throne, and Miss Michiko Shoda took part in 1957. The Crown Prince, at that time twenty-three and slightly past the age when Japanese Crown Princes should be married, had been the object of considerable public speculation—when would he be married and to whom? The name of Miss Hatsuko Kitashirakawa, a former imperial princess, was often mentioned in the press—but nothing happened.

Then, one summer's day in Karui-

Richard Halloran, a Washington *Post* reporter, recently returned from an assignment in Tokyo.

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zawa, the Crown Prince, an avid tennis player, and Miss Shoda, who had won her school's tennis championship, met on the court. It was, so the story goes, love at first sight. But when His Highness later proposed marriage, Miss Shoda declined, saying that it would not be proper because she was a commoner. The Crown Prince, undaunted, repeatedly called Miss Shoda on the telephone and finally persuaded her to say *hai*.

The formal announcement of their engagement, issued from the palace in late November 1957, was greeted with joy in Japan and was trumpeted in the world press as a shattering of precedent, the first time in the 2,618 years of imperial history that a future emperor had chosen a commoner as a bride. It was all very romantic, Miss Shoda having been chosen by the Crown Prince himself rather than by the Imperial Household Agency, the palace guard that dictates all of the public life and a good part of the private life of the imperial family. It was very democratic, too, in a day when the Japanese were anxious to show the world that they had shucked their feudal ways to the extent that the Crown Prince could marry the daughter of a flour miller.

Ah, but little in Japan is ever as it appears on the face of it. The flour miller turned out to be Hidesaburo Shoda, president of a large company, a wealthy man, and a prominent member of the Establishment. Moreover, a special investigative staff of the *Asahi Shimbun*, Japan's leading newspaper, discovered that the Imperial Household Agency had been screening bridal candidates for five years. It had ruled out the available daughters of court families, the usual source of imperial consorts, for one reason or another and had turned to prestigious, if not royal, families in the search. In the selection process, 1,500 young ladies had been scrutinized and Miss Shoda had been picked. The newspaper report intimated that the now-famous tennis game in Karuizawa had been neatly contrived to give the appearance of romance and democracy. Even so, newcomers to Karuizawa are invariably shown *the* tennis court where the match took place.

Karuizawa today remains largely off the beaten tourist track and is something of a throwback to another era, when only the well-to-do could afford to get away for the season and went regularly to the cottage at the shore or to the place in the mountains. The average working person spent his vacation at home or on a short trip to a nearby and distinctly unposh resort. Karuizawa is not a popular resort where the middle class goes for a two week holiday but an upper-class summer colony where one must have a tacit invitation to belong.

Karuizawa, as the place name is generally used, means not only the village but the surrounding woods and fields through which are scattered some 3,000 rambling and rustic wooden villas. The *machi*, or town itself, is one long street that leads up a gentle slope from the railroad station, plus a few side streets that wander off it. Here are situated the food shops and general stores that cater to the summer residents, a few Japanese restaurants serving *yakitori* (skewered and roasted bits of chicken), *sushi* (bits of raw fish wrapped in rice and seaweed), or *soba* (noodles served cold and dipped into soy or other sauces). A few Western-style restaurants and a couple of Chinese places round out the town's undistinguished culinary attractions.

The main hotel in Karuizawa is the Mampei, the genteel, comfortable, and slightly weathered social center for foreigners. Others are sprinkled about the environs. Karuizawa, being a residential summer place and not a resort, is not noted for sumptuous hotels. Several of Tokyo's better known department and specialty stores, and ladies' hairdressers, have branches in the *machi* for the season.

At the northern end of the *machi*, where the slope inclines a bit more steeply, is the section known as Atago, the favorite of foreign residents. Some bought villas there for very little during the Occupation, when the Japanese economy was in desperate straits, and now find themselves ensconced on much desired property. Several farseeing entrepreneurs have two villas, one for personal use and the other to rent out at a price handsome enough to cover the expenses for both.

THE larch and birch and pine trees are so thick in Atago that everything is in shade and little grass grows. But the hardy moss makes an excellent turf for the youngsters to scamper on. The quiet of the day is broken mainly by the multilingual shrieks of children at play. Japanese and English are most often heard but a half-dozen other tongues occasionally pop up. It can be confusing at first because the children are not necessarily shouting in their mother tongues. Many offspring of longtime residents speak fluent Japanese, which they use with playmates whose language is not the same as theirs. An American child will call to his French friend in Japanese, then turn around to speak in English to his Japanese companion, the child of a diplomat who has served in England or Australia.

At the opposite end of Karuizawa, south of the railroad station, where the trees are more sparse and the fields open, is a different sort of colony. Before the war, a group of scholars, artists, and writers got together and organized a private settlement. It revolves around a community center building set alongside an open area like a New England common. The tennis courts are nearby, and there are athletic and cultural programs for the children.

A typical villa belongs to a prominent legal scholar. The large living room, furnished with Western-style lodge furniture, has a two-story high beamed ceiling. On the second floor is a balcony

—*Pictorial Parade*.

Tennis-playing Royal couple—Did love really bloom on the Karuizawa court?

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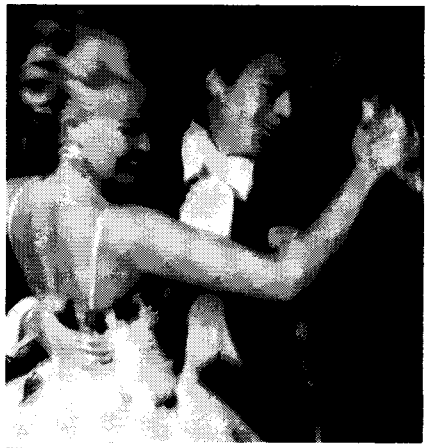

There are ballrooms with soaring ceilings, balconies, spiral staircases. And right alongside, a little discotheque for people who are under 30 or want to be. It isn't every ship that lets you choose your own era.

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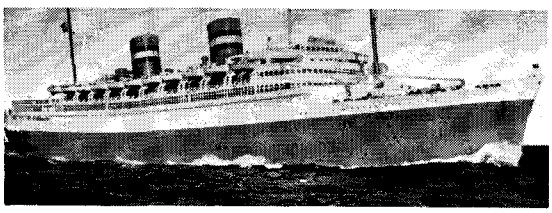

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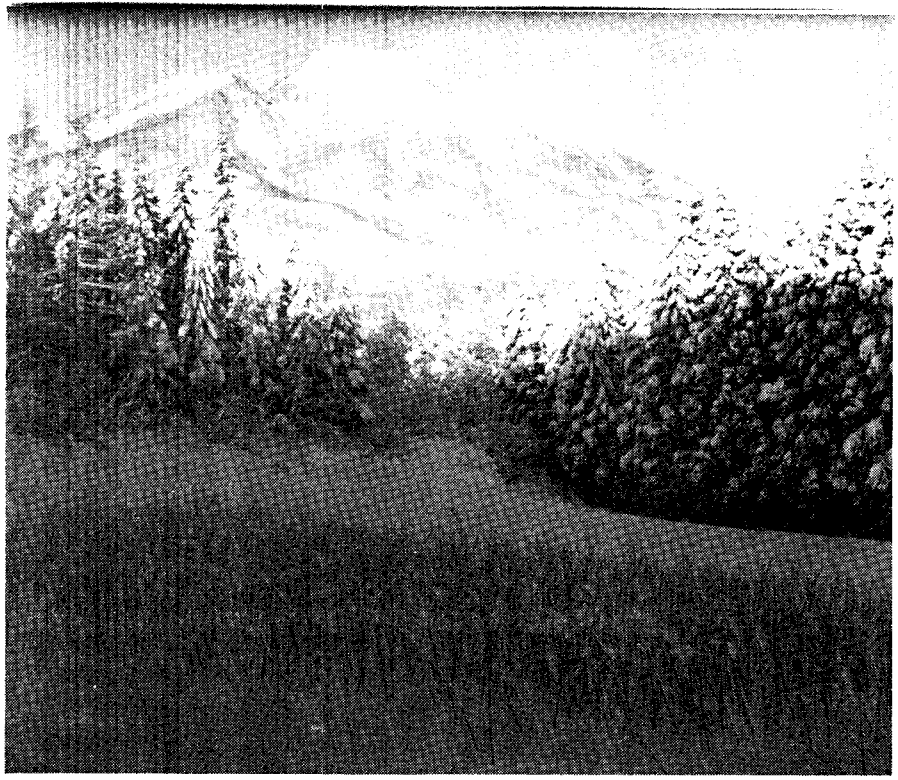

—Japan National Tourist Organization.

Wintry Shiga Heights—Skating rinks and ski slopes are coming to Karuizawa.

overlooking the living room and off it are three Japanese-style bedrooms with *tatami* mats. On the ground floor, off the living room, is a book-lined study. In the back are the kitchen, where charcoal is used for cooking, and the bath. A smaller, three-room house stands on one corner of the grounds for the scholar's son and his family. The son, who spent his boyhood summers in Karuizawa, is married to the daughter of another scholar who also brought his family up each year. The two families have known each other for three decades, and the marriage is the happy combination of a love match that had the full blessing of both families.

The hustling, relentless organized activity that marks many summer resorts in Japan, and probably around the world, is notably absent in Karuizawa. The members of the Japanese Establishment and the foreign diplomatic and business community have enough of that in Tokyo. They go to Karuizawa to relax. Some of the constant round of city socializing continues, but at a subdued pace. Life becomes considerably less formal than in Tokyo. It is not unusual to see a normally conservative Japanese businessman or a dignified Western diplomat strolling down the main street of the *machi* in bright sport shirt, Bermuda shorts, and *zori*—Japanese sandals.

But there's enough to do to keep from being idle. Hiking through the woods and up the slopes of Mt. Asama and other hills is a favorite. So is bicycling through the bumpy back roads and the farming villages that dot the countryside. A couple of horse stables have gentle plugs for hire by the hour. A good bit of tennis is played. And there's golf, which to the Japanese elite has become a status symbol, a craze, and a medium for conducting the endless political and economic discussions that go into forming the subtle consensus by which Japan is governed.

The most regular event in Karuizawa is the evening bath. For the Japanese—and for many Western residents—the hot bath is more than cleaning off the dust and the perspiration of the day's play. It is a soother of sore muscles, a relaxer of taut nerves, a reliever of distressed minds. It is a quasi-religious ceremony, a ritual purification of mind, body, and soul. Every evening, about five, there floats through Karuizawa the scented, serene smell of burning wood, the fuel that stokes the water-heating fires. Every villa has its own bath, a small, often tiled duckboarded room with a round wooden tub about waist high. The metal firebox is outside, with the flue leading in through the wall and the tub and up through the ceiling. When the water heats up close to the steaming point, about an hour after the fire has been started, the bather enters the chamber, disrobes, picks up a small wooden bucket and dips into the tub for a pailful of hot water. With this he douses himself from head to toe and then soaps up. Another pailful or two rinses him off and then he eases himself into the tub to sit, knees tucked under chin, and soaks away his pains and cares. The father of the family is always first, then the boys, the mother, and the girls, though the order is not so important after father has had his. After the bath, everyone dresses in *yukata*, the loose summer kimono, and sits down to dinner.

Karuizawa is undergoing some changes, or at least is under pressure to change. Japan's rapidly expanding middle class is having its first taste of the affluent society, including a surge in the pursuit of leisure. The millions who live in the Tokyo-Yokohama metropolitan area have overrun the beaches in Kamakura on Sagami Bay southwest of Tokyo, and the mountain resorts in Hakone, west of the city. Now they are reaching farther afield and going to Karuizawa and beyond. Moreover, Karuizawa is becoming a winter resort, with several large skating rinks and a ski slope with artificial snow.

The old-timers look on all this, and especially the wild weekends of long-haired hippies, with grumpy disdain. They can't stop it, but they are trying to contain it so that they can go on enjoying the seclusion and privileged position to which they feel their status entitles them.

—Pictorial Parade.

Sato, more than a dabbler in calligraphy, writes Chinese characters in India ink.

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Corfu

Continued from page 78

cording to myth and even some historians, that Ulysses washed up naked on the shore. The precise spot, so they say, where Nausica received and befriended him was this very bay.

Beside the clear water is the small pink-colored inn where delicious seafood and Corfuan dishes are served. The diner strolls to the edge of the water where the proprietor has installed a fenced-in lobster pond, points to his choice—and the rest is "*kali orexi*" (bon apétit). There is an elegant new 100-room seaside hotel just out of the village.

Blessed with a benign climate much of the year (rains are frequent and heavy from November to March, but even January can have its balmy days), the sports-loving Corfiotes go in for aquatic fun. In the summer months the snug little harbors are abob with boats. The King helped give yachting its current vogue. There are ample facilities available to the tourist for diving, water skiing, lake and coastal fishing, shooting, tennis, squash, cricket, and gambling at the casino.

Named Achilleion, the casino is a hulking, graceless pile set in lovely formal gardens with a magnificent view of the picturesque Bay of Gastoúri and across the sea to Albania. It was built to the order of Elizabeth of Austria, who wanted something to distract her from imagined tragedies (though she was to endure a real one later in the suicide of her only son Rudolf, at Mayerling). The Achilleion's architecture runs to sprawling dimensions, heavy style, and the dozens of mock-heroic, gimcrack statues on the grounds. Scarcely was the last stone in place and the last statue installed than the ill-starred Elizabeth gave up the castle and left her beloved island ("the most beautiful spot on earth"), never to return. Ten years later Kaiser Wilhelm II, a man who thought big, bought it for his summer palace. The Achilleion still wears an ornate and melancholy face. It houses—in addition to the elegant gambling casino—a fine restaurant, nightclub, snack bar, and a small museum of Hapsburg and Hohenzollern memorabilia.

Corfu, relaxing, gay, sportive, is not for the tourist seeking out classic columns though shards of history abound. There is a small archaeological museum in the town whose prize sculpture is a huge gorgon. The Folklore Museum has a fine collection of the exquisite Corfuan costumes and dresses, and the cathedral has a worthy store of icons and religious paintings.

Shakespeare called Corfu "rich scarf to my proud proud earth." Napoleon, a traveler with a sharp eye for real estate values, had a word about Corfu—but not the last. In a letter to Talleyrand he wrote: "I think that henceforth the chief maxim of the French Republic should be never to give up Corfu."

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2. Bliss ( ) _____
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4. Carlos ( ) _____
5. Cullen ( ) _____
6. Ellery ( ) _____
7. Hervey ( ) _____
8. Hickling ( ) _____
9. Lyon ( ) _____
10. Makepeace ( ) _____
11. Rose ( ) _____
12. Schwenk ( ) _____
13. Somerset ( ) _____
14. Sydney ( ) _____
15. Wilkie ( ) _____

A. Victorian novelist and satirist
B. U.S. poet, critic, *SR* editor
C. Light-opera lyricist
D. Midwest newspaper editor
E. American short-story writer
F. Canadian Poet Laureate
G. U.S. physician turned poet
H. Irish Nobel Prize winner
I. English fiction writer, dramatist
J. U.S. poet, novelist, biographer
K. Early American nature-poet
L. Father of British detective novel
M. Yale critic and popularizer
N. 19th-century American historian
O. Wisconsin professor, poet, translator

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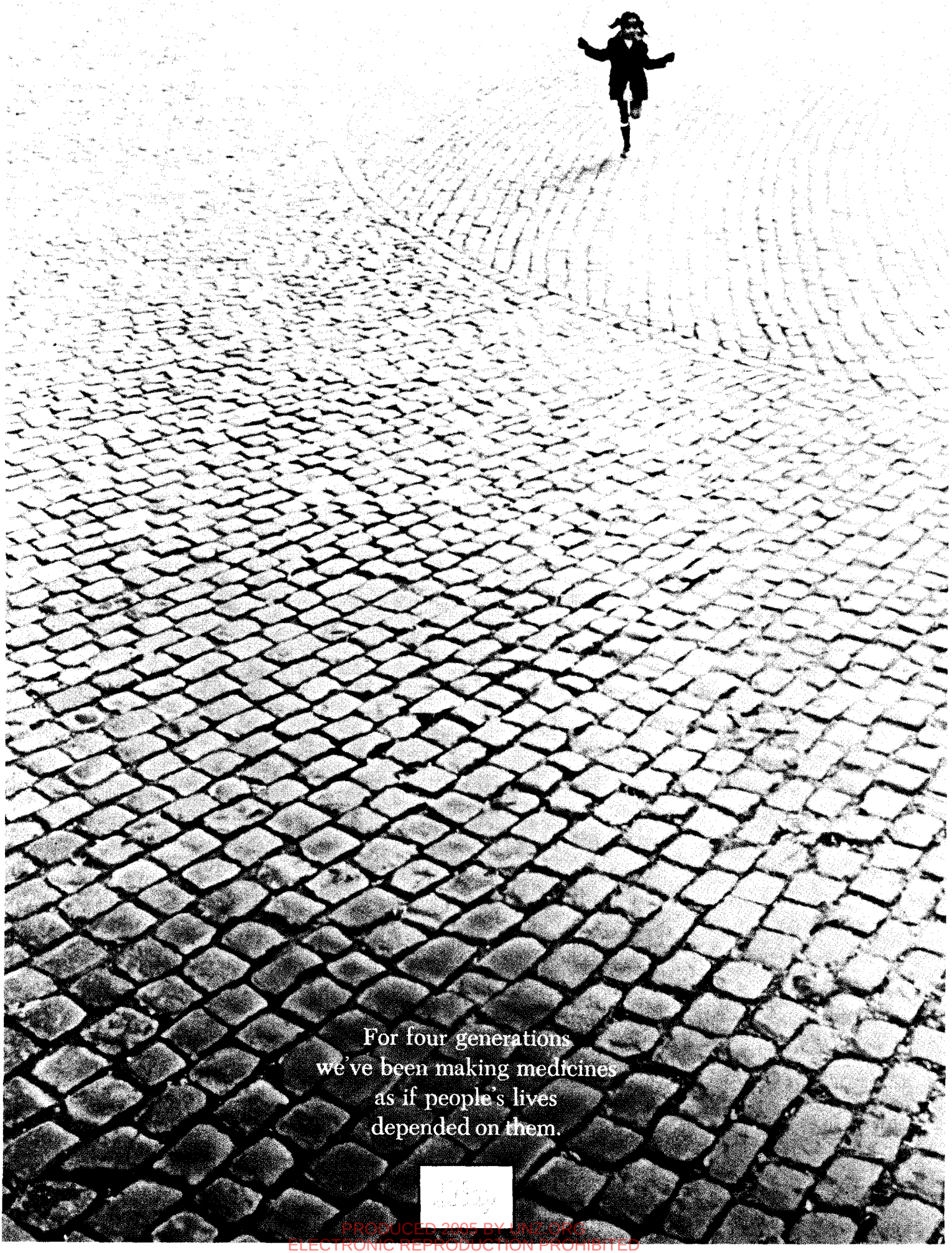

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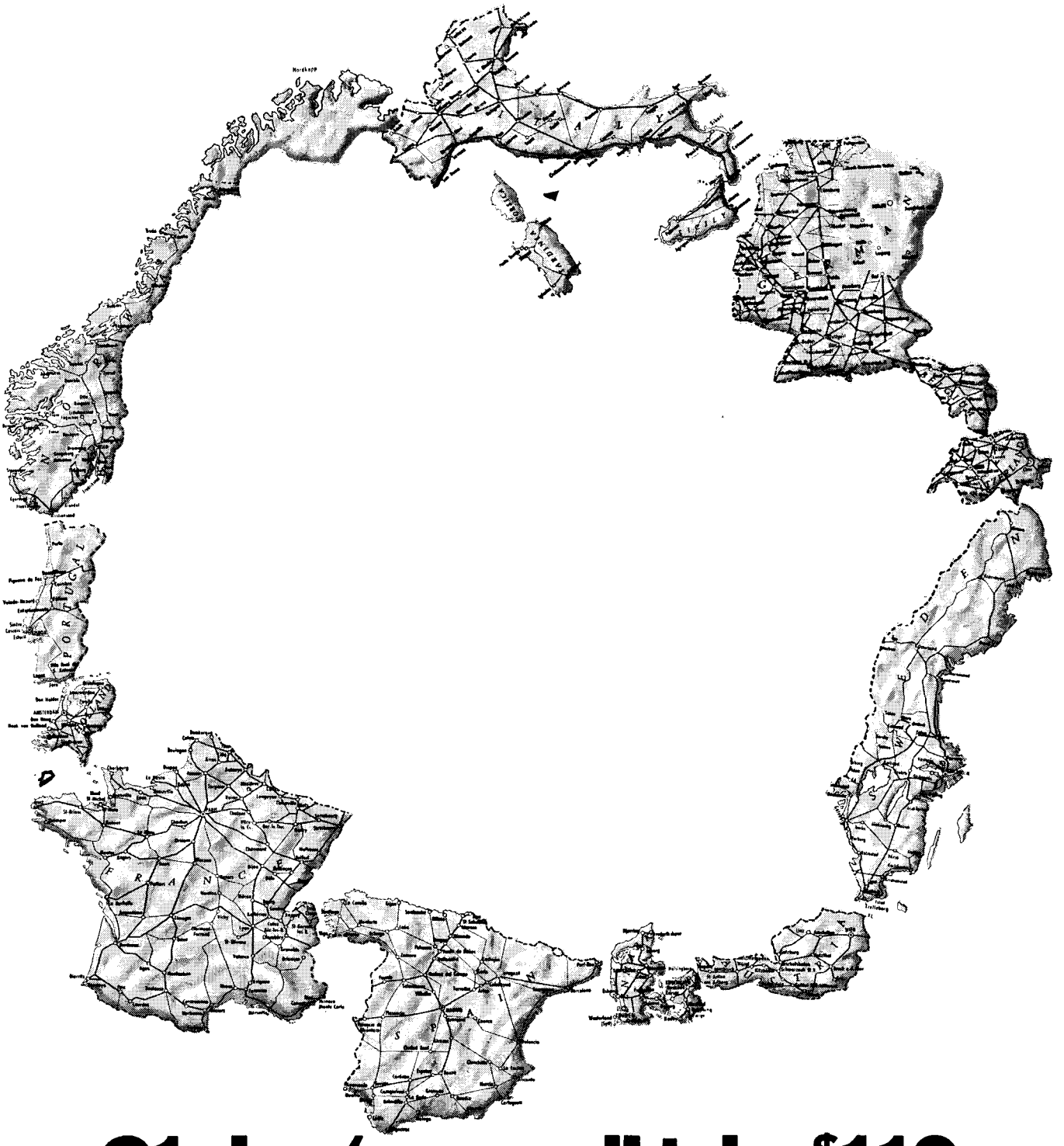

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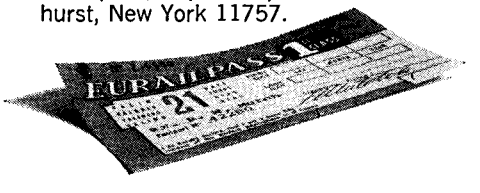

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Kremlin Holiday

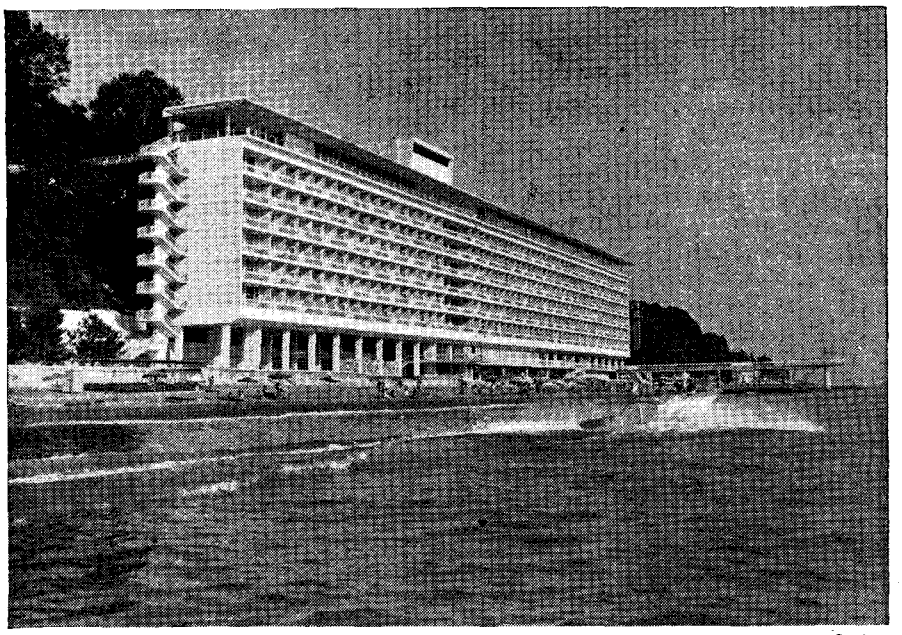
Continued from page 84

it from the rain, and of course the now famous badminton court.

Brezhnev enjoys drawing a distinction between himself and Khrushchev, so he tends to ignore the villa with the swimming pool and he vacations in the Crimea, the beautiful and historic triangle of lush mountains on the northern side of the Black Sea. He generally goes to a government *dacha*, a stone's throw away from Czar Nicholas II's cherished Livadya Palace, the site of the famous Yalta Conference of 1945, which has since been converted into a sanatorium for workers with lung ailments. Starting just about this time, in March, the groves of cypresses, vineyards, orchards, and pastures burst into life with blossoms and beauty that inspired poets such as Pushkin and playwrights such as Chekhov. Many of the villas overlooking the coastline from Yalta to Sevastopol are made of white limestone and decorated with columned balconies and courtyards in the Italianate style. When the Livadya Palace was built in 1910, Empress Alexandra insisted on that style to remind her of her days in Florence. The aristocrats of course, accepted her taste and followed suit, as did the Communist leaders, who assumed that the columns represented Western elegance. The climate in the Crimea from March to late October is ideal, and, quite often, Brezhnev, Podgorny, and Shelest retreat to this fabled land for a rest, or even a working holiday, which was said to have been the case just before the decision was made to send Soviet troops into Czechoslovakia on August 20, 1968.

More recently some Soviet leaders, led by Kosygin, have vacationed along the Baltic shore. Last summer, during the Czech crisis, the Soviet Prime Minister went to the bright and brilliant beaches near Palanga in Lithuania. The waters are cold, much colder than the Black Sea. "It is a much more invigorating place," a Soviet journalist who vacationed there at the same time observed. "The food is excellent, and Kosygin was obviously enjoying the change from the Moscow River and the Crimea."

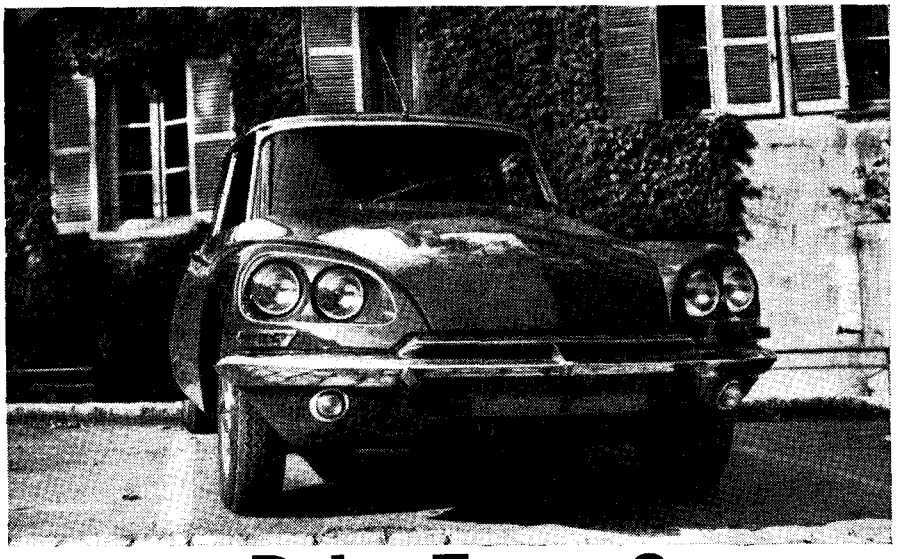
No one knows how much of a favorite Palanga will become for the twelve-man Politburo leadership of the Soviet Union. In a country the size of the Soviet Union there is no shortage of vacation spots, and theoretically there is no shortage of vacation time. The Politburo, no matter what else one may choose to say about it, has a highly civilized rule; the operating assumption is that life is short and the day is long, and every member must take at least one month's vacation every year—he is entitled by law to two months. (Khrushchev got the word that he was out of power while he was on vacation at the Black Sea.)



—*Sovfoto.*

Seashore at Sochi—once the badminton capital of the Black Sea.

Dean Rusk once raised the idea of a precise vacation schedule at a meeting of President Johnson's Cabinet, wondering out loud if a similar rule ought not to be established for U.S. Cabinet officials. The idea was greeted with unrelieved silence and a few polite but definitely controlled smiles. Obviously that is one idea the Politburo will not export to the White House.



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Queen Elizabeth

Continued from page 74

although they have all left their mark, the Founding Mother's impact is still overwhelming. She scattered her "dear Paradise" with monuments and mementos, just as she filled her diaries with fond accounts of Balmoral events and reflections. Her statue faces that of Prince Albert across the golf course. A memorial is devoted to her favorite collie, and a statue to her favorite Highland servant, John Brown. Cairns commemorate the purchase of Balmoral, the marriages of her children, and, sadly, the untimely death of "Albert the Great and Good."

Perhaps nowhere else in Britain has the all-Victorian scene survived so completely as at Balmoral, and in the setting of Royal Deeside it seems utterly natural and delightful. It certainly suggests solid continuity. Crathie Kirk, the Royal family's holiday parish church standing on a birch-fringed hill, was also founded by Victoria in 1893; the ruins of the old church stand across the road. Only Scottish materials were used for the kirk—a wealth of granite, red Balmoral pine, and superb Iona marble veined with black and green. The Royal family always use a side entrance. Their large, carved pews stand in the south transept. And continuity goes beyond architecture. Two marble medallions flanking the Royal pews depict Victoria's son, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and her daughter, Princess Victoria, German Empress and Queen of Prussia, and while the former's profile, minus beard, strongly resembles Prince Philip's, the latter bears an equally conspicuous resemblance to Elizabeth II.

The entire Dee Valley can claim Royal associations. Lochnagar, at 3,800 feet —Byron wrote of its "steep, frowning glories"—is a favorite target of climbers and painters, and forms part of Balmoral Estate. Tiny Ballater probably has more Royal patronage signs over its shops than any other place on earth; the Tourist Information Centre operates from the small toy shop, where, not long ago, Prince Charles and Princess Anne were regular customers. The famous Braemer Gatherings, highly rated by connoisseurs of Highland Games, are regularly attended by Queen Elizabeth and her

family. But then, Ballater was frequented by Scottish kings in the eleventh century. Macbeth himself was killed in this neighborhood in 1057, and if we go further back than that, Balmoral III seems a newborn castle indeed.

The climate makes Deeside a quiet, deserted wonderland in winter. Only a few hotels remain open. The excellent road carries little traffic. Crathie Kirk was locked when I visited it on a brilliant, blustery cold day, but the caretaker opened it up and showed me around. He asked me to keep off the freshly vacuum-cleaned red carpet and then, surrounded by history, we discussed the most labor-saving way of keeping the floor brightly polished, especially in front of the Royal pews.

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de Gaulle

Continued from page 68

is losing, which can render him furious.

As young boys, the favorite game of de Gaulle and his brothers was playing war with toy soldiers. Xavier, the eldest, was always Emperor of Germany; Jacques, the King of England; and Charles, the King of France. One day Xavier said to Charles: "Suppose we changed crowns for once?" Replied Charles: "Never, France belongs to me."

The General is said to have fallen asleep watching an adaptation of Aeschylus' *Persae* and to have remarked to Madame de Gaulle one evening: "It's a pity, Yvonne, that they don't put on more *bon théâtre de boulevard*"—good, light comedy. Madame de Gaulle demurred. She preferred, she said, the classics. De Gaulle: "*Voyons*, Yvonne, at my age one no longer wants to take night courses."

There is no late late show. Lights are out at La Boisserie by midnight. Reveille is at 7 in the morning. The General never skips shaving (he shaved every day in the trenches and was known for his white gloves), but he performs it with dispatch. He may walk in the garden before eating a breakfast of black coffee and—a concession allowed only at Colombey—warm *croissants*. A motorcyclist brings the morning papers from Chaumont and another may deliver a dossier or two from the Elysée Palace. The General closes himself up with the reading material in his tower and meditates. During this solitude no phone rings, an order de Gaulle also enforces in his office at the Elysée, where there are two on his desk. Once, before the war, an interview with Léon Blum was interrupted ten times by phone calls, and de Gaulle never forgot his tired, helpless gestures when he answered them. "Judge for yourself," Blum said, "how the head of the Government cannot continue five minutes with the same idea."

De Gaulle lunches with his family (never longer than forty-five minutes and preferably thirty), rests, goes out into the garden—never to putter, but to stretch his long legs—returns to his tower, meditates some more.

Not even vacation time is exempt from diplomatic coups. It is, after all, only vacation time for others. There is no vacation for *grandeur*.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

(First name: William.) 1D White, 2F Carman, 3H Yeats, 4G Williams, 5K Bryant, 6 O Leonard, 7J Allen, 8N Prescott, 9M Phelps, 10A Thackeray, 11B Benét, 12C Gilbert, 13 I Maugham, 14E Porter (O. Henry), 15L Collins.

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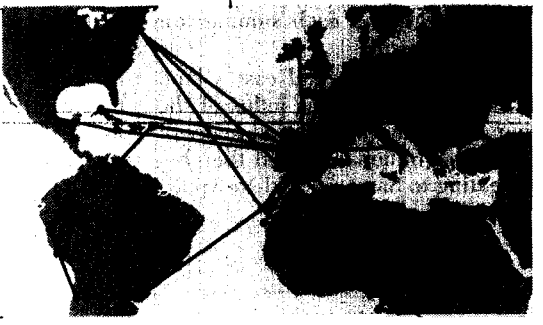

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Jersey

Continued from page 47

field had blocked from a try for a third term. Garfield arrived early for the 1881 season, settled his family, and returned to Washington briefly for some pressing paper work. On July 2, Lucretia Garfield received the terrible news that her husband had been gunned down by a half-crazed office seeker in Washington's Union Station. The badly wounded President was moved from sweltering Washington to Long Branch at his own request. Because doctors were afraid to transport him in a jolting carriage, a railroad spur five-eighths of a mile long was built in a single night directly to the front door of the cottage where he was to stay. Alas, the sea air did poor Garfield no good, and his blundering doctors did him a great deal of harm. He died on Sunday, September 19. Vice President Chester A. Arthur, who already had rented a house that season in Long Branch, took over and returned to enjoy the playground each summer for the rest of his term.

But Garfield's death had cast a kind of pall over the place. The influx of the sporting crowd had also soured many of the haughtier millionaires, and they began retreating to Saratoga and Newport.

—*Brown Brothers.*

Sea Girt mansion on Jersey shore—brief revival from puritanical reform.

When Democrat Grover Cleveland won in 1884, he scrupulously avoided any and all aspects of his Republican predecessors, and Long Branch became an ex-playground. Republican Benjamin Harrison spent some time there during his years as President (1889-1893), but "The Branch" was definitely declining.

The coup de grâce was a wave of puritanical reform in New Jersey, which closed down the gambling houses and the race track. Though William McKinley paid a visit, it was more in memory of his Republican predecessors than in pursuit of salt air and the social splendor a President deserved. Only briefly did Long Branch revive. That was in the summer of 1916, when Woodrow Wilson, campaigning for renomination, accepted the offer of millionaire J. B. Greenhut to use his magnificent estate, Shadow Lawn, as a summer residence.

Shadow Lawn was already an architectural and financial legend. John A. McCall, president of the New York Life Insurance Company, had built it in 1903 on 65 acres. It contained fifty-two rooms, and all the bathrooms had gold-plated plumbing. For a while, Long Branch was again thronged with curiosity seekers. But Wilson did little or no vacationing. Simultaneously campaigning and running the government, he was immersed in politics and executive decision-making day and night. No aura of social prestige gathered around his presence, in spite of the fact that the Long Branch Chamber of Commerce issued approximately 25,000 summer White House souvenir stamps.

Wilson never returned to Shadow Lawn. In a somewhat desperate gesture, Long Branchers tried to purchase the $10,000,000 mansion. They proposed to give it to the federal government, if by some sort of fantastic finagling it could be designated the official summer White House. The idea got nowhere, in spite of prodding by local Congressmen. Ten years later, Shadow Lawn burned to the ground. Many of the old hotels and mansions suffered the same fate, and others yielded to the wrecker's ball. (The Grants' summer White House was torn down in 1964.) Others became nursing homes and boarding houses.

Today, our Chief Executives jet to more distant pleasure domes. The brightly uniformed bands on Long Branch's hotel lawns, the gorgeously gowned ladies, the strutting dandies, the gigolos, the florid capitalists, and the reckless sports have vanished with the Presidents. But if it is any consolation, no Presidential playground has yet equaled the duration of the Branch's reign or the swaggering vigor of its good times.

Tour

By Peter Sears

THE rumor among the houseboat locals
was that the old volcano was waking up mad
and its snorts were tossing tourists from canoes
—the ones who try to lick the moon off the water—
but the tourists claimed the cove was full of mines.
Boats were outlawed and soon there were too many fish
for the tourists to enjoy swimming,
so to lure the rush into huge nets
the resort owners dribbled garbage into the cove
and flattered their guests into doing fancy casting
from the balconies and the cocktail veranda.

Sharks tailed in after the fish,
then rolled in shallow for the garbage
and shadowed the roped-off wading area.
The resort owners led a posse to the boats
and chased the sharks around the cove
shooting at them and now and then
at one another just for fun and also
to keep down the drinking and dozing in the boats
until the mines went up, toppling all the resorts
and that is why this lovely seaside village
is not included on this year's tour. However,
our bus makes a rest stop on the corniche boulevard
where they still sell many of last year's postcards.

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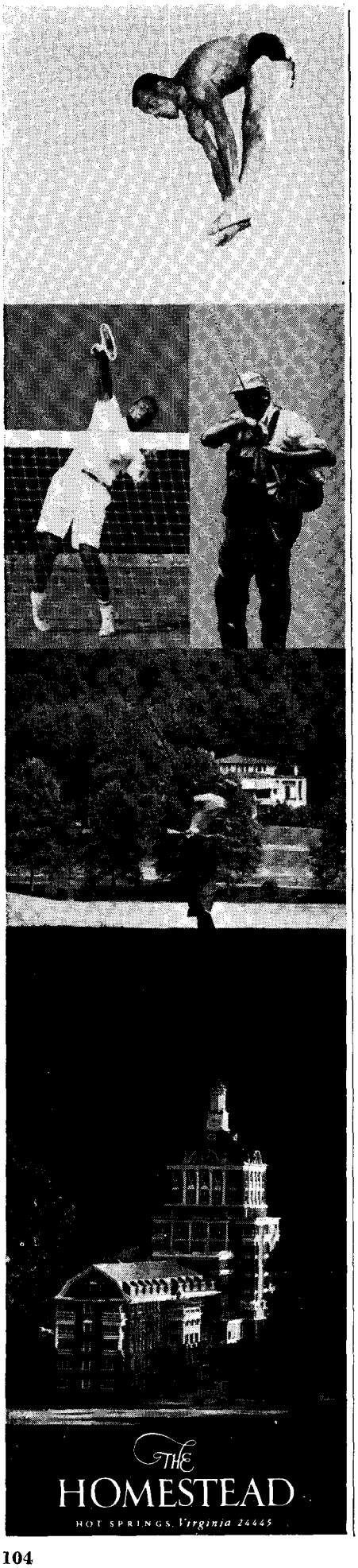


FDR's Warm Springs

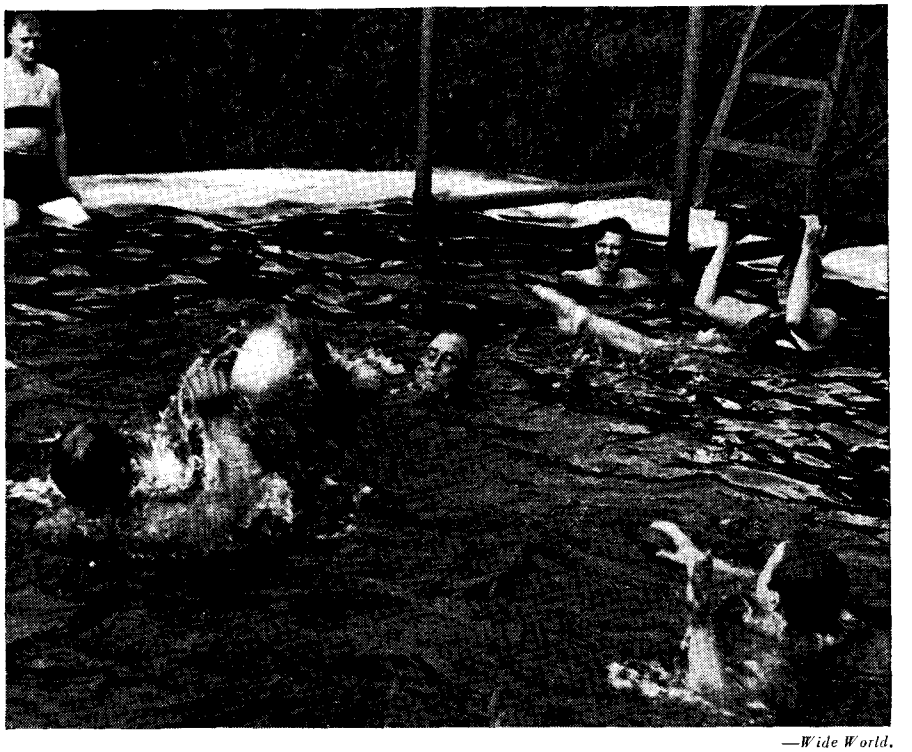
Continued from page 45

my toes." The news spread. Two polio victims arrived at Warm Springs and were carried on stretchers to the hotel where Roosevelt was staying. He housed them in an old cottage he called "the wreck," and when six others arrived within a few days, Roosevelt the patient suddenly became Roosevelt the doctor, directing exercises, acting as therapist. Mrs. Stevens remembers watching him for hours as he worked with one stout old woman, trying to get her feet planted in the sand. Fred Botts, who was later to become registrar of the Warm Springs Foundation Hospital, recalled how FDR worked with his crippled legs, all the while teasing him about his emaciated frame, threatening to put a stopper in the pool so Botts wouldn't go down the drain. "He was absolutely tireless working with us," Botts said. And Mrs. Stevens heard him tell his patients that he hoped his "medical fraternity will allow me to come back and practice here. I feel I'm rather good at giving exercises in the water."

WHEN the public swimming pool was closed to polio victims in 1927, Roosevelt originated the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation with two-thirds of his personal fortune. He spearheaded a statewide $100,000 fund-raising drive to build the hospital and a pool for his patients, hired an Atlanta orthopedist as Surgeon-in-Charge, and sent a Warm Springs boy, John Rheille, to Boston to learn the art of making braces so he could set up a local brace shop.

By 1928 he had also bought a 1,750-acre farm south of Warm Springs on top of Pine Mountain—"He likes things high up," his overseer explained to the local farmers. He had challenged the South's precarious cotton economy by introducing cattle ranching and planting his fields with corn, soy beans, hay, and peach trees. He had sponsored the bond issue for construction of a schoolhouse, had personally endorsed a bank note with the mayor to pave the main street, and had so ingratiated himself with the citizens of Bullochville—on the eastern side of the railroad tracks—that they voted to heal their breach with Warm Springs—on the western side of the railroad tracks—and become the incorporated City of Warm Springs. Roosevelt, proud of his new status as "Democratic Yankee," bragged to his New York cronies that he'd even outsmarted a Pine Mountain mule trader, but this was a gross exaggeration. Uncle Henry Kimbrough did give him a bargain price on a mule, thinking Roosevelt might be slated for big things someday, but when FDR, as President, returned to buy a second mule, Uncle Henry explained that the price was a little high: "I'm getting back that $40 I lost on that first trade."

It was a Warm Springs doctor who persuaded FDR to re-enter politics in 1928. Roosevelt was sitting at the wheel



—Wide World.

FDR at play—"They loved his booming laugh, his gift for gratitude."

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of his Model T, an old hat crushed on his forehead, staring despondently at a telegram when Dr. Neal Kitchens walked up and asked him what was wrong. When FDR explained that the Democratic convention wanted him to accept the nomination for governor of the state of New York, Dr. Kitchens laughed.

"Is that all that's bothering you?"

"You don't understand. New York is a Republican state," said Roosevelt.

Replied Dr. Kitchens: "Republican, hell. Wire Al Smith yes and you'll be elected and re-elected. In four years you'll be President of the U.S."

"Warm Springs did more than enable him to throw away his crutches and walk with a cane," wrote Compton McKenzie, "more than teach him the hazards of farming in the South, more than enable him to drive a car again, more than supply him with the perpetual refreshment of human devotion, sympathy, and gratitude expressed sometimes, as his mother recalls, by simple little gifts of honey or wild strawberries. . . . Warm Springs taught him the lesson which he would someday voice in these words: 'Our civilization cannot endure unless we, as individuals, realize our personal responsibility to and dependence on the rest of the world. For it is literally true that the self-supporting man or woman has become as extinct as the men of the Stone Age. Without the help of thousands of others, everyone of us would die, naked and starved.' "

IT is doubtful that the people of Middle Georgia ever understood the broad thrust of his humanity—Meriwether County, which voted 1,000 to 1 for FDR in 1944, went for Wallace in 1968. They understood his concern in specifics—the electricity which they got through R.E.A. after Roosevelt noted that his light bill in rural Warm Springs was four times higher than the bill he paid in Hyde Park; the Negro grammar school he underwrote and the Negro vocational school, the CCC camp he brought to Pine Mountain; the campaign to prevent forest fires which he launched at a luncheon of turnip greens, and his philosophy which enlightened the treatment of patients at Warm Springs, a philosophy which still forbids the use of the word "handicap" by the staff or the patients.

In Warm Springs they called him neighbor, and they took it for granted that they were all invited to the housewarming with which he opened his six-room, $8,000 Little White House in 1932. The local telephone operators were busy for days getting word to the farmers in the outlying districts that FDR expected them to drop by for coffee and cake. They loved his booming laugh and his quips about Judge Revill's paunch and Fred Botts's new silk hat—"that's one economy in my Administration. I'm going to borrow Fred's hat for the Inaugural ceremony." They also loved his gift for gratitude. When Ruth Stevens baked him a black nut cake and sent it over on a chrome platter decorated with red, white, and blue tissue paper, he dropped by the hotel in his open car and chatted with her in the chill November air until she began to fret about his catching cold and sped him off with a "Good-bye, honey, hurry back to see us."

THE entourage of reporters, Cabinet members, and hangers-on who periodically took over the Warm Springs Hotel were, Frank Allcorn admits, a terrible inconvenience. "We had people there from all over the world—polio victims and their families. We had to put them out with almost no notice, then change all the linen. But we loved him. We didn't complain."

Some members of the Presidential party—veteran capital reporter Merriman Smith, in particular—were welcomed like home folks. When Allcorn was elected mayor of Warm Springs by four votes, Smith called a press conference at the hotel coffee shop and presented the new mayor with an acceptance speech.

"From now on things will be different in Warm Springs," it said. "You may as well know it now. I'm going to be progressive. I used to get $1.50 for a steak at my hotel. From now in they will be $2.00. That's progress, Allcorn style.

"Now for the few of you—those four voters—who failed to hear any of my various campaign speeches, I would like to outline my program for Warm Springs. The first thing we need is a street. What the hell good is a town without a street? And then we'll need somebody to walk

WIT TWISTER #102

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The — — — — is quite fat and tall,
But no one likes its stringy meat;
And though the — — — — is rather small,
I — — — — it's good to cook and eat.

(*Answer on page* 106)

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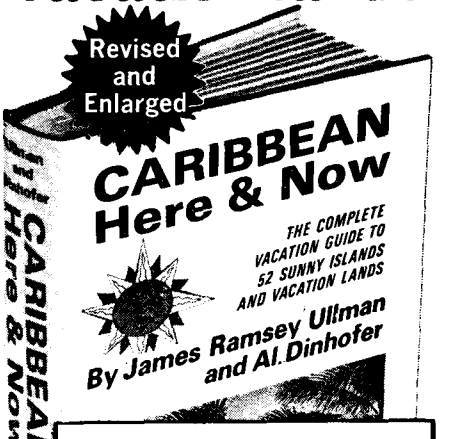
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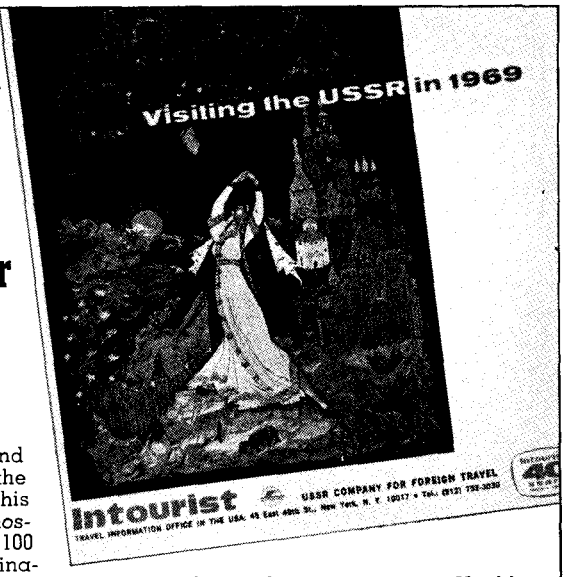

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on it. And the first man who says I'm coming out in favor of streetwalkers is a liar."

During the war years his neighbors saw little of him. He did manage to make his annual pilgrimage to the Foundation to carve the Thanksgiving turkey for the patients, and often he lingered to entertain the children at picnics at Dowdell's Knob. Here, with the valley spread out below him, at the site where Dowdell had preached the Gospel to his slaves, the President roasted hot dogs while Bun Wright played the fiddle. He discarded the Navy cape which usually hid his crippled legs and wore his braces over his trousers, perhaps in deference to the children who, shackled in braces, warmed their hands at his open fire.

Ruth Stevens was at the depot when he arrived for his last visit on March 30, 1945. "He was dressed in a navy blue suit—but no smile or nod of the head this time," she recalled in her book. On Easter Sunday he attended services at the Foundation chapel, a little white brick building pierced with crosses and crowned with an old iron bell. The patients in wheel chairs and on stretchers were already sitting or lying in the cleared area before the lace-covered altar when FDR took his place in the second pew. He was ashen and nervous—he dropped his hymnal and his glasses—and when he did not signal to speak to the patients after the service, they realized the war had broken him.

BUT he did accept an invitation the following week to Frank Allcorn's barbecue. Ruth Stevens got it up, thinking there would be only a dozen guests. When she and Frank went up to Pine Mountain to clean the picnic area, the woods were starred with dogwood, the wild violets were blooming, and the air was drenched with honeysuckle. While she and Frank were raking up pinestraw, Major Dewitt Greer of the Signal Corps drove by and gave her a guest list of forty-five names. The next day the Little White House called with a message from the President; he was sending Mrs. Stevens a kiss on each cheek but he was concerned about the Brunswick stew. He'd heard all about the 300-pound hog, but not a word about the stew. Mrs. Stevens assured him the stew was already cooking in an iron pot.

She had just finished baking the President a nut cake on Wednesday when a platoon of Marines, GIs, and newsmen arrived at the hotel. The bugler blew a trumpet blast; "This is a White House serenade," Merriman Smith announced, and he presented her with an envelope addressed to "Her Ladyship, Mrs. Ruth

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Answer to Wit Twister, page 105: rhea, hare, hear.

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Stevens, the Duchess of Meriwether County and Macon." Inside was an elaborately printed revised guest list; it had swelled to sixty-four guests. "Jesus Christ," said Ruth Stevens.

At 5 a.m. on April 12, she met the Allcorns, Frank and Janet, at their mountain cottage. She had already cooked twelve hens, twenty-five pounds of stew meat, two hog heads, eighteen cans of tomatoes, and eighteen cans of corn. By 6 a.m., the two hogs and a 100-pound lamb were roasting on the coals. They covered a huge U-shaped table with green oilcloth, decorated it with clusters of white azaleas and sprays of green huckleberries in huge crocks. The President's chair, a green wooden armchair with a cushion of silk scraps, was placed beneath an oak tree hung with wisteria —the spot commanded a view of the greening valley below. There was another chair for him at the barbecue pit; he had told Mrs. Stevens he wanted to see the meat on the racks and the Brunswick stew in the pot when he came up the drive.

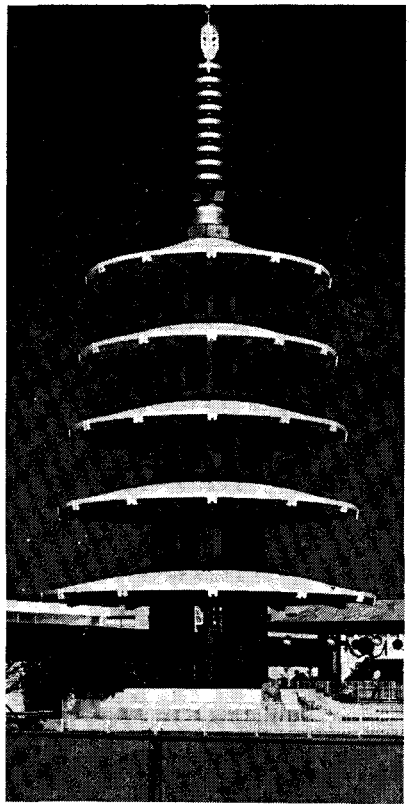
AT 4, the guests began to arrive. While they waited for the President, Bun Wright, who was on hand to play "Comin' Round the Mountain," recalled how Roosevelt liked to ride over to the Cove to see him clog dance and beat the fiddle. "Mr. Roosevelt—giving you 'Cackling Pullet.' Now give you 'Fiddler's Dram,' give you a little bit of 'Devil's Dream.'"

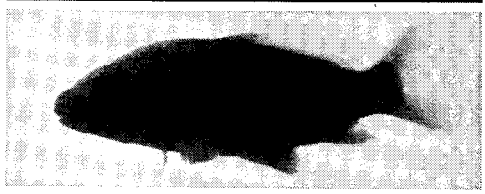
At 5, Major Greer was called back to the Little White House. He returned thirty minutes later, told Ruth to stop the music and putting his hand on Allcorn's shoulder said, "The Boss is dead." Bun Wright pulled off his hat, folded his arms, and wept. "What a good man to leave us," he mourned.

At Warm Springs, they still talk about the agonized confusion of the day after the President's death—the Secret Service men checking out of the hotel, the reporters checking in, the farmers walking, dazed and weeping, through the streets. But more poignantly, they remember the stricken faces of the children when the funeral entourage stopped briefly at the Foundation. Graham Jackson was playing "Goin' Home" on his accordion, and old Tom Logan, who had waited on the President, was murmuring, "Please God, be good to him."

Mrs. Stevens, standing beside the case that holds the guest list for the barbecue and Bun Wright's fiddle, tends to tears when she recalls that day. "We never thought he'd die here. He'd come down to the hotel and open the car door; he wanted to get close to you or you to him. That voice, that great voice. . . you never thought of him as being crippled."

"He was our friend; we loved him," adds Frank Allcorn. "This was his home, you know, the only home he ever had."





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Nixon

Continued from page 41

warm spring day. "You literally or figuratively kick off your shoes and tie when you go through that gate," Keasler said. Tourists and President-watchers have been crossing the causeway in increasing numbers since the election, but long before that the key was a popular attraction. Best of all it has the finest public beaches in Dade County, an area which does not abound in sandy shoreline despite the impressions one derives from newspaper ads. Swimmers, picnickers, beer-drinkers, those who like their sand fine as sugar, return again and again to the beaches on Key Biscayne's eastern (or Atlantic) shore, stretching from Crandon Park to the more secluded Cape Florida. Two places that probably lure as many visitors as the President's compound are the Seaquarium, where Flipper the porpoise displays more élan and imagination than the two young girls sharing his act, and a well appointed zoo entered free of charge.

LEAVING the causeway and heading into Crandon Park, the newcomer would think he was on the Road to Bali, so thick and lush are the palms spreading back from both sides of the divided highway. At one time, in fact, Key Biscayne had the largest coconut crop in North America, an esthetic if not financial success achieved by William J. Matheson, a philanthropist, yachtsman, and chemical-dye specialist who settled on the island in 1902. Matheson, whose sons carry on much of the family investment on Key Biscayne, bought up a large tract of land in the early years and went about filling in mangrove swamps, laying roads, and generally paving the way for other wealthy sportsmen and pioneer islanders to join his elite colony. There were only fifty or so permanent residents by the late 1930s, the land rush not beginning until the causeway was built in 1947.

Emerging from Crandon Park, you come to a traffic circle which is planted with a dozen American flags when the President is home, and then other signs of suburban civilization—shopping centers, motels, gas stations. Harbor Drive, the first right turn, leads past three churches and the Key Biscayne Yacht Club en route to the street the President lives on. Nixon has attended Sunday services at all the island's churches and is an honorary member of the yacht club. Bebe

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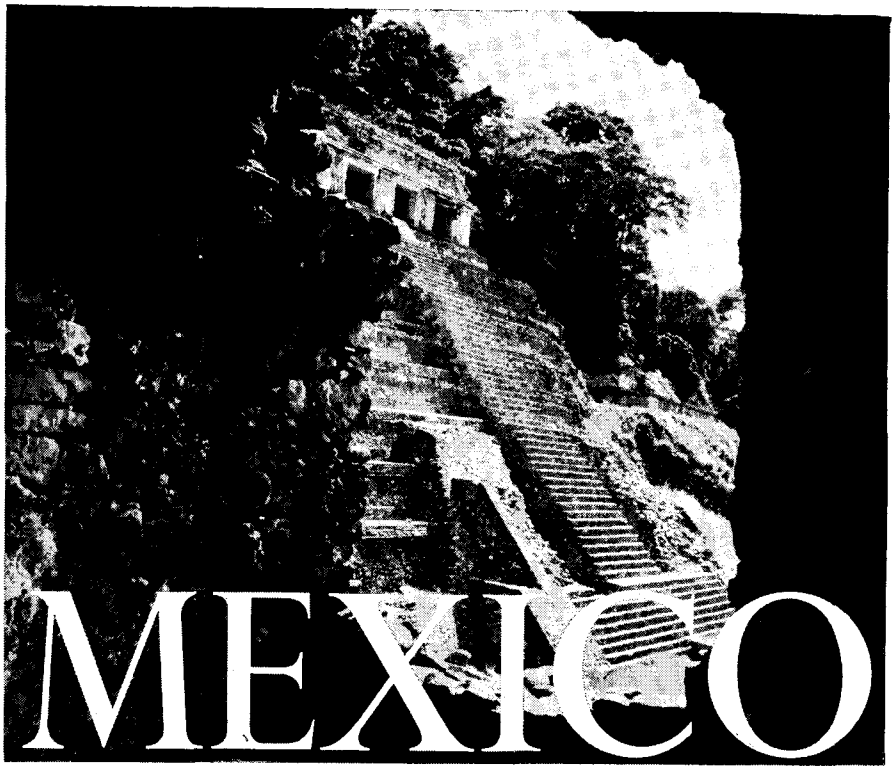
Rebozo—a sort of Howard Hughes in miniature, owing to his wealth and taciturnity—keeps the yellow Thunderbird Drift-R-Cruz houseboat *Coco Lobo* at the club's marina and frequently takes his friend the President out for carefree cruises. There is nothing elegant about the club—if anything it tends to a comfortable tackiness—but its 500 members are looking forward to a $150,000 remodeling job this spring. Members of the beach club across the island believe theirs is an equally exclusive organization, though admitting that some memberships come automatically with the purchase of a house. "But we still have to pay a fee to get in," a beach club member told me proudly.

Norman Riddle, the yacht club dockmaster, may be the least conventional looking man on the island. He is a hardy old salt, a retired Navy man with a full white beard, bronze leathery skin, and a presence that speaks of a lifetime before the mast. He has met and spoken with Nixon many times around the marina, but heads of state no longer awe him: During the war he served in Washington Navy Yard where he hobnobbed with Roosevelt and Churchill on occasion. Of Nixon he said: "I think he is a gentleman if I ever met one. I don't even think he drinks." (One or two martinis is said to be the President's limit. "If he is a connoisseur of anything," a Nixon observer told me, "it is martinis. He is very particular about the brand of gin—he prefers Beefeater—and the way it's mixed.")

Whether Nixon is in town or not, a tight security is posted on Bay Lane, which intersects Harbor Drive just beyond the yacht club. Only residents of Bay Lane and persons on official business are permitted to turn right off Harbor Drive, past the sawhorses and Secret Service men. All day the curious stream by in cars and on foot, peering up the curving well shaded street. The President's security force on Key Biscayne must be massive, but except for the block or two around his compound, agents seldom are in evidence. Little commotion attends his visits. I observed no more traffic crawling by Bay Lane during his first Presidential appearance than on the days he wasn't there. Other than the dozen flags at the traffic circle and some red-white-and-blue bunting draped on the Key Colony Motel, I saw no outward recognition of his presence.

Leonard Hamm, a retired trucking executive from St. Louis, has a house on the corner of Bay Lane and Harbor Drive, which gives him a front-yard view of the action. Standing beside his yellow Cadillac convertible (bearing two NIXON FOR PRESIDENT stickers), Hamm talked fondly of the island's favorite son. "We adore him. Why? Because we knew him walking up and down the beach. We used to see him, my wife and I, walking



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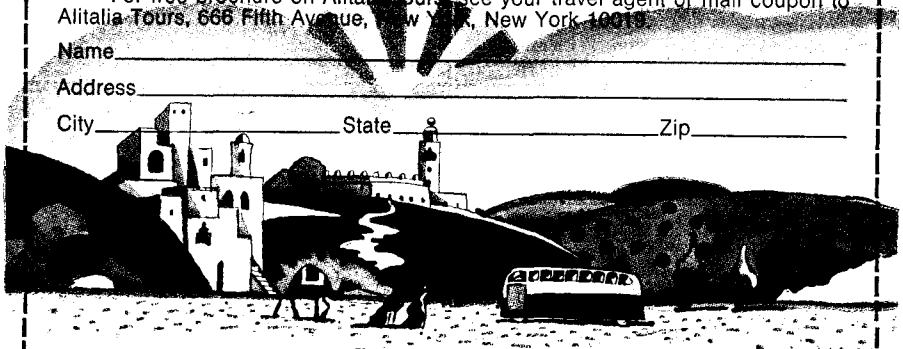

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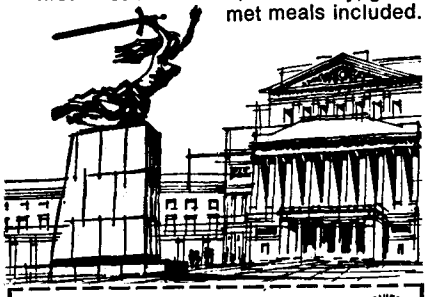

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to the lighthouse. We love him." Hamm said his wife had snapped many pictures of Nixon over the years, and when I asked if I might look at a selection, he drew back his friendly-neighbor antennae. "Where's your identification?" he asked me. "I might be talking to a Communist."

No longer will the President be able to enjoy the solitude of long walks. For one thing, the lighthouse he strolled to, a quaint red-brick tower on Cape Florida, the oldest landmark on Key Biscayne, stands on the opposite or ocean side of the island. Beaches on the bay side are shorter, and anyway Presidents don't wander far on their own.

"Nixon loves to walk on the beach," says Earl Mazo. "When nobody else is around, he's a barefoot man. In 1962, when he was trying to make up his mind whether to run for governor of California—it was an agonizing decision—he was staying at a friend's home near Malibu. He called and said, 'Come on down and let's have a drink.' When I got there he was lathered in sweat, like he'd been running the marathon. He had gone for a walk on the beach with his dog Checkers and he got so deep in thought he didn't pay attention to the dog and it disappeared. He was so frightened he ran all the way back, zig-zagging through the dunes, a mile and a half, shouting all the way. He said he came back and found the dog waiting at the door. He told me it was one of the happiest moments of his life."

Nixon observers say the President is as close to Rebozo as anyone he knows. The two friends and business associates (Nixon and Rebozo are part of a corporation that owns much of nearby Fisher Island) were introduced in the late 1940s when Senator George Smathers, a neighbor of Rebozo's, brought Nixon down on vacation. "Nixon doesn't have many close friends," says an old acquaintance. "One of the reasons Rebozo is such a good friend is that he keeps his mouth shut. Then every time Nixon wants to say something he just bounces if off Bebe and gets a reply. Finch and Rogers are his only personal friends in the Cabinet; they'll probably show up on vacation. There's really nobody on his staff who plays the role of court jester, which is odd because Nixon likes a good joke. Kennedy had Dave Powers, a wonderful Irishman, to take his mind off business. Ike had George Allen."

On that long weekend in early February, Nixon got out of the compound to dine and confer with Rogers and Kissinger, ride on Rebozo's houseboat, and attend church on Sunday morning. He was missed at the Jamaica Inn on Crandon Boulevard, a pleasant candle-lit restaurant he used to favor in less pressing times. At the bar one night a wintering couple from Albany, New York, were

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drinking Irish coffee and talking with Mac the bartender, while at the piano Henry Cabauy was playing the kind of songs to remember old girl friends by. Everything about the man from Albany suggested a classic "Of Thee I Sing" politician—florid face, white mustache, hearty laugh, even his name, J. Palmer Harcourt, and his nickname, Senator. "Well," he roared, "I would have been a Senator but for the voters of Albany County." Harcourt, a Republican county official, went to the convention in Miami last summer to nominate Nelson Rockefeller.

"But I'm not against Nixon," he said. "I'll give you a cutie, and I think the Missus will corroborate it. I was going to a state GOP dinner one year—$150 a plate—and I said, 'Hey, toots, why not try it for once. There's a young Congressman from California going to speak.' Well, what do you know, she came along. Anyway, Nixon made a strong speech. He was all male. When he finished I turned to my table of ten or twelve and said, 'There in my opinion goes the white hope of the Republican Party.'"

CABAUY, who has played often for Nixon and his family at the Jamaica Inn, was filling the room with the soft tinkling sounds of "Try to Remember," "Yellow Bird," "Lara's Theme," "Fly Me to the Moon"—die-hard tunes that Key Biscayne will not surrender, regardless of pop trends. Nixon usually requests "Lara," "Impossible Dream," and "April in Portugal," as well as Chopin's "Polonaise" (which, Cabauy says, "happens to be a victory piece").

"To me," Harcourt went on, trying to capture the essence of Key Biscayne and sounding slightly ominous, "this has been a little bit of heaven. We know an awful lot of people who come here; the beaches are gorgeous; there's a sporting little nine-hole golf course. Why, I think in fifteen years we went into Miami twice, to see Ethel Merman and Jimmy Durante. What I'm afraid of is, will they ruin it all, the builders and the people who've got to see what the President's doing? Shoot, we like it the way it is—spending a couple-three hours at the beach, having lunch, playing a little bridge in the afternoon; might have a nice couple over for cocktails, maybe play a little cards or come down to listen to Henry"—he raised his voice and winked at Cabauy—"who's a marvelous piano player. . . . This is why I don't want Key Biscayne to change. I wouldn't know where to go."

Harcourt and a visitor sat at the bar and listened to the old songs, one man wondering how to turn back the clock on Key Biscayne, the other trying to convince himself it was 1969 and he was less than four miles from the nearest discothèque, the closest ghetto.

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Music to My Ears

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A Week of Böhm, Karajan, Szell, Frühbeck de Burgos

AGAINST ALL the improbabilities of health and the hazards of fortune, the Metropolitan has reinstated its production of Strauss's *Die Frau ohne Schatten* on the lofty level of theater craft and musical ensemble it occupied during the first round of performances in 1966. There was, in that season, opportunity for a mere nine performances; and this season will add only five audiences more to those privileged to experience this example of operatic craft at its best.

At this rate of diminishing returns, it may take until 1972 for all of the Met's subscribers to have their shareholder's share of *Die Frau*, with one of two possible results: 1) they will be skeptical of the claims of quality made for it; 2) the quality will have eroded by the time their turn comes. Understandably, the difficulty of marshaling the necessary forces is considerable; but it would seem simpler to bring them together for two or three seasons consecutively than after a lapse of one or more seasons.

In any case, it is only a refreshed contact with this masterful example of musical theater under Karl Böhm's direction that the order of accomplishment possible in these surroundings is freshly apparent. With virtually the same performers as before, the results are on an even higher level. James King as the Emperor is in firmer control of his fine sound than previously; Leonie Rysanek is at her greatest, vocally and dramatically, as the Empress; the Berrys (Walter as Barak and his legal spouse, Christa Ludwig, also as Barak's wife) are perhaps the best embodiments of these parts to be heard today; Irene Dalis is an uncommonly effective Nurse; and William Dooley as the Messenger completes a roster of principals difficult to improve upon.

All of this quality would fail Strauss's intended effect were there a significant lapse from their level to that of the numerous others involved. It is the musical triumph of this enterprise that Theodore Lambrinos, Lorenzo Alvary, and Paul Franke as the male trio of Act II; Robert Nagy as the voice of the male apparition, Carlotta Ordassy as The Falcon, and the dozen others in similar parts (only smaller, not less important) contribute equally in quality. Robert O'Hearn's sumptuous scenic composite and the adept staging of Nathaniel Merrill make a creative use of the theater's resources too often forgotten in a surfeit of *Bohèmes, Butterflys*, and *Lucias*. Man cannot live by Strauss alone, but there must be an accessible ground higher than that which the Met customarily achieves.

It was, indeed, demonstrably present during the same week, as Herbert von Karajan returned for another round of *Walküres* and *Rheingolds* (to put them in the order of occurrence rather than creation). In both instances, the Wotan was Theo Adam, adding impressively to the order of achievement embodied in his previous Hans Sachs. Despite his less than imposing presence, Adam bears himself well, exudes authority, and otherwise commands the kind of respect that a god should (except, of course, from his wife Fricka, who was Josephine Veasey on the first occasion, and Anna Reynolds on the second).

Adam met the long, hard challenge of the *Walküre* Wotan with a crispness of action and a sturdiness of sound altogether commendable. His command of the Wagnerian *parlando* carried him securely across the long declamatory stretches of this role, leaving him with ample reserve when required.

Birgit Nilsson's Brünnhilde was triumphant in its freedom and persuasiveness, dominating such not easily dominated others as Régine Crespin (Sieglinde), Jon Vickers (Siegmund), and Karl Ridderbusch (Hunding), not to mention the cosmos of sound created by Karajan with the orchestra.

In the *Rheingold* broadcast, the audience at large heard a stirring summation of the music in this score, but what they missed in the sight of the Karajan/Schneider-Siemssen production is, perhaps, an even greater share of the totality. At an opposite extreme from O'Hearn's solidly structural *Frau*, it achieves its objectives with equal conviction. In undertaking the *Rheingold* Wotan only a few days later than the *Walküre*, Adam perhaps overmatched himself. There were equal virtues of action and authority, but the earlier god asks for a deeper voice (viz. Hans Hotter) than Adam possesses. More may be said of it when it is next heard. Miss Reynolds (cast as Flosshilde as well as replacing Veasey as Fricka) provides an admirable illusion, though the voice is light for what is needed. In the final scene, Shirley Love provided the voice of the off-stage Flosshilde.

George Szell and the Cleveland Or-

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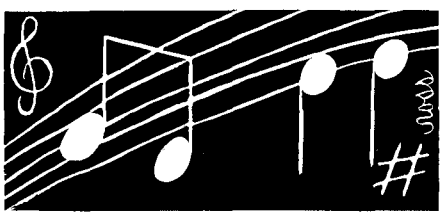
chestra brought to a close their all-too-brief seasonal stand in Carnegie Hall (one concert was lost to the elements when a snowstorm delayed the arrival of a truck with its instruments) with a program in which Christoph Eschenbach made his New York debut as soloist in the F-major (K.459) Piano Concerto of Mozart. For those who had not heard him previously, Eschenbach's effort earned him a place of prominence among younger pianists with a bent to this literature; for those who had (via a series of impressive recordings), this Mozart Concerto, for all the suavity, finesse, and self-effacement of its re-creation, afforded less than total opportunity for the assertion of individuality or the insertion of personality. That will, perhaps, come in his forthcoming recital. Szell and his men opened the evening with a beautifully colored playing of Weber's *Freischütz* Overture and left its New York audience for another year with the ringing C-major conclusion of Schumann's Symphony No. 2.

Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos is the latest in a lengthening sequence of younger conductors to have guest privileges with the Philadelphia Orchestra in its Philharmonic Hall series. According to those in authority, this relates less to a present plan for a change of direction than to a systematic survey of eligibles. Going a step further, it has even more to do with exposing the conductor to the players than to the audience, as a way of observing reactions, chemical as well as musical.

Frühbeck, a tall, well set-up man respected both aspects of his German-Spanish background in devoting part one of the evening to Beethoven's *Fidelio* Overture and the Symphony No. 6, and part two to Falla's *Tricorne*.

It was always lively music-making that Frühbeck provided, characterized by spirit, freshness of feeling, and a sure means of communicating with the orchestra. There was some question, however, whether his judgment and taste have kept pace with his pattern of opportunity. The tempo he preferred for the section of the *Pastoral* depicting the villagers and rustic band at play charged along at a speed that made such an association purely nominal. Mason Jones, the orchestra's great principal horn player, accommodated Frühbeck's demands in his incomparably agile way, but if this is a way for a conductor to influence audiences, it is not a way to make friends of musicians.



World of Dance

Walter Terry

—*Courtesy Locare Research Group, Los Angeles.*

Isadora Duncan dances in "Animated Picture Studio," made by American Mutoscope & Biograph Company, 1903.

Fabulous Find in the Files

ISADORA DUNCAN in movies! Can that be possible? Ever since the great dancer's tragic death in 1927, there has been a continuous search—both here and abroad—for movies which show her dancing. Still pictures, sculptures, paintings, drawings, sketches of all sorts by some of the world's great artists have left us a magnificent record of her in arrested moments in movement. But no movies. Almost every Duncan admirer believes that there must be a movie—if only a home movie—of her somewhere.

Indeed, I received a letter from an elderly lady who said she recalled a garden party in France when Isadora danced and when movies were taken, but she had forgotten just where the affair had taken place. How close we come to finding a dance treasure in movies, and how we might well miss it, is borne out by an occasion when a copy boy at the old New York *Herald Tribune* was idly reading a review of one of my books while waiting for me to finish a page. He said, casually, after all copy was in, "I didn't know Virginia Zucchi was important, was she?" "Was she!" I yelled at him. "She was one of the greatest of Italian ballerinas, she inspired Petipa, she rivaled Legnani—the first Swan Queen—she. . . . " And I paused for breath.

"She was my great aunt," he said. "When I was little we used to visit her at Monte Carlo. She looked like Harpo Marx. Dad took some movies of her. If mother can find them in the attic, you can see them." The movies are now safely in the Dance Collection of the New York Public Library. The young copy boy, Charlie Hackett (he's gone on to bigger and better things since those old *Trib* days), was the son of Charles Hackett, the world famous opera star of an earlier era, and of an Italian dancer, Virginia Zucchi, namesake and niece of the great ballerina of the 1890s.

Searches never end for records in movement of those artists who spoke through movement. Zucchi was found, true enough, as an old lady walking in her garden, but there she is. And just now, Duncan has been found, dancing; and Legnani has been found, also dancing, not in *Swan Lake* but in the ballet *Cinderella*, in which she first introduced the celebrated sequence of thirty-two whirling, whipping, continuous spins to the stage of the Russian Imperial Ballet. (No, the *fouettés* are not in the movie, but Legnani dances!)

Where were these treasures found?

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Oddly enough, not on celluloid, but on old strips of paper in the Library of Congress. Once, these and dozens of other dance films and hundreds of dramatic, variety, sports, news, etc., records were on celluloid covering a copyright period from 1894 to 1915. The celluloid has long since disintegrated but the paper copies have survived. There were two copies of each and, for each, each frame had to be copyrighted as a still picture because there was no provision for copyrighting movies at that time.

So there these fragile paper strips lay, unusable, since if they were run through a projector, they would burn up at the first touch of light. What to do? Then along came Kemp Niver, who discovered, in his laboratories, a way of transferring the images on the paper back to celluloid. By 1928, the copyrights on all these films had lapsed, so officials at the Library of Congress gave Niver the rights to the films in return for copying them on true film, since he was the only one to have mastered a successful transferring process.

Niver is the technical expert on film, but what to do with the incredible treasury of films? How to release them, distribute them, rent them, sell them, and —most important—edit them for marketing? Anthony Weber, dancer, and Zachary Solov, choreographer (Metropolitan Opera and many other companies), have become the producers, and the result is a new company which is just about ready to distribute the first film from an impressive catalogue listing of "Historical Films."

The first complete set of these movies will be devoted to dance. They are divided into four categories: 1) ballet; 2) modern or free-style dance (including Duncan, dancers of the Loie Fuller style, etc.); 3) ethnic (Little Egypt, Princess Rajah, cakewalk dancers, Negro and blackface artists, etc.); and 4) a catchall film of dance miscellany (there is a 1914 Ben Turpin Keystone movie involving a ballet).

Category No. 1 has been completed. It runs for twenty minutes, and it is beautifully edited and produced. Mr. Solov does the narration, and first-rate it is, and the music selected to support each dance is pertinent as to period and style as well as to step. The result is enchanting. It is in this one that you will see the legendary Pierina Legnani. But since most of the dance films from these Library of Congress files do not identify the individual performers—only the film company, the title of the number, and the place of production—how can we be sure?

I saw a good cross section of these dance films in Hollywood last fall. Mr. Weber gave me no advance clues, but when one of the sections came to the screen, I looked for a second and exclaimed, "It's Isadora!" I never saw the great dancer, but I wrote a book about her and fairly lived with hundreds of photographs and drawings of her. The face was unmistakable; so too was the neck, one of the loveliest in the history of dance. The arm movements, the placement of the fingers, the lift of the torso were all Duncan. The movie had been made by Biograph in London, but the date bothered me, for Isadora was on the Continent at that time. Mr. Weber explained that the date was only the copyright date for a movie made earlier. My guess was 1899, just after Isadora went to Europe and to triumph. In the movie you will not see the statuesque Duncan, the artist incandescent with the spirit of Greece, but the girl dancer who, not long before, had dressed up in her mother's lace curtains. Incidentally, I am not alone in believing this to be a movie of Isadora Duncan. Everyone who had seen it before I did felt the same.

And what of Legnani, who is in Category No. 1? Niver came upon this film of *Cinderella* after I left Hollywood. Weber telephoned me and said, "Let me describe a ballet dancer to you and tell me who you think she is." Being a dancer himself, he described not merely the body (and in some detail!) but the use of the *pointe*, the placement of the head, and the *port-de-bras*. Naturally, I knew of Legnani only from the printed word of observers, from a few photographs, and a caricature. I said, "Sounds like Legnani." She had already been identified by viewers in Hollywood. Furthermore, the ballet was right, the star was right, and the place of filming (Paris) all dovetailed with the date of the making of the movie.

None of this was a matter of trying to make up a famous presence that was not there. We saw several dances done in the manner of Loie Fuller. They were excellently danced by an artist who manipulated the miles of Fuller draperies superbly, but the dancer, clearly, was not the great lady herself, only a disciple.

Other dance treasures in these early

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films made by Americans, French, Italians, Swedes, and English include an underwater ballet for a fabulous production of Jules Verne's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea;* a *Magic Lantern* ballet, in which all manner of dancers (platoons of them!) emerge from the little box to dance; miniature figures performing on a huge human hand; and, of course, Princess Rajah, who lets us know that sex dances are not something invented in the twentieth century. Fantasy? Magic? Transformations? I'm not at all sure that the art of cinematography has advanced since these days of seventy years ago, but I'll leave the decision to an expert.

Color? Of course. In the Niver-Weber-Solov collection is a movie about Christopher Columbus. It is in color, with greens, browns, and gold predominating. And each frame was painted by hand. The pay was one cent per frame. The painters? Nuns. "They were the only ones," says Weber, "who could take it." Besides, it was a present for the Pope.

As these thousands of movies are processed, they will become available on 16 mm copies (35 mm is a possibility being worked on). Only a limited number deal expressly with dance, for the range is endless. Let me give you a few titles selected at random from the catalogue: *America's Cup Races* (there are thirty-five of these, ranging in footage from 15 to 80 feet), *Anna Held, Annual Baby Parade, 1904, Athletic Girl and The Burglar* (No. 1 and No. 2), *The Ballet Master's Dream, The Boer War* (156 feet), *Buster Brown Series, Career of Crime* (Nos. 1-5), *Carmen, Cold Supper with a Hot Finish, Democratic National Committee at Esopus, Firing a 10-Inch Gun, Firing the Cook, King Edward's Visit to Paris, McKinley's Funeral, Thou Shalt Not, Trout Fishing, Uncle Tom's Cabin, United States Post Office* (twenty-seven films), *The Zulu's Heart.*

Get the picture—as we say?

So here, in this fantastic repository of "Historical Films," we find our past, trivial or deeply serious, reborn in action before our eyes. For those who love the act and the art of dancing, this is a find of incalculable value, for there is both laughter and wonder to be found in these ancient, primitive, but incredibly imaginative movies.

The first public showing of the first dance series (the one on ballet) will be given May 26, 27, and 28 in the Auditorium of the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center. But for information on the area of activity which interests you most, the best bet is to go directly to Niver, Weber, and Solov by addressing all queries to Historical Films, Box 46505, Hollywood, California 90046.

Raquel Welch? Pretty exciting, but you just haven't seen Princess Rajah!

Leading nominees for the 1969 NATIONAL BOOK AWARDS

On Wednesday, March 12th, the seven winners of the 1969 National Book Awards will be honored in a presentation ceremony at Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, in New York. Meanwhile, these are among the books by American authors published in the United States in 1968 which the judges regard as among the most distinguished:

fiction

JOHN BARTH/Lost in the Funhouse/Doubleday & Company, Inc.
FREDERICK EXLEY/A Fan's Notes/Harper & Row, Publishers
JERZY KOSINSKI/Steps/Random House
JOYCE CAROL OATES/Expensive People/Vanguard Press, Inc.
THOMAS ROGERS/The Pursuit of Happiness/New American Library
Judges: Irving Howe, Jerre Mangione, Wright Morris

arts and letters

HANNAH ARENDT/Men in Dark Times/Harcourt, Brace & World
PETER GAY/Weimar Culture: The Outsider as Insider/ Harper & Row, Publishers
GORDON S. HAIGHT/George Eliot/Oxford University Press
GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB/Victorian Minds/Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.
NORMAN MAILER/The Armies of the Night: History as a Novel, The Novel as History/New American Library
Judges: Renata Adler, Stanley Kauffmann, Alfred Kazin

children's literature

LLOYD ALEXANDER/The High King/Holt, Rinehart & Winston
PATRICIA CLAPP/Constance/Lothrop, Lee & Shepard
MEINDERT DEJONG/Journey from Peppermint Street/ Harper & Row, Publishers
ESTHER HAUTZIG/The Endless Steppe/Thomas Y. Crowell Co.
MILTON MELTZER/Langston Hughes/Thomas Y. Crowell Co.
Judges: John Ciardi, Virginia Haviland, Zena Sutherland

history and biography

NUEL PHARR DAVIS/Lawrence and Oppenheimer/ Simon and Schuster, Inc.
WINTHROP D. JORDAN/White Over Black: American Attitudes Toward the Negro, 1550-1812/University of North Carolina Press
ALVIN M. JOSEPHY, JR./The Indian Heritage of America/ Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.
NORMAN MAILER/Miami and the Siege of Chicago: An Informal History of the Republican and Democratic Conventions of 1968/ World Publishing Co.
DAVID M. POTTER/The South and the Sectional Conflict/ Louisiana State University Press
Judges: Robert Cromie, Martin Duberman, Allan Nevins

poetry

JOHN BERRYMAN/His Toy, His Dream, His Rest/Farrar, Straus & Giroux
GWENDOLYN BROOKS/In the Mecca/Harper & Row, Publishers
GALWAY KINNELL/Body Rags/Houghton Mifflin Co.
JOHN THOMPSON/The Talking Girl/Pym-Randall Press
KEITH WALDROP/A Windmill Near Calvary/University of Michigan Press
Judges: William Alfred, John Frederick Nims, Richard Wilbur

the sciences

RENE DUBOS/So Human an Animal/Charles Scribner's Sons
R. J. LIFTON/Death in Life: Survivors of Hiroshima/Random House
FRANK E. MANUEL/A Portrait of Isaac Newton/The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press
KARL MENNINGER, M.D./The Crime of Punishment/Viking Press
JAMES D. WATSON/The Double Helix/Atheneum
Judges: J. Bronowski, Theodosius Dobzhansky, Walter Sullivan

translation

JOSEPH HITREC/The Pasha's Concubine: and Other Tales — Ivo Andric/Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.
ROLFE HUMPHRIES/The Way Things Are — Lucretius/ Indiana University Press
ELLEN CONROY KENNEDY/Lyrical and Critical Essays — Camus/Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.
BURTON WATSON/The Complete Works of Chuang Tzu/ Columbia University Press
WILLIAM WEAVER/Cosmicomics — Italo Calvino/ Harcourt, Brace & World
Judges: Howard Hong, Vincent McHugh, Richard Winston

The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, and consist of seven $1,000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, the Association of American University Presses, the Book Manufacturers Institute, the Children's Book Council, and the National Translation Center.

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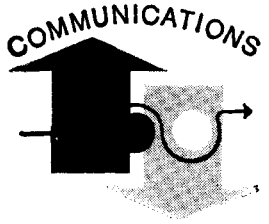
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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Passing the Baton

AN old friend of ours died last month, and we don't want to go along our way without talking for a moment about him and what he stood for. Famous as he was, Ralph McGill wasn't as well known to the average American as, say, Tiny Tim, Elvis Presley, or even Drew Pearson. Quiet, always soft-spoken, invariably courteous in an old-world sort of way, Ralph McGill lived with only one motive—to write the truth as he saw it and to put it so forcefully that he would persuade his readers to act. No newspaperman can hope for more.

Ralph was a professional, an editor's delight, for his copy was clean as the driven snow, and if his deadline was Tuesday the seventh his manuscript arrived on Tuesday the seventh, if not before (other contributors please note). In over thirty years of friendship and conversation we never once heard him use a four-letter word nor did he feel compelled to write them in his copy. The English language was gloriously sufficient, and just possibly he knew enough of the world's ugliness as a lifetime newsman to refuse to add to it.

To talk with Ralph McGill you would never have known him to be the most famous Southern editor since Marse Henry Watterson and Henry Grady. Once when he came to New York soon after having won a Pulitzer Prize (for a 1958 editorial on bombings of an integrated Tennessee high school and an Atlanta synagogue) we asked him how it felt to be one of the most famous journalists in America. "Frustrated," he said, "frustrated and sad that in a lifetime I've been able to change so little with so many words."

But change he did and at a time when, in the words of a colleague on the Atlanta *Constitution*, "Mac had guts when it took guts to have guts." Long before any other editor's voice was being heard consistently on the side of giving equal education and the vote to Southern Negroes, years ahead of the Supreme Court decisions, in an aura of Deep South cracker hate that brought fiery crosses to his front lawn, bombs to his mailbox, and threatening phone calls at 3 a.m., Ralph McGill wrote powerfully about what he felt certain was the future of the "new South" Henry Grady had foreseen in the self-same *Constitution* decades before. Now, it's easy to join a university mob and pour kerosene on the dean's files or chase a lonely cop down a street while the TV cameras grind, but it's far more difficult to stand up *against* violence on the side of reason while pointing the way to a solution based on facts and logic, not chemicals from adolescent glands. Ralph McGill wanted rule by law, a respect for law, but law that did prejudice to no one. He could call Governor Wallace's defiance of a federal order at a college door "a little man standing alone in his diminishing circle," and he could also love the Deep South of "the acrid, nostalgic smell of wood burning beneath the weekly wash-day pots, the pine-and-oak smoke from chimneys of farmhouses fighting with the scent of wet plowed earth." What he wanted for Atlanta and Georgia and for the whole of mankind was decent respect one for an-

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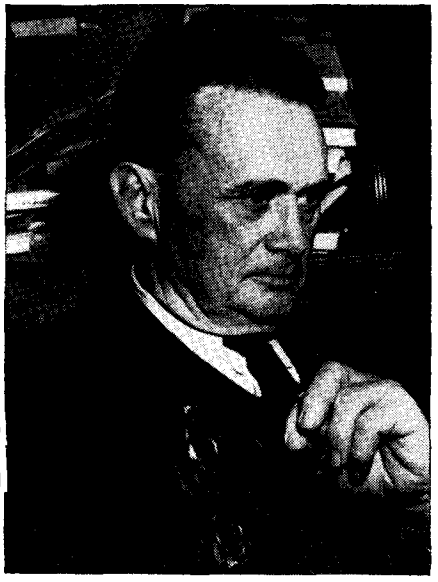
other, an equal chance and a fair shake, an end to loaded dice and marked cards. Most important of all, he *said so*! We fell to talking with him one night many years ago over a couple of glasses of something or other about what a newsman should be (in his case and mine we then meant "newspaperman" but the definition has by now greatly widened). We agreed that a good newsman was part teacher, part gossip, part priest, part diarist, and that the driving force behind all good news people was curiosity and a deeply ingrained feeling for the underdog. Ralph said he had never known a first-class newspaperman who did not possess both characteristics to a remarkable degree. Then he added something we've always remembered: "I think the good ones all have a sense of humor and a sense of wonder."

So, sadly, we wave a last hand to a man who had wit and wonder to the



Ralph Emerson McGill (1898-1969)

hour of his death, just a day or so before his seventy-first birthday. He never seemed that old to us but, then, the best writing journalists never do. They take as lively an interest in the world about them in their last decade as in their salad days, they fight against injustice with the same ferocity and often greater effectiveness of language, they have within them that sense of wonder and happiness, a healthy respect for gentleness and reason, for wit and originality, and furnace hatred for the pompous, the cruel, the unfair. Violence makes them physically ill; reason and forbearance make them feel happy inside. These are the legacies that men like Ralph McGill leave behind them on the shelves of time, legacies precious to all good journalists in the endless relay race between selfish emotion and reason. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Media and Message

I READ Stuart W. Little's article "The Children's Television Workshop" [*SR*, Feb. 8] with great interest. Media-minded people have known for some time that commercials could teach us much about how to effectively reach students. Most of us have also realized that if we were to be as effective as the commercials, we'd have to spend far more money than school districts are able to spend. That CTW has applied these two principles speaks well of their planning. I have some cautions, however, to raise with their approach.

First, though commercials are highly effective (I suspect they are so not so much because they are often animated but rather because they are interruptive, novel, rapidly intense, highly relevant, and damn sophisticated in filmics), they fall short for one basic reason: they level all of us to an average mass-man. Do all of the experts at CTW feel that children perceive in an average, mass way?

Second, Little's article suggests that CTW is primarily concerned with letter and number recognition. I suspect that this may be putting the cart ahead of the horse at the expense of the horse. The psycholinguists have been telling us for some time now that children can acquire and generate highly involved syntactic patterns if they are frequently exposed to them. Thus ear training, for linguistic skills, should precede eye training; synthesis should precede analysis.

This is not to say CTW is on the wrong track; rather it is to raise two questions of their otherwise thorough and exciting program: 1) is CTW considering the individuality of the learning process, and 2) are they stressing decoding at the expense of encoding?

JAMES L. EVERS,
President,
Media Association of Rockland County,
Nanuet, N.Y.

PM Papers and AM Papers

REGARDING WALTER B. KERR'S article, "When a PM Paper Goes AM" [*SR*, Feb. 8]: During the fourteen-year existence of the afternoon Los Angeles *Mirror*, whose demise in 1962 was generally attributed by staffers to advertiser resistance despite reader acceptance, one of my corollary duties was to write editorial-side promotional material and copy for the publishing trade papers. We, of course, emphasized the angle of today's news today—as most PMs do. On the West Coast it has considerable merit—more so, even, than in New Mexico where Mr. Kerr would grant all the advantage to AMs. True, home editions do go to bed in midday, but in our several afternoon editions we could chronicle a full business day's news from New York and the world's capitals.

However, I write to agree with Kerr, not to disagree. In my research I, too, ran into the prime-evening-hours matter he mentioned. Surveys may say a certain number of television sets are turned on—but does that prove anyone's watching? My young daughter at that period would be watching various programs, while I would be reading. She was very much annoyed that I could score with frequent accuracy in telling her what was showing on the screen, even though I wasn't looking. As one who knows most of the soap opera and cowboy situations, I could tell merely by catching the gist of occasional spoken lines—while I continued my evening reading.

JOHN CORNELL,
San Marino, Calif.

Image of Image-Makers

JOHN HOHENBERG'S article "The Image-Makers' Image" [*SR*, Feb 8] strikes the right chord that only performance alone in the long run can preserve public respect for the independent press. He should have added that the performance should be objective, rather than subjective—both domestic and international coverage. Some metropolitan dailies and news services controlling smaller dailies have been subjective about the Arab-Israeli situation, confusing our citizens as to our best interests in the Middle East. The adroit often capitalize on media use—to the detriment of our independent press objective performance.

RICHARD LEOFRIC TEMPLE,
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Glen of Glenn

PAUL EMERSON'S mention [LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR, *SR*, Feb. 8] of "beautiful Glenn Miller Park in Richmond, Indiana" brought back pleasant childhood memories of playing and hiking in beautiful Glen Miller Park. That's right—*Glen* Miller. A glen named (I believe) for a Miller from Richmond who donated the land. But your copyreader—or Mr. Emerson, as the case may be—is not the first to assume that the park was named after the late band leader. When I returned to Richmond for a visit in the 1940s, not long after Miller's death, I discovered that the old *Glen* Miller streetcar of fond memory had been replaced by a *Glenn* Miller bus.

JOHN H. SCHMIDT,
Des Moines, Iowa.

Memories of Chautauqua

MANY, MANY THANKS to John Tebbel for his "Chautauqua: A Nostalgic Salute" [*SR*, Jan. 11]. As one of those children who were simply carried away by the bright lights, the drama, the music of Chautauqua week in a small town in the late 1920s and early 1930s, I had long been hoping that someone would turn us back nostalgically to the traveling Chautauqua shows of that period in American history.

Admittedly, for us children, there were patches of boredom; there were those occasional midweek afternoons of stentorian, fading politicians and fundamentalist preachers, but then came Carveth Wells

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and his illustrated lecture on "The Mountains of the Moon." He was referring, of course, to Central Africa, but it was all just as exciting as *Apollo* 8 to the present generation.

Is it really possible, one wonders, for the jaded children of today ever to experience the wonderful emotional and intellectual exhilaration that was ours during Chautauqua week forty years ago?

SAMUEL J. JACOBS,
Massena, N.Y.

HAVING RECENTLY read John Tebbel's article, "Chautauqua: A Nostalgic Salute" [*SR*, Jan. 11], I would like to pass on something of interest. At Fountain Park, Indiana, a Chautauqua is still in existence. It began in 1895, the year after I was born, and has run two weeks every summer since. There is a permanent tabernacle, an old hotel, some sixty cottages, and a few other buildings.

When I was a girl, I stayed with a Mrs. Cox in her Chautauqua cottage each summer from the time I was nine until I was eighteen. In 1966, I went once again on a more or less nostalgic trip, and stayed the entire two weeks in the same cottage, now owned by her grandson.

I considered the program in 1966 very poor. Country people no longer depend on the Chautauqua for entertainment, and good entertainers cost money. There is an art class which helps to keep things going. There was a time when the programs furnished inspiration and education. There were usually two programs in the afternoon, and two more in the evening; now they are hard pressed to have one really good program each day.

I found it a lonely place, and rather sad. To us who grew up with it, it is still a beloved memory and, of course, it is a pleasure to meet old friends again. And, the fact that it has endured all these years has meant much to many people.

RUTH S. MCCAULEY,
Seattle, Wash.

JOHN TEBBEL'S article on the old Chautauqua roused double memories—I thought of my summer spent as a "crewman" on the Chautauqua circuit out of Lincoln, Nebraska.

It was the Standard Chautauqua, and I was just out of high school in Colorado. My pay, as I remember, was $18 a week, and I had a cot and bedroom space in one of the backstage dressing rooms. I was responsible for all the equipment, tent, etc., which ran to around three tons and was moved as excess baggage by rail. The trainmen hated our guts, and I, no novice at profanity, having grown up on a ranch and worked with railroad track crews, still learned some new elaborations of that black art from those trainmen.

That was the summer of 1918. Two years later the Standard people switched to cars and trucks for transportation; but by then the business was beginning to falter. Radio was coming in. During my summer, though, we were the year's big event in town after small town, and my circuit ran from western Nebraska, through Colorado almost to Utah, back to Nebraska, ending in central Iowa. We had Junior Girls, too, who told stories to the little kids, and all that. But my job included sports for the boys from, say, eight to fourteen. I coached and refereed and umpired and rallied local help, and we even put on a track meet the final day. Boy, did I get a workout! Besides getting the tent up, keeping it in taut shape, policing the grounds, sometimes taking tickets, sometimes even substituting for the Super and introducing the "talent" at an afternoon show.

I suspect that Mr. Tebbel had some experience, maybe with Redpath out of Des Moines. Thomas Duncan, who wrote that circus novel that made a splash maybe fifteen years ago, was also Chautauqua out of Des Moines, and he once wrote a novel about it. Well, that's a part of the memory.

HAL BORLAND,
Salisbury, Conn.

Happy "Venture"

I'VE JUST READ John Tebbel's "Magazines —New, Changing, Growing" [*SR*, Feb. 8]. It's interesting that a magazine that was up 24 per cent in pages and 57 per cent in revenue was omitted. However, I may be a little prejudiced in trying to promote the speciality field for all of us. That's why I found the article a little disappointing because of the omission of *Venture*.

ARTHUR H. DIEDRICK,
Vice President and General Manager,
Venture,
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Tebbel tried to limit his magazine survey to relatively new publications, starting, say, the last year or two. The first issue of Venture was published in June 1964.*

Early Facsimile

JUST TO KEEP the record straight, I don't claim Columbia invented facsimile as G. Harris Danzberger, your old *Herald Tribune* correspondent, seemed to think [LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR, Jan. 11]. My article [*SR*, Dec. 14] said an old transmitter we used gave *Asahi* the notion of experimenting with facsimile. The old transmitter came to us via J. V. L. Hogan and *The New York Times*. Or won't your old *Herald Tribune* man concede that the *Times* had even thought of facsimile in 1950? Frankly, I have records of facsimile experiments long before 1939.

JOHN HOHENBERG,
Columbia University,
Graduate School of Journalism,
New York, N.Y.

Hurrah for Caples

CONGRATULATIONS on publishing John Caples's excellent column on how "They laughed when I sat down at the piano" came to be born [*SR*, Feb. 8]. Let's have more from men like John Caples who pioneered so many of the advertising techniques standard on Madison Avenue. The new generation doesn't really care, but there wouldn't be a Mad. Ave. without men like Caples.

HENRY J. FREYLIGER,
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Caples will contribute more personal reminiscence in the "Madison Avenue" column from time to time. See this week's column, on page 126.*

"Kiss me."

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The Great Press Put-On

By JOHN HOHENBERG

THERE is an amiable myth that a news conference is the ultimate test of the capacity and ability of a public figure. Under this rather dubious thesis, anybody from Joe Namath to Pablo Picasso or, to put it in purely political terms, from Shirley Temple Black to Richard Milhous Nixon, must sparkle before the press or be consigned to eternal public disgrace.

The assumption among the faithful in the press section is that a good show makes for good journalism, that the conductor of the news conference is thereby rigorously examined for secret weaknesses, and that somehow, through this altogether confusing process, the public interest is served. I ask for an exception, and I do not mean in the slightest to detract thereby from President Nixon's early virtuoso performances before the assembled press at the White House. But in twenty-five years of attending news conferences all over the world, I have come to two basic conclusions: 1) a reporter is essentially helpless at a modern news conference, and 2) in consequence, a news conference is the lowest form of journalism in a free society.

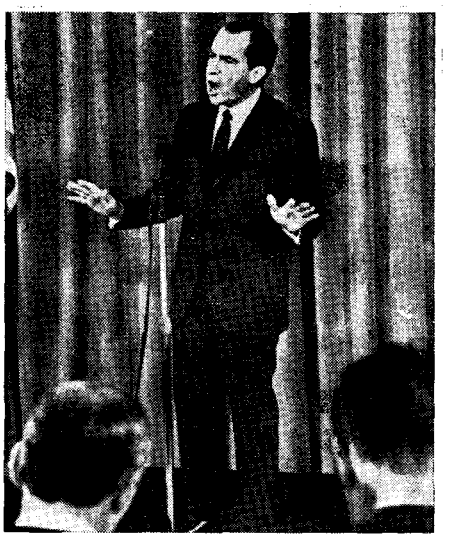
Before the American Society of Newspaper Editors adopts a resolution to condemn me as a subversive character, let me state my case in terms that journalist and non-journalist alike will understand. I own up to an uneasy feeling that we, in our occasionally noble profession, are prisoners of the thesis of the late William Randolph Hearst, who ruled with a lordly air: "What a reporter does is not news." Had Mr. Hearst lived to see a half-dozen reporters jumping up at the White House like crazy and screaming "Mr. President!" at the grinding television cameras, it is barely possible that he might, just once, have declared himself to be wrong. No matter. Nobody, and certainly no journalist, has ever become famous by allowing that he would rather be wrong than President. And the public only lately has come to realize that a journalist, under certain circumstances, can be used to create more news than he covers.

I first realized what a puppet show a news conference could be when I attended a performance in Paris, presided over by Charles de Gaulle in one of his most imperious moods. It was a gala occasion; of the 600 or so journalists and alleged journalists who attended in honor of *le grand Charles*, it was apparent he owned a clear majority. The first question turned out to be an exquisite exercise in rhetoric, as only the French can do it, and it lasted about five minutes before the speaker paused and asked: *"N'est-ce pas vrai, Mon General?" Mon General* drew himself up to his considerable height and said, in sonorous tones, *"Oui!"* The house exploded with applause. In such an atmosphere, it was the reporters who were tested, not the subject of the news conference.

Who can forget Nikita S. Khrushchev's triumph over the American correspondents at the Battle of Coon Rapids in Iowa, where he escaped being pelted with questions when his farmer host bombarded the correspondents with silage, and a few kicks? Or Andrei Vishinsky's habit at the United Nations of answering a reporter's question with a violent denunciation of his news organization, his intentions, and, of course, his right to be a journalist? On his legendary visit to the United States, Fidel Castro tied up the press by long and unresponsive answers to questions, all the while waving a fragrant Havana Perfecto. It was a classic put-on for the benefit of the press.

In case it is objected that such people are inordinately difficult, if not impossible, to control, I would cite the gentler example of Indira Gandhi, lecturing a roomful of correspondents on their duties at New Delhi without worrying about the consequences. And once, when I was admitted by a Japanese reporters' club to a news conference by a former Foreign Minister in Tokyo, I recall watching the reporter next to me scribbling notes in Japanese with a kind of controlled fury. Yet, the ministerial dialogue was being conducted in such a polite murmur that even the sounds escaped me. I complained to my neighbor, "I can't hear a word he's saying." To which my Japanese colleague responded, without missing a note, "Neither can I."

The supposed terror that the American-type news conferences arouses in the hapless subject is totally absent in London. There, I have been told by competent civil servants at the Foreign Office that certain leading American correspondents, known as "trusties," are always given their own news conference once a week. The common herd must take potluck with their British colleagues. And what of outside world opinion? Perhaps it is just one wise official's view, but it illustrates my general argument: "As long as the main British papers and Reuters get things straight," he said, "we usually don't have to worry too much about the rest."



—*Wide World.*

President Nixon at his first press conference.

The British have no peers in the rough-and-tumble of a news conference because of their experience with question periods in the House of Commons. Once, in the United States, George Sokolsky loudly demanded of Winston Churchill, before a roomful of distinguished guests and journalists: "Will you own up now, Mr. Churchill, that you were wrong at Yalta?" To which the old historian and onetime war correspondent retorted: "I suppose, Mr. Sokolsky, that everything would have turned out differently had you been the President of the United States."

AMONG the Americans whom I have heard in the White House or its adjunct areas, such as the Indian Treaty Room across the street, only Harry S Truman had that pitiless way of cutting a reporter down to size. He was, as a result, in complete control of his news conferences at all times. There were not many correspondents who wanted to cross him publicly because they had too healthy a respect for his sharp temper and his even sharper tongue. Nobody likes to be humbled by the President of the United States.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt could be cruel, as witness the celebrated occasion when he presented John O'Donnell of the New York *Daily News* with a Nazi Iron Cross. But usually Roosevelt was the very essence of affability. Like John F. Kennedy, he had the corps of correspondents so much on his side, personally if not always politically, that he never had to worry too much about maintaining a Truman-like discipline. The Roosevelt record of almost twice-a-week news conferences during his three

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full terms and his partial fourth term has never been exceeded and is not likely to be. He played on the press, despite the very high percentage of editorial pages that were hostile to him, as if it were a pipe organ.

It may be argued that Dwight David Eisenhower got the worst of it from the press because of his occasional lapses, his lamentable syntax, and his addiction to golf. But if so, it didn't show in the election returns in 1952 and 1956, or in the public concern that has been so evident since, during every illness of the old war hero. In fact, he never took the press quite as seriously as the correspondents seemed to think. At the end of his eight years in office, he asked: "What, after all, can a reporter do to a President?" In Ike's opinion, it was not very much. The judgment no doubt received the concurrence of the least charismatic of the century's British prime ministers, Harold Wilson, who survived last spring's press attack on his political existence with consummate ease.

Nevertheless, there is a point at which the press, and associated electronic news media, can become exceedingly dangerous to an unwary or overly confident politician, but it has little to do with the news conference. The unlamented Joseph R. McCarthy, as the inquisitorial junior senator from Wisconsin, was crowned with garlands of complimentary headlines after every news conference in which he announced unsubstantiated details of feverish Red cells inside the Government. It is worth noting that papers like the Milwaukee *Journal* or broadcast journalists with the courage of Edward R. Murrow were very few at the height of McCarthy's fame, and their challenges to him were not successfully made at his news conferences. On the contrary, those who tackled McCarthy were wise enough to fight him well outside an arena that he was able to dominate. And when McCarthy was finally done in politically, it was because he turned the public against him through sheer overexposure on television at the Army-McCarthy hearings.

Something of the same nature happened to Lyndon Baines Johnson toward the end of his Administration, although there is no desire here to equate him either politically or morally with McCarthy. The fact is that, with the exception of his misadventure in Vietnam, he was on the whole a much better President than the press as a whole credited him with being, and he generally managed to hold his own at his news conferences, much as he hated them. Where Johnson failed, however, was in his constantly defensive attitude during his political television appearances and his almost hopeless insistence on trying to make a bad American case in Vietnam look good. True, there was a credibility gap between many of the things he said and the things he did, but a generally sophisticated American public seemed not to worry about that to the same extent as the press. Most people in the United States have long since come to take it for granted that, with few exceptions, politicians are seldom, if ever, to be accepted at their word.

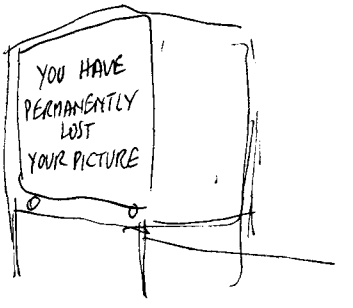
No, it wasn't news conferences that bowled Johnson over. Nor did he fall victim to his credibility gap, although it certainly didn't help him. Just as Woodrow Wilson lost control of Congress two years after being re-elected on a "he-kept-us-out-of-war" platform, Johnson was forced to withdraw because he had led the nation to believe four years earlier that he did not intend to become ensnarled in a major war in Vietnam. Whether the news media were ahead of public opinion in this respect, or merely served to confirm what most people knew anyway, will always be a debatable question. Undoubtedly, there were some pioneers, but they were mainly the most slandered and underrated of all journalists: the editorial writers, who are almost never let out of their suffocating cubicles. Just as an aside, it might be worth exposing a President, a governor, or a mayor to a battery of well primed editorial writers to see if they can do any better than the correspondents. They couldn't do worse.

I DO not contend that the power of the press is overrated or that television as a news medium can be trifled with by people who are in power or want power. There is too much evidence to the contrary. The accomplishments of a hard-hitting, crusading press are no figments of the imagination, even though a minority of newspapers do nearly all the work as watchdogs of government. Nor can television or radio be shrugged off when the timorous masters of broadcast journalism turn their reporters and cameramen loose to do a job in the public interest, which is all too infrequent. I do insist, however, that appallingly little of this searching examination of public officials and others takes place at news conferences. Oh, some young and eager reporter from Puyallup, Washington, or Ten Sleep, Wyoming, may get the floor through a lucky break and blurt out an embarrassing question. But the conductor of the news conference, unless he is an utter dunce, easily handles such tough bounces, particularly in his own ballpark.

I don't blame the correspondents entirely, having myself been in the uncomfortable situation of being in the back row of several hundred standing correspondents in the White House and trying so hard to listen and take notes that I had no time to shriek out a question. But then, has anybody ever seen such superior gray eminences as Walter Lippmann, James Reston, or Marquis Childs, to mention only three, jump up and wave arms wildly and yell: "Mr. President!"? If I could see Mr. Lippmann do that one day on CBS prime time, I would die happy.

I do not begrudge President Nixon his periodic triumphs over the correspondents at his news conferences on live television. Some of those who shout for his attention today wrote easily of his doom after he lost the governorship of California and denounced his detractors at perhaps the worst news conference he will ever hold. Now, as he answers with apparent ease the batting-practice type of question that comes his way, he may be forgiven a momentary sense of pleasure at the thought that the wire services are taking his remarks directly from television—as are the livelier afternoon papers—while the correspondents sit before him making notes for some ill-defined future purpose. For once the news conference is over, there is little point in any mad rush to the telephone to call the office and pant out a bulletin in the grand old tradition. More than one correspondent, phoning his office, undoubtedly is told by a weary deskman: "The Nixon press conference? Thanks, Joe, but we've got all we need, and it's in the paper."

It may be nice to serve as a prop at a Presidential news conference. But it isn't precisely the best place in this new age of journalism to make a reputation as a correspondent. There may be more significant news on the next street corner.



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1968 in Review

By MARGARET R. WEISS

IN a nimbus of superlatives, capital letters, and pardonable pride in a quarter-century tradition, came the announcement of winners in the 26th Annual Pictures of the Year Competition. According to its co-sponsors—the University of Missouri School of Journalism, National Press Photographers Association, and World Book Encyclopedia Science Service—"the contest, largest of its kind in the world, annually provides a forum wherein a jury of press and magazine photographers and editors can evaluate the year's best work. The results mirror the best in pictorial reporting."

These are commendable aims, but in this case "best" can only denote the best of what has been submitted. Lack of entries, for example, made it impossible for the judges to make awards in the Magazine Sports category or to name a Magazine Picture Editor of the Year. In twenty-two other classifications, however, the jury was able to announce its choices of first, second, and third place winners among prints that had been prescreened from 7,600 submissions.

Examining 109 portfolio presentations, the jury named Perry C. Riddle of the Chicago *Daily News* as Newspaper Photographer of the Year, and voted on nineteen magazine portfolios to choose W. E. Garrett of *National Geographic* as Magazine Photographer of the Year. *Look* was the unanimous selection in a narrow field of only four contenders for the Best Use of Pictures (actually, layout and use of space) category, while the 42,000-circulation Dubuque *Telegraph-Herald* nosed out fourteen other newspapers to win the Best Use of Photographs class for itself and the Picture Editor of the Year title for its managing editor, James Geladas.

Not unexpectedly, spot and general news entries offered a tedious reprise of violence, disaster, death by flames and gunfire; the subtle approach or the gentle-humored aside rarely surfaced in the fast-breaking news picture. Doubtless a similar impression prompted jury member J. Edward Murray to comment: "The contest emphasizes that the great moments of violence in our national life are focused on with extreme intensity by the media, and so get presented with more drama than they deserve. The problem is to present the rest, the whole spectrum of life, with more regularity, more responsibility, more balance."

Magazine entries in certain instances were too limited in number to face a fair measure of competition within their respective categories. Among magazine picture stories there was loss of effectiveness because the prints were without benefit of the body texts which had originally united them in page layout. It is questionable whether pictures meant to be "read" in tandem with words can ever be fairly judged as solo performers. Perhaps this in part explains why the newspaper-oriented jury found much of the magazine photo-reportage lacking in pace and impact. (You may test the case for visual-verbal reciprocity yourself, if you like, by considering the *Look* cover photograph reproduced here. On its own as a print it is an interesting multiple image—but one that more immediately delivered its message of urban bustle, frustration, and facelessness when the word CITIES and a block of mood-setting copy were emblazoned across the cover.)

This month the public is being invited to view a special exhibition of Competition entries at the National Geographic Society building in Washington, D.C.; during the week of April 27 the prize-winners will be exhibited at the University of Missouri School of Journalism; later a traveling show of about 200 prints will tour the country. In Pictures of the Year, 1968 will continue to be up for review.

—Photos from the 26th Annual Pictures of the Year Competition.

Part of presentation that earned *Look* its Best Use of Pictures citation was the 6/11/68 "Cities" issue; cover by Phillip A. Harrington. (*Look* photo)

"Their Last Hope" (fire victims during Chicago disorders following Dr. King's assassination), from prize portfolio of Newspaper Photographer of the Year Perry C. Riddle.

From "Diseases, Yes—Cures, Sometimes," a photo-documentary on infant mortality in Laos, included in prize portfolio of Magazine Photographer of the Year W. E. Garrett.

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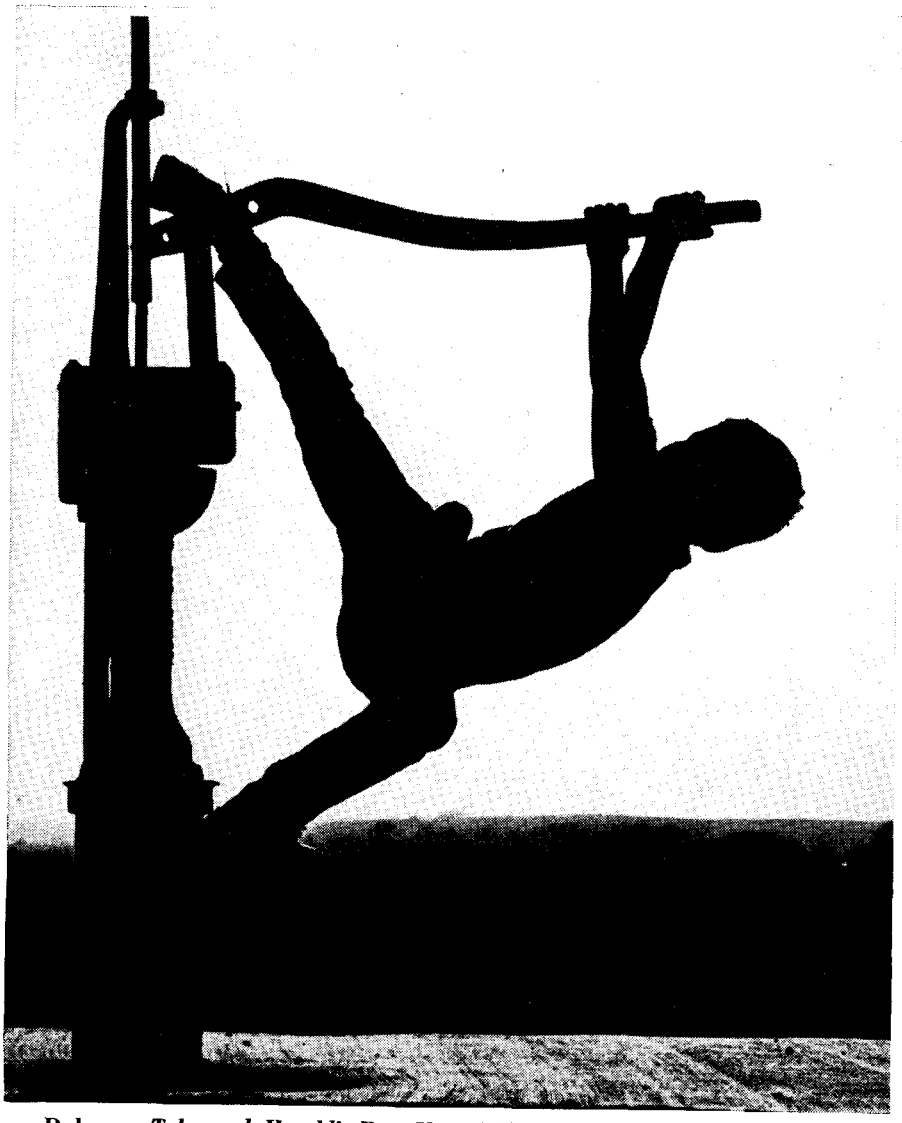

Dubuque *Telegraph-Herald*'s Best Use of Photographs exemplified by staff photographer Bob Coyle's feature picture story on an old country pump.

First in Newspaper Portrait/Personality: "Ho-Hum," by J. Bruce Baumann, Evansville *Courier and Press*.

First in Sports: "Brute Force," by Aussie Whiting, Montreal *Gazette*.

First in Spot News: "Viet Cong Officer Executed," by Edward T. Adams, *AP*.

First in Magazine Portrait/Personality: "Mrs. King — April 1968," by Flip Schulke, *Life*.

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No Longer for Gentlemen

By PAUL R. REYNOLDS

FEW industries have undergone more profound changes in recent years than book publishing. Gone are the traditional leisurely pace and warm personal allegiances, swept aside by the rush and pressures of furious competition. Publishing has become a cold service business.

A publisher acquires the rights to a book-length manuscript, pays others to turn it into bound volumes, and then sells the volumes to the public. The trade book publisher, dealing with hard-cover fiction and nonfiction, sells to book stores and, to a lesser extent, to libraries. His income on a particular title is the difference between what he collects from the sale of the title on one hand, and the cost of manufacturing the title on the other. The publisher may also sell subsidiary rights to his titles. He may sell distribution rights to a paperback publisher or to a book club. In the majority of cases, half of the money collected from the sale of subsidiary rights is kept by the publisher; the author receives the other half.

For a publisher to show a profit, the aggregate income from his titles must obviously exceed his overhead. A publisher of 100 titles today probably has some seventy-five employees and an overhead in the neighborhood of $1,500,000. To pay this overhead, to break even, the publisher's 100 titles must bring him an average income of $15,000 each.

In the book world's halcyon days in the 1920s, trade book publishing was said to be a gentleman's occupation. A publisher sat at his desk, authors submitted manuscripts, the publisher selected what seemed to him the best, and contracted for them at modest dollar guarantees against conventional royalty rates. He published the books in a routine fashion, advertised them in a staid manner, sold them to book stores, and pocketed a reasonably certain profit. Rarely was the profit exorbitant. On the few occasions when he made a sale of subsidiary rights, the money involved was small and had little effect on his balance sheet.

The letters of Max Perkins, the famous Scribner editor of the 1920s and 1930s, give the picture. Max Perkins rarely was subject to authors or their agents or their lawyers demanding enormous sums of money in advance. Authors rarely strayed from one publisher to another. Publishers treated one another as members of the same club, and many of them were in one club, The Century Association. A publisher did not solicit an author on another publisher's list. He did not hire an editor away from another publisher. A publisher such as Duttons would never have considered offering Scribner's editor Perkins a large salary to become the editor of Dutton and perhaps to bring along such Scribner's authors as Scott Fitzgerald or Ernest Hemingway.

Publishers sometimes had their troubles of course. Certain books, such as the big political memoirs, were put up for auction. In 1928, Scribner's, the winner in a bidding match, obtained Mussolini's memoirs for a guarantee of $42,000. The book store sale was fewer than 15,000 copies; there were no subsidiary rights; and Scribner probably had a cash loss of $30,000. In the light of the small amount of capital needed for a publishing house forty years ago, the loss was monumental.

Occasionally, publishers ran into competition from some wheeler-dealer publisher; for example, there was Horace Liveright, who tried to woo some authors away from the old-line publishers in the 1920s. Such a publisher did not get very far. He could not sell more copies of a book than anyone else. He could only overpay for books and lose money in the process.

Despite the occasional auction of a big book, and despite the competition from an occasional wheeler-dealer, publishers on the whole jogged along in a comfortable fashion with little or no competition between themselves.

At the end of World War II came the paperback revolution. The paperback publisher would offer the hard-cover publisher $1,000 or $2,000 or a bit more against a low royalty. As the money in the beginning was occasional and small, neither the original publisher nor the author gave the matter much attention. Each year the amount of money from paperback publishers grew. In 1952, Crown Publishers sold the paperback rights to *The Hood* by Harry Grey for $36,000, a price that was considered sensational. By 1967 a few titles were selling for astronomical amounts. New American Library paid $500,000 for *In Cold Blood* by Truman Capote. Crest paid $700,000 for James Michener's *The Source*.

Today, paperback guarantees for a title may be as low as $1,000. A large number are between $1,500 and $10,000. A substantial but smaller number are above $10,000. Every guarantee is against a royalty, but as the royalty is unearned so often, it is the size of the guarantee that is significant to the hard-cover publisher.

THE amount of money involved in the sale of paperback rights can only be estimated. In 1967, 2,141 books were distributed on the mass paperback market (figures are not available for 1968). Certainly more than 1,000 were reprints. In one of the largest paperback houses, the average payment, not the mean, for reprint rights was slightly over $13,000 per book. Paperback revenue for a large literary agency was more than $15,000. Let us assume that the average figure is $10,000. The total sum then paid for 1,000 titles would be $10,000,000.

The hard-cover publisher's income from the sale of book club rights has also grown. In 1968, the minimum guarantee of The Book-of-the-Month was $75,000 per book. In one case, the guarantee was as high as $350,000. The Literary Guild minimum is $60,000. These clubs distribute to their subscribers many more titles than the selection of the month, and this, of course, adds to the hard-cover publisher's revenue. The Reader's Digest Condensed Book Club was started in 1952. Today it pays hard-cover publishers in excess of $1,600,000 annually. There are also more than 100 small book clubs. Of these, the most important is the Dollar Book Club, which annually pays publishers over $150,000. The total book club revenue received each year by hard-cover publishers is more than $5,000,000.

Adding the paperback receipts of

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$10,000,000 to the book club receipts of $5,000,000 brings a total of $15,000,000. Some twenty trade publishers collect the major part of this money, with the amount collected by any one publisher varying widely from year to year. Publishers' capital and the energy of their staffs are directed toward the sale of books in book stores, and yet a significant part of their income often results from their share of paperback and book club revenue, revenue that might be called bonanza money.

As this bonanza money has increased year by year, the attitudes and actions of publishers have changed. Starting in the 1950s the hard-cover publisher began to offer his books to paperback publishers for simultaneous release. The hard-cover publisher had little reason to feel any loyalty to any one paperback publisher. He would put his book up for auction and accept the highest bid. Sometimes the auction was done over the telephone, occasionally by asking for sealed bids. At the same time, the hard-cover publisher tried to retain the old mores between publisher and author. The publisher talked about authors' being loyal. He was shocked at any suggestion that an author's manuscript might be offered simultaneously in perhaps several places and sold to the highest bidder. What was good for the goose was not, in the publisher's mind, good for the gander.

The publisher's attitude also changed as to methods of acquiring authors and their books. An author might write a book whose retail sale was 10,000 copies. Such a sale probably made the publisher an income of $10,000. It was a bread-and-butter item that helped pay overhead. Suppose this book was sold in paperback for $200,000 with the hard-cover publisher's share being $100,000. The author, if he can repeat with his next book, is a gold mine. Other publishers may well make him offers. A common way of approaching a money-making author is as follows. A publisher dreams up an idea—fiction or nonfiction—and presents it to a successful author on another publisher's list, offering him a large guarantee to write the book. If the paperback rights to the writer's next book are going to be worth $200,000, the hard-cover publisher can guarantee the author $175,000 or more. But it is a guess and a gamble as to what these rights will be worth.

As publishers began to woo authors on other publisher's lists, they began to woo the editors of other publishing houses. Editors salaries range from $10,000 to possibly $40,000. If a low-salaried editor gets a revenue-producing book for his house, another house may offer him a much larger salary. Such an editor may bring the author with him or find a second money-maker. Thus, one book can finance a large editorial salary. Editors in the last few years have been playing musical chairs. Garland Roark, a fine adventure writer whose sales have been modest, has had three different junior Doubleday editors in the last two years. Mary Lucas, at work on a biography, has had three different junior McGraw-Hill editors since she signed a contract in 1965.

The paperback and book club bonanza money has also changed the attitude of authors. Why should a publisher pocket 50 per cent of what an author's book makes in paperback or as a book club selection? Until the 1960s, publishers were adamant on a half share. The author's only resource was to solicit bids and to obtain such a high guarantee against earnings that he ate into the publisher's 50 per cent.

THEN the dam broke. A best-selling author became so valuable that publishers could not resist contracting for his book, even if they received a less than 50 per cent interest in paperback rights. The author could now put himself up for auction not merely for the highest possible guarantee, but also for the best possible percentage of subsidiary rights.

How has the author come out financially? The money-maker is in the chips. Authors such as James Michener and Truman Capote are making incomes comparable to those of presidents of the largest corporations. Enormous motion picture and TV money has further enhanced their income. Today, such authors are making ten or twenty times as much money as Hemingway and Fitzgerald made in the 1920s or 1930s.

While the money-makers are doing fabulously, most writers in all income brackets are doing better. The author with extremely modest sales is even doing better. He can rarely obtain more than a 50 per cent split on subsidiary rights, but such income for him often is small anyway. His guarantee from the hard-cover publisher has gone up, perhaps from $1,500 to $3,000 or $4,000.

There is the other side of the coin. Publishers are less inclined to finance an unsuccessful author in whom they believe, or to publish an uncommercial book on the supposition that the author's next book will be superb. A publisher who does this and guesses wrong loses money as always. But the publisher fears that if he guesses right, he may lose out. If the author ultimately comes through with a successful book, that book may be put up for auction, and the publisher who financed the author for earlier books may not benefit from his sound and lucky judgment.

There are still a large number of authors who are close friends with their publishers, authors who have a feeling of loyalty. Only a small number of books are put up for auction. The great mass of books are put out by the author's previous publisher. However, the possibility that the author may go elsewhere for more money, even to an auction, hangs over nearly every deal. Most contracts are the result of bargaining. The old-fashioned concept of a partnership between author and publisher is becoming outmoded. A publisher to be successful must act more and more like an astute gambler or even a wheeler-dealer. Publishing is no longer an occupation for a gentleman.

"It's contact paper."

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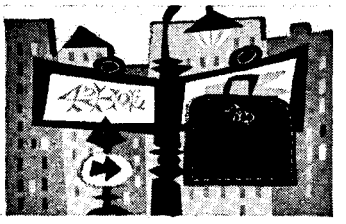
Madison Avenue



$1,000 a Word

MY first ad writing experience was helping my mother write small classified ads for her private tutoring school. We used to run ads in the New York *Sunday Times*. The cost was 65 cents a line, and we were allowed six words to the line.

I recall how hard we worked to make every word count. Sometimes we ran a three-line ad and sometimes a four-line ad. We felt a sense of triumph when we started by writing a four-line ad and then, by careful pruning, cut it to three lines. Sixty-five cents saved—a real economy.

Today's advertisers face the same problem: how to make advertising words pay. But now the cost is higher. A four-color page in *Reader's Digest*, for example, costs $56,000. A certain four-color page in a recent issue of the *Digest* contained fifty-six words of copy. That figures out to $1,000 a word. That is what it cost this advertiser to put his message into 17,000,000 copies of the magazine—and he got a bargain. If he had sent his message by mail to 17,000,000 people, it would have cost him 10 cents per mailing piece, including postage, which figures out to $1,700,000.

At $1,000 a word, how do today's advertisers make sure that the words they use in ads are the best ones possible? Is the writing of advertising merely an art like the writing of poetry, or is there some science involved? The fact is that a great deal of science is involved. More methods are used to test the emotional impact of words than Wordsworth ever dreamed of.

One widely used method is the Readership Survey. Interviewers carry copies of magazines and newspapers to the homes of average consumers and ring doorbells. When the housewife comes to the door the interviewer, usually a woman, says for example: "I'm making a survey. Have you read this month's issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*?" If the answer is yes, the interviewer says, "May I go through the magazine with you and ask you which advertisements you have read?"

If the housewife agrees, the interview proceeds with both parties seated and the open magazine before them. The interviewer turns the pages slowly and asks, "Did you happen to see this ad? Did you read any of it? What parts of it did you read? Did you notice this picture? Did you read the coupon?" This questioning is continued throughout the entire magazine. During this process, the interviewer is continually recording answers on a questionnaire sheet.

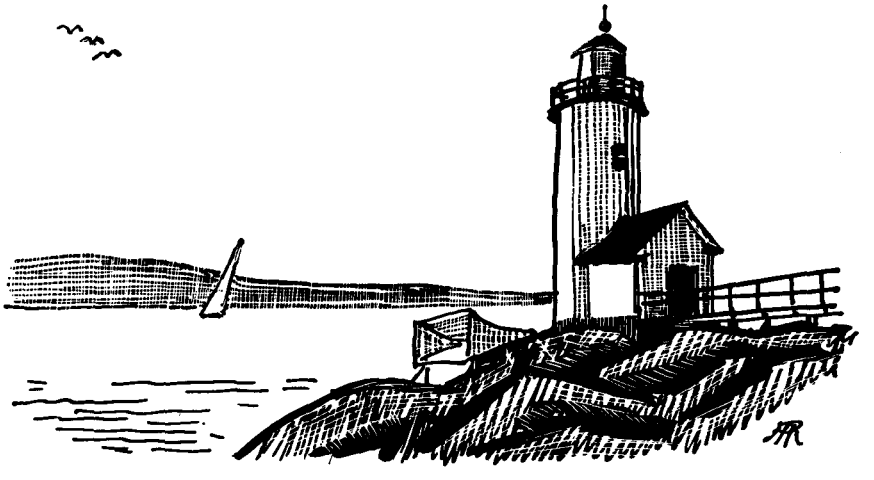
Thousands of interviews like this are carried on all over the United States. The filled-in questionnaire sheets are mailed to a central office and tabulated. The tabulated figures are printed in report forms and sold as an ad readership service to advertisers and to their advertising agencies. Thus the president of a company no longer has to measure his advertising by the old-fashioned method of saying to friends and neighbors, "Did you see our latest ad?" He can get exact percentages and national averages.

Another widely used method for measuring advertising effectiveness is the so-called Inquiry Test. The advertiser includes an offer in his ad. The reader is invited to write for a free booklet or a free sample of the product. Or the advertiser may ask the respondent to send 10 cents or 25 cents to help cover postage and handling costs. If the advertiser gets a lot of replies, fine; but if they are few, he re-examines the ad copy and tries to figure out why the response was poor.

Sometimes this testing of ad appeal is done very scientifically. Some newspapers have printing facilities which enable an advertiser to use the "split-run" technique, a refinement of the Inquiry Test. The press run of a newspaper is split exactly in half, and an ad for a certain product is run in half the circulation of the newspaper and a different advertisement for the same product is run in the other half. Both ads appear on the same day and in the same position in the paper. Thus each ad is given an equal opportunity to get results.

The following case history illustrates this method: A correspondence school selling a course in correct English did a split-run test of two advertisements with different headlines. One ad had the headline: THE MAN WHO SIMPLIFIED ENGLISH. Readers of the ad were invited to write to "Dept. A" for a free booklet. The other advertisement had the headline: DO YOU MAKE THESE MISTAKES IN ENGLISH? and readers were invited to write to "Dept. B" for the booklet. The latter ad brought *twice* as many replies as the other ad. The advertiser continued to run this most successful ad for years.

Many other tests are used by advertisers to improve their copy. The following are examples. 1) Group interviews—A dozen or so typical consumers are gathered around a table in a conference room. A discussion leader mentions a certain product such as a soap, food product, or drug product—and asks for comments and ideas for ads; also for reactions to advertising ideas already tried. 2) Opinion tests—Rough drawings of proposed ads or proofs of printed ads are shown to consumers and their reactions are recorded. 3) Comprehension tests—A paragraph of ad copy is shown to typical prospects and they are asked to read it and then tell in their own words what the copy said. 4) Memory tests—Some ad proofs are handed to a respondent who is asked to look at them as he would look at ads in a magazine. The ads are then laid aside, and the respondent is asked which ads he can remember. 5) Mail order sales tests—Merchandise that can be sold by mail is described in ads containing a printed order form. The articles which sell well are included in future ads. The poor



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sellers are dropped. 6) Sales area tests —An advertising campaign for a product is run in a limited area. If sales are good, the advertising is extended to other areas.

Some tests that have been tried are a bit weird. For example, an electric psychogalvanometer is strapped to a man's hand. A needle on a dial registers his inner tension. A series of pictures is shown; presumably, a pastoral scene will cause no quiver of the needle, whereas a photo of a bathing beauty will cause it to spin wildly. Another method is the eye camera test in which proofs of ads are shown to a respondent. A camera photographs his eye movements as he scans the ads while a technician records which parts of the ads the respondent noticed first and which parts he looked at longest.

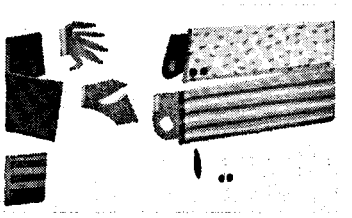
WITH all this testing, advertisers learn many practical things, such as the kind of pictures that stop the most readers, the headlines that induce people to read ad copy, and the effective attention-getting devices. What parts of ads are best read? Will people read lengthy text matter set in small print? What kind of offers bring the largest response? Above all, which sales appeals sell the most merchandise and services?

Advertising is getting more scientific all the time. If you are a stockholder in a company that advertises, you can rest assured that the ad expenditure is not being wasted on somebody's whim—even though some ads sound whimsical. At $1,000 a word, the men and women who labor in advertising to sell the nation's products must be careful about what words they use.

But what about the old days before such instruments as psychogalvanometers were invented? Were the earliest advertisers completely unscientific? Not at all. I recall one of the lessons my mother and I learned while measuring the results from the small classified ads for tutoring school. We offered a free circular and we also put our telephone number in the ads. We found that only one out of five persons who wrote for the circular ever showed up at the school. However, when people telephoned, mother was able to induce *three* out of five to visit the school. Occasionally she would receive an objectionable call such as the alcoholic chap who telephoned late one night and said he wanted "physical culture." Mother was able to turn these characters off with a sharp rejoinder. Since the circular worked poorly and the telephone worked well, we dropped the mention of the circular. We even omitted our street address. We retained only our telephone number. Result: more students, bigger classes, a little more butter on our bread.

—JOHN CAPLES.

Public Relations



Affirmative Action

IT has often been said that the successful magazine is the lengthened shadow of one man. This certainly was true of Harold Ross's *New Yorker*, Henry Luce's *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*, and still is true of De Witt Wallace's *Reader's Digest*. It was also true of American business in the post-Civil War period when the corporation was largely the creature of one man and he alone directed his company, often in a dictatorial fashion. But today, with the stock of corporations so widely held, and with the larger ones working in such complex fields, often in as many as a hundred lands, no individual can make all the decisions that demand such a wide variety of skills and an abundance of diverse knowledge. Corporate decisions of major import are now group decisions and of necessity must be so.

In keeping with these slow processes, it seems to take an interminable time before decisions made at the top are implemented throughout a company. This has been particularly evident in the adjustment of the larger corporation to its new social obligations. Yet despite this ponderous procedure of decision-making, the chief executive of a major company can provide leadership and give impetus to the movement of even the largest empires. Where one finds a corporation moving with urgency in seeking new means of meeting the crises of the inner cities, for example, one is almost certain to find a chief executive riding herd to make sure that the company's policies are being carried out with utmost speed.

One such case highlights the theory. The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States is one of the largest insurance companies in the country. Equitable is in a highly regulated business and must be cautious. All life insurance companies have had a poor history of employment of minorities. Some of them not only refused to hire Negroes or other deprived groups, but often they were even reluctant to sell insurance to blacks. The changes that have come about in all the better-run insurance companies are due not alone to public pressures, but to a realization by management that a tremendous part of their investments is in the cities and unless the cities are healthy the insurance companies will not be. As a result, hiring policies, for example, changed several years ago.

Some have been slow to implement those policies. But not Equitable Life. James F. Oates, Jr., chairman of the board and chief executive officer, has made it his own direct business to see that there is not a letup in the pressure to alter old habits, to hire members of minority groups, to open doors to those previously barred from jobs. Mr. Oates retires from Equitable at the end of this year, and to examine the changes he has wrought, it is worth looking at his record before he came to the company. In 1945, as president of the Chicago YMCA, he decided it was time to end the debates on admission of Negroes to membership. As a result of his pressure, all facilities at the Y were opened to Negroes. There was no falling off in Y membership, and there were no outcries.

In 1946, as president of the Chicago Bar Association, Oates opened another door. Again, there were no Negro members. He brought in Negro lawyers, the first one a judge. In 1948, as head of The Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company, he found that Negroes held only the most menial jobs, and precious few of them. He changed the hiring policies of his company and as a beginning sought out, with the aid of the judge he brought into the Bar Association, twenty well-qualified Negro youngsters. And he did it despite warnings from company executives that white girl employees would leave if black girls used the same washrooms; that it would be the ruination of Peoples Gas if young Negro men were allowed to work in the same offices with white men.

It was with this background that Oates arrived at Equitable in 1957. He found that his new company did not turn away Negroes when they sought jobs, but there was no initiative in hiring minority groups. The result was that there were hardly any Negro, Oriental, American Indian, or Spanish Americans working for Equitable. Oates made it his special province to change that picture.

Oates found that it is not easy to change the thinking of executives. As late as 1960, there were still very few minority group salaried employees at Equitable. Now, nationwide, some 13.5 per cent belong to minority groups. In the New York office, the figure is about

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20 per cent and this is certain to rise. Of those being hired now in New York, 60 per cent are Negro and Puerto Rican. Every Equitable office throughout the country is integrated, including the South.

At present more than 200 agents out of a sales force of 7,000 are from a minority group. There are twenty Negro district managers out of some 400. The manager of one of the Philadelphia agencies is a Negro, as are the managers of agencies in Los Angeles and Chicago. And before 1969 is over, there will be more, for the vigorous recruiting campaign is being accelerated.

In addition, Equitable is now in its sixth year of training high school dropouts, largely Negroes in New York, for jobs. The program is not a complete success, but there have been accomplishments that make the program worth the effort. "On balance," says Oates, "we are more than satisfied that it has been and continues to be a relative success." To Oates, a job "is an essential badge of membership in the larger society and a pay check is a passport to self-respect and self-sufficiency." But jobs alone are not enough. The entire environment of the inner cities must be changed, and that, Oates believes, involves schools, housing, recreational facilities, as it does job opportunities.

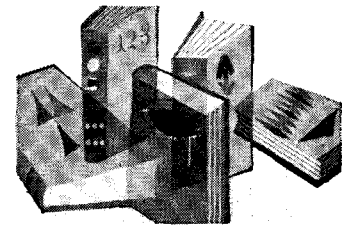
BUT that is not all. Equitable for some time has been one of the leaders among insurance companies in substantial corporate philanthropy, including aid to higher education. In 1954, Equitable's contribution program totaled $375,000. Last year it was $775,000, and it will be roughly the same in 1969. In addition, $200,000 more has been budgeted for urban programs. Equitable's Division of Community Services encourages company employees and agents to become active in civic causes.

The Equitable effort is part of the life insurance industry's pledge to invest $1 billion in urban core areas throughout the country to improve housing conditions and finance enterprises that will create jobs. And while the Federal Housing Administration guarantees the good use of these funds, the companies could invest them in other areas and get a better return of from 1 per cent to 1.5 per cent more. Oates was one of the leaders who proposed this industry wide program, which will in all likelihood be extended as soon as the original $1 billion is invested.

And if one more example is needed to show that a busy chief executive can still find time for what are usually called external responsibilities, there is Oates's activity as general chairman of Princeton University's capital campaign, which from 1959 to 1962 raised $53,000,000.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

Books in Communications



The Least Passive Viewer

ONE way of tackling the amorphous subject of television, of getting your hands around the whole slippery, quicksilver mass of the problem, is to dig up all the meaningful figures you can find—the ratings and evaluation data and statistical profiles, such as the number of sets per thousand, the total number of viewing hours per week, the exposure of violence, the incidence of terror—and just get things pinned down.

That may be the way of many a good critic and true. It is not the way of Michael J. Arlen who writes about television biweekly in *The New Yorker* and whose first-class articles over the last few years have now been collected in *Living-Room War* (Viking, $5.95), a book that will be described here only as one of rare frankness, honesty, and brilliance.

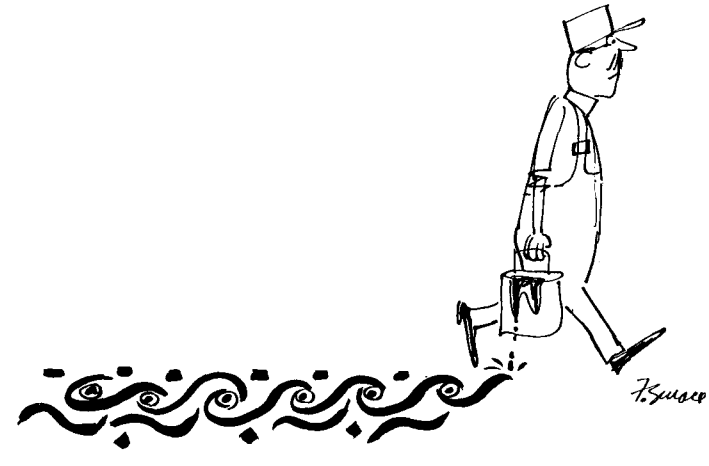
The success of Arlen's marvelously personal approach (he is the least passive viewer) reassures me, for one, that man is really better, after all, than a computer, even on the statistic-laden subject of television. Arlen does not trade in the numerical inputs that make for good statistical read-outs and pages of appendices in workmanlike-journalism school texts. Nor does he sit transfixed before the blue-gray blur of the screen mistaking its flickering images and hectic scene changes for the unedited black and white of reality.

His method is quite different, and quite unlike that of most critics. In a cheerfully frank confession in the introduction, Arlen admits to not having known much about TV when he started. But he was forewarned enough not to want to write more frequently than once every two weeks, a resolution he has been able to keep, and he was determined to direct his comments to specific shows, an idea he has strayed quite a distance from.

Very deftly Arlen can put his finger on TV's contribution to the popularity of pro football (commentary and those stop-action replays at last make the game intelligible) or demolish a show he doesn't like with a forthright phrase, "It was a rotten show." But he is constantly pushing beyond the programed hour and the listings in *TV Guide*. Consequently, the scope of these articles, which are not essays and certainly not reviews in the ordinary sense, is much broader than the dimensions of the TV screen. They are expressive, really, of our times and troubles as these—some of them—get filtered, partially, through the video tube.

At times Arlen, one imagines in a mood of great impatience, dives right through the TV screen and lands on the other side, right in the middle of the live action. This he does in several long pieces from Saigon and other fresh reporting direct from last year's political conventions in Miami and Chicago. "A Day in the Life" is his vividly observed, felt, and experienced account of an action at Con Thien that yielded four minutes of film (which is a lot for television news) on a Monday night Walter Cronkite show.

The on-the-spot reports are particularly good at showing how-it's-done affecting what-we-see. Detail in domestic



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politics absorbs Arlen, too. From watching an advertising man splice together sixty-second spot commercials from the fresh tapes of small-town speeches Robert Kennedy gave in California, Arlen concludes ad-agency influence is not as sinister as all that. "This business of turning oneself over to the professional—one can make too much of it," he says.

What Arlen most admires in TV is the individual view. He is all for "the sustained single vision" that alone accounts for anything good in any field. He admires the "explicitly personal statement" of a Morley Safer documentary on Vietnam. He is hopeful about the ability of foundations to edge in there among the monolithic networks and back someone's private vision of what TV should be.

What Arlen admires in TV he practices in his own writing with a vengeance. For any bad old monolithic network to contend with one voice such as Arlen's or the reach and power and honesty of this writing should be just too much.

Reporting the Trouble: A fairly large body of literature, mostly created out of symposia papers and panel discussions, is building up on how well the press, TV, and radio cover the big urban story—riots and the sources of racial tensions. Since last March, the starting point for all such discussions must be the Kerner Report on the civil disorders of the summer of 1967. So it is for the contributors to *The Media and the Cities*, an excellent University of Chicago Center for Policy Study book edited by Charles U. Daly (University of Chicago Press). Sometimes they quarrel with the report and expand on its suggestions, while conceding its fairness and authoritativeness, but always they use it as the standard.

Most of the views expressed are those of professionals who have had to deal with the problem operationally. None of these men accepts for a moment the idea that ground rules should be written outside to govern the coverage of riots or that, if indeed it were possible, a lid at certain times should be put on certain kinds of riot news. William B. Monroe, Jr., of NBC Washington, accepts some common-sense but self-imposed restrictions on the conduct of TV in volatile situations. Edwin O. Guthman, of the Los Angeles *Times*, drawing on the experience of reporters, presents a schematic plan for riot coverage. Martin S. Hayden, of the Detroit *News*, traces some of the legitimate criticism of press and TV to early wire service bulletins.

All of this in a slim paperback volume coming out as part of the Chicago Center's two-year project on urban problems makes a significant contribution to the new literature.

—Stuart W. Little.

The Courage Seeker

Continued from page 35

the soldier's father, wife, and best friend. His search grows obsessive; but he never manages to ease his guilt or find out why the soldier sacrificed himself. The more Sanders learns, the more imponderables he comes up against.

What Sanders does discover is that it takes a hero's courage simply to stay alive. All are infected with guilt; husbands and wives, parents and children betray each other, as do wartime allies. The Vietnam War and black-white racial strife emerge as two outcroppings of the same national sickness. Symbolizing the era is the swastika—the crucified cross—, and to show its contemporary relevance, Rothberg has one of his characters literally crucified by motorcycle thugs.

Here, then, is the stuff of major fiction. Where does the novel fall short? How does it disappoint? The chief failing of *The Other Man's Shoes* is one of attitude. It has a hard, knowing tone that tends to bully not only the characters and the reader but also the language. Rothberg tells of a "silken strand of protestation and protection, of egotism and evasion"; later he explains how one character's knowledge of sex "made the *Kama Sutra* an amateur's handbook and Krafft-Ebing a boy-scout manual." Elsewhere he rehearses at length his knowledge of Paris, San Francisco, and interior design. These parades of detail both weigh down and distract from the plot. Furthermore, they produce unrealistic dialogue and a rigid, self-important tone. A lighter touch would have given the novel's serious theme the artistic perspective it needs. A little more balance and control would have raised *The Other Man's Shoes* to the level of Saul Bellow's best work.

Still Growing at Seventy: Old, widowed Mrs. Scott is a simple woman who has lived in the same small Scottish cottage all her life. Her parents lived there before her and are buried in the churchyard nearby. As *The Alien Light* (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95) begins, a stranger, the factor of the Duke of Sutherland, informs Mrs. Scott that she must move to a cottage near the sea—the Duke wants her land for sheep grazing. She doesn't quite understand, but she feels that if she leaves her home she will surely die. To whom can she turn for help?

Although Iain Crichton Smith has set his novel in the early nineteenth century and based it on actual happenings, it is not historical in the usual sense of the term. Rather it is the story of the spiritual growth of a woman of about seventy who finds the strength to endure what the author terms the "alien light" of fear.

This is a hopeful book with a message surely as applicable to today's problems as to those of the nineteenth century. Unfortunately, however, it is not a very good novel. Most of the story is seen through Mrs. Scott's eyes and, as Mr. Smith explains in a preface, he has deliberately used a style "rather simple and almost transparent." Perhaps the fact that he feels called upon to explain at all suggests an awareness that something is wrong: the pattern of the simple declarative sentence, repeated at book length, gets awfully tedious.

And the story itself is slight, subdued and understated. The characters seem flat and artificial. Mr. Smith, who was born in the Outer Hebrides, is a Gaelic poet, playwright and short-story writer, and has written poems in English. It is too bad that for his first novel in English he has chosen material that would have been more effective as a short story.

—Elizabeth Easton.

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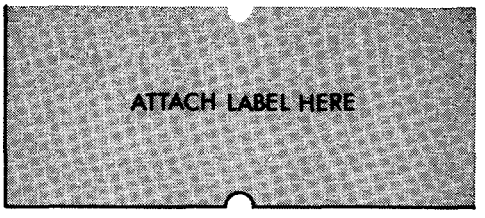

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Bombo

Continued from page 34

returned from Moscow with rude truths? And why, of all things, did this scientist stay with the Stalin who set up Lysenkoism as biological dogma? If this was individualism, it found odd expression when Haldane refused "to join in the fashionable chorus of anti-Stalinism."

Eventually he did leave the Party. And in 1957, at sixty-five, soon after the Anglo-French attack on Egypt, he left England too, with the parting suggestion that she heavily tax her prostitutes to help pay for that campaign. Accompanied by the geneticist who had become his second wife, he emigrated to India. There he resumed research, adopted Gandhi costume and ideals, loved the people and detested the bureaucracy.

Finally, at the age of seventy-one, came cancer of the rectum, followed by a colostomy. He celebrated the experience in his famed, partly bawdy doggerel poem "Cancer's a Funny Thing," which seemed impertinent levity to many and was praised by many others. JBS shrugged off the complaints: "Every poem should have a social function." Hence the closing lines: "A spot of laughter, I am sure,/Often accelerates one's cure;/ So let us patients do our bit/ To help the surgeons make us fit."

His cheer and new plans were premature. He learned too late that conventions had won—his doctors had withheld the truth. JBS died a year later, lamenting in his own way. "I don't mind dying. I mind dying with unkept promises."

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1335

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1335 will be found in the next issue.

BN BU MBNQ PKJYZ UZPNBAZPNU

NQTN JTC YBNZDTNXDZ IZNU

MDBNNZP.

—TPCDZ IBCZ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1334

Say, Not so, and you will outcircle the philosophers.

—Henry David Thoreau.

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(Continued on page 132)

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(Continued from page 131)

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MOVING TO CLEVELAND? For a refreshing experience in modern suburban living, The Shaker Communities offer: A nationally recognized school system; superior municipal services; year-round recreation programs; nearness to Greater Cleveland's cultural-education center and to downtown; fine shopping centers; mature, integrated neighborhoods. Contact The Shaker Communities, 16800 Chagrin Boulevard, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. 216-751-2155.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

ANTIGUA: Beautiful sea view, beach, servants; one, two and three bedroom accommodations. SR Box L-807.

SOUTHERN FRANCE NEAR AVIGNON—17th century house—all comforts. 5 bedrooms, Bechstein grand. $700 month, summer $2,500. ALSO house on medieval ramparts. 2 bedrooms, terraces, $500 month, summer, $1,500, available longer. 913-JE 9-9403. SR Box L-847.

SPAIN, COSTA DEL SOL. Spacious villa in Mijas standing in 3 acres grounds, fully furnished, with maid and gardener services, swimming pool, 4 bedrooms, baths. Cook and car can be arranged. Available March-May $300, June-October $400 monthly. Box L-853.

For Summer Rental

VERMONT—Restored, well equipped 1810 hilltop farmhouse. Magnificent view. 5 bedrooms, 2½ baths, generous living and dining spaces. Also outdoor living room; large barn. Quietly remote, near Woodstock. Available May through September. Write Mrs. Frank A. Gay, Sr., Rt 1, Woodstock. Tel. 802-457-2363 or Tel. Richmond in NYC, 212-PL 2-6400. References.

CHARMING FARMHOUSE with artist's studio, Casco Bay, Maine. Write Mrs. John Burbank, Middlebury, Connecticut 66762.

SUMMER IDYL: 150 rolling Catskill acres, 3 hours from NYC. Large 12 bedroom farmhouse. Fireplace. Two guest cottages. Swimming pond on premises. Perfect for groups or families vacationing together. Available for 2 or more summer months. $1,000 month. Box L-824.

VERMONT FARMHOUSE in cool mountains. Swimming on premises. $125 week. Hall's, Starksboro, Vermont 05487.

MAINE COAST, SORRENTO. 4 bedroom house, completely furnished. July and/or August. Sailing, tennis, golf, swimming. Informal. Small sailboat for charter. Children's activities. Write Lawrence Lewis, 89 Poplar Street, Bangor, Maine.

SOUTHAMPTON, L.I.—Small, well furnished 2 bedroom house—heated. Linens. May 25th-September 5th. $2,400. Adults only. References. Box L-247.

LAKE SEYMOUR. 5 room furnished house, 100 partially wooded acres, private lakefront. June, July, August. $250 per month. Box 83, Barton, Vermont 05822.

ADIRONDACKS, OLD FORGE—Lakeside home, family room, screened porch, playyard, study, playhouse, boats, boathouse. June-September. $2,400. 716-244-9739.

VERMONT—all-electric chalet. Swimming/fishing. Weekly/monthly. Box L-864.

FARM 65 miles NYC. 4 bedrooms, all conveniences. Brook, acreage, swimming. References required. 212-691-6479, 212-MU 8-3200, Ext. 101.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Spacious 4 bedroom on waterfront. Spectacular panoramic view Vineyard Sound. Private beach. Season $3,500. SR Box L-832.

NEAR WISCASSET, MAINE, on Sheepscot River, beautiful view down river to ocean, use of dock. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, living room with fireplace, dining room, kitchen. Completely furnished. $500 a month (June, July, August and/or September). F. C. Bradley, Union Trust Building, Washington, D.C. 20005.

HOUSES WANTED

Furnished

SPAIN—wanted to rent—large furnished house for six months. Box L-533.

PIANIST desires house with grand piano week April 4th in scenic or vacation spot. 301-654-2389, Box L-890.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 663 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

4 BEDROOM HOUSE in Chicago suburb for house in Acapulco or Puerto Vallerta. Month of July or August. Box L-872.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Rent—Furnished

LONDON. Conveniently located apartment. For Easter month. $250. Box L-843.

CONTEMPORARY PENTHOUSE, 6 rooms, parklike section Greenwich Village. 2 bedrooms, large living room, dining room, modern kitchen, terrace. Complete. Piano. August, September '69-'70. SR Box L-855.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS—Large furnished 4 bedroom apartment near lake and University, April through August. Morton, 1722 East 55th Street. 312-643-5165.

DEER ISLE, MAINE. Harborside studio—2 bedrooms, large living room. Seasonal or monthly. Box L-863.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

MONADNOCK REGION—Southern New Hampshire. Privacy and protection. 43 acres—fields-woods-pond-brook-views. Unusual center chimney Cape (built 1946). Every cultural and recreational facility close by. Priced middle sixties. Owner Box L-862.

JACKSON HOLE, WYOMING—Wooded 10 acres; private road, excellent view, $38,000 cash. Box 97, Jackson, Wyoming 83001.

FARMHOUSE—WATERFRONT PROPERTY. 5 acres Nova Scotia. Price $10,500 Canadian. J. M. Harding, Q.C., Shelburne, N.S.

SEVENTY ACRE VERMONT FARM, Stowe-Sugarbush ski country. House, barn, pond, brook. Mark Dimock, Moretown, Vermont.

PROPERTY WANTED

I BUY ISLANDS anywhere. Joe McMurry, Box 3059, Charlottesville, Virginia 22903.

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SAILING FOR BOYS. Established 1929 on Pleasant Bay, Cape Cod. Expert instruction in Sailing, Seamanship, Swimming, Navigation, Racing, Survival Training, and Land Sports. Eight week season. Cedric Hagenbuckle, Viking, Orleans, Massachusetts 02653. Tel.: 617-255-2739.

SPECIAL CAMPS

BRONCO JUNCTION for bronchial asthma. Unique 8 week camp. Coed 7-16. Narrow-gauge railroad, sports, swimming, campcraft, projects. Complete medical-allergy care. Nonprofit. Allergy Rehabilitation Foundation, Inc., 805 Atlas Building, Charleston, West Virginia 25301. Tel. 304-343-5472.

(Continued on page 134)

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CAMPS

(Continued from page 133)

NATIONAL PARK TOUR (boys 12-16) to California. 7 weeks; $680. Northeast Tour (boys 10-13) to New Hampshire, Canada. 3 weeks; $210. William R. Kershaw, 259 East Evergreen, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19118.

GIRLS—6-12. Be exclusive summer guests at beautiful *Vermont Inn. Learn yesteryear's arts: cooking, needlework,* painting, sports, trips. Experienced staff. The Hollidays, Houlton, Maine 04730.

BLUE STAR CAMPS in beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains, Hendersonville, N.C. Two week, intercultural, interracial coed short term session children 8 to 12. Write: 1100 Crescent Avenue, N.E., Atlanta, Georgia 30309.

BROWN LEDGE—Mallett's Bay, Vermont. "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow, 155 Dodds Courts, Box C, Burlington, Vermont 05401.

HAS YOUR TEENAGER OUTGROWN "CAMP?" Consider Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado. Ranch-travel-work program, boys 13-17. 23rd summer. Separate western travel program, girls 14-18. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

GROVE FARM WORKSHOP in the Humanities for boys and girls, 14-18. Integrated, interdenominational. Creative thinking through literature, drama, history, music. Work projects; forestry conservation. June 29th-August 10th. B. S. deFrees, Director, North Rumford, Maine 04278.

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey 08318.

THE FARM AND WILDERNESS CAMPS announce DARK MEADOW. A small challenging camp for girls 12-15, stressing canoeing and other aquatic skills, natural science, Indian crafts, and hiking in the 2,500 acre Nineveh wilderness. Write Jack S. Hunter, Woodstock, Vermont 05091.

DARROW WILDERNESS TRIP CAMP, Grand Lake Stream, Maine 04637. 66 boys, 11 to 17. Five age groups. Seven weeks. (Six weeks Juniors.) Lake, white water, mountain trips. SURVIVAL, ECOLOGY training. Quaker leadership. George S. Darrow, 780 Millbrook Lane, Haverford, Pennsylvania 19041.

HOLIDAY IN FRENCH, coed, 7-18, June-August, outdoor adventures, San Juan Islands of Puget Sound. Lycee Francais, 150 South Doheny Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8-16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding if desired ($65 extra). 20 horses. Swimming, guitar, dulcimer, creative arts, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs from regular to pioneer, etc. ACA accredited. Under 65 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. No tips. Wright, Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547, 4880.

BAHAMA SAILING CAMP, land-based at modern sailing/scuba diving resort in the "out islands." Scuba diving, sailing, snorkeling, water skiing, marine biology, speed boating, navigation, deep-sea fishing, dramatics, discotheque, tennis, adventure cruises on sailing schooners. Mature professional staff, expert instruction/supervision. Brochure. Teenage Boys/Girls. Walter A. Bush, Director, 480 West 246th Street, New York 10471. 212-548-1184.

INTERLOCKEN INTERNATIONAL Children's Camp (boys 8-14), Crossroads America (girls and boys 14-17). Personal imaginative programs, educational adventures. Box 336, Bedford, Massachusetts 01730.

FOOTLIGHT RANCH—Eight week summer workshop for Performing arts. June 22nd-August 16th. Write: Footlight Ranch, c/o Arts Council of York County, Room E, 225 East Market Street, York, Pennsylvania 17403.

NEW CAMPERS RECEIVE personal attention, safe environment, varied activities. ACA accredited. Echo Hill, *Clinton, N.J. 08809.*

CAMPS

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036. 212-PE 6-1660.

FUN AND ADVENTURE for boys 7-18 . . . Adirondack Woodcraft Camps. Six groups. Two lakes near Old Forge, Mountain, Adirondack, Canadian canoe trips. Sailing, *forestry, natural sciences, riflery, fishing. Tutoring.* Mature counselors. William Abbott, Box 2385, Fayetteville, N.Y. 13066.

TENNIS RANCH—Don Kerbis Tennis Ranch. Boys and girls 8 to 18. Watervliet, Michigan. Five hours tennis instruction, supervised play daily. Beginner, intermediate, advanced players. Swimming, activities galore. Write for brochure: Don Kerbis Tennis Ranch, c/o Don Kerbis Tennis Club, 1660 Skokie Valley Road, Highland Park, Illinois 60035.

CAMP REGIS-APPLEJACK Teen Camp—100 girls/boys 7-14, 14-17. Beautiful Adirondack lakeshore estate near Lake Placid, N.Y. Canoe/mountain trips. 10 sailing/2 water ski boats. 6 tennis courts, performing arts, arts/crafts, nature science. International, interracial staff and campers. Nondenominational. Informal atmosphere/program. Quaker leadership. Eight weeks $895. M/M Earl S. Humes, 107 Robinhood Road, White Plains, N.Y. 10605. 914-761-8228.

YOUNGER BOYS ONLY. Day Cho Lah Camp. Green Lake, Wisconsin. Specializing 8-12 year boys, with dedicated leadership. 1430 Granville, Park Ridge, Illinois.

TEENAGERS LOVE CAMP SEA-FARI in the Florida Keys. Coed 13-18. Learn scuba diving, snorkeling, navigation, marine biology, archeology, undersea photography. Sailing, fishing, water skiing, dive for treasure, steer a ship. Supervised and taught by our professional staff. Cruise on Coast Guard approved windjammer to the Bahamas and the Gulf of Mexico. SHORE BASE at luxurious INDIES INN. Air-conditioned, fantastic food, private baths. Tennis, golf. Captain Bob Kruse, Director. Brochure. Dept. K, 3935 Blackstone Avenue, Riverdale Station, N.Y. 10471. Tel. 212-543-7900.

CANADARAGO—near Cooperstown, N.Y. 25 teenagers. Creative personal development through individually designed programs. Unpressured. Humanities, creative writing, film, art, anthropology, sciences. SCUBA, water skiing, boating, riding. Semiprivate accommodations on lakefront. J. C. Cassillo, 115 Old Short Hills Road, West Orange, N.J. 07052. 201-736-1782.

OVERWEIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camps: Stanley for girls, Tahoe for *boys. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating* habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Phone 212-947-7749.

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ALL YOUR RETIREMENT NEEDS in one place at the Crestview Center . . . including the most complete apartment-type building in the eastern United States. Located in suburban, residential Toledo, Ohio. Good companions, good food, good surroundings, good health *care . . . near shopping . . . public transportation.* Attractively landscaped, 80 acres, 9-hole golf course, gardens. Come and go as you please. And now . . . Lake Park Hospital and Nursing Care Center, providing extensive health care for the convalescent patient. Life lease and monthly fee plans available. For complete information, write Crestview Center, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

VACATIONS

TENNIS: FLORIDA KEYS—"Zen" Method Instruction. Islamorada: 664-4884. Hawthorne Bissell.

DANCE, MUSIC VACATIONS—in August at Pinewoods Camp near Plymouth, Massachusetts. Beautiful forest setting; two crystal clear lakes. Come for one or two dance weeks, or one week of folk music. Write for brochure: Country Dance and Song Society, 55 Christopher Street, New York, N.Y. 10014.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS. Relax in a setting of elegant informality at Cable Beach Manor. Charming 1-2-3 room apartments, each with kitchen, air-conditioning, maid service. On private beach, pool. Write Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

VACATIONS

WATERFRONT BUNGALOW, 2 baths, sailing dinghy. 4 persons, $240 weekly. Piet Vanderhoeven, 23 St. Anna Boulevard, Curacao, N.A.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private Gulf beach.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in *riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.*

STAY COOL AND CAREFREE by a clear blue lake at this family non-housekeeping cottage colony. Fireplaces. Chalet rooms. Water skiing, canoe trips, fishing, entertainment, lobster bakes, sauna. Pets allowed. Write Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

SNOWMASS LODGE, ASPEN, COLORADO—A small secluded ranch catering to families interested in a true mountain wilderness vacation. Write Box D-802, Aspen, Colorado 81611.

PIER HOUSE MOTEL—Key West—Old town beach—congenial for the truly fastidious—beach, pool, color TV. 5 Duval Street. Reservations 305-CY 4-9541.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts 02568.

ST. JOHN, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS—New, 2 bedroom cottage, all facilities, including owner's Jeep. Beautiful beaches, magnificent view Coral Bay and British Virgins. $300 per week. Write airmail Harry Cameron, Cruz Bay, St. John, U.S.V.I. 00830 or call 203-853-9313 or 203-866-7646 after 6:00 p.m.

FARM/RANCH VACATIONS—Families, children, adults. U.S./Canada. $1.95 Guidebook or FREE BROCHURE: Vacations, Box 11, 36 East 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Authentic Victorian hostelry in middle of historic Mystic, 1 mile from famous Mystic Seaport marine restoration. Double $10-$14. E. P. Write or phone.

VACATION IN NEBRASKA? YES. In its beautiful, almost unknown northwest corner, land of towering buttes, cool, green canyons and wide, windswept prairies, all so far untouched by the developers. Peace and quiet, open fires, superb food. A few guests. Richardson Hereford Ranch, Box 191D, Crawford, Nebraska 69339. Telephone 308-665-1346.

BLUE HILL INN. Small, quiet, comfortable. Established 1840. Blue Hill, Maine 04614.

PARADOR MARTORELL—Family Inn by fabulous beach. 212-LE 2-7700, Box 435, Luquillo, Puerto Rico 00673.

OGUNQUIT—Famous summer vacation center. Finest beach on coast. Majestic cliffs. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, restaurants, tea rooms. Reserve NOW for cottage rentals by the season. For information write Dept. 15, Information Bureau, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

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FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

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VACATIONS

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DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

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MONTANA RANCH VACATION, big game hunting and trout fishing. Brochure. Yellowstone Valley Ranch, Box 901, Livingston, Montana 59047.

ARTHRITICS are coming to sunny Tucson to enjoy warm, dry climate, hydrotherapy in hot pool, with 24 hour skilled nursing care at The House By the Side of the Road, 1107 East Adelaide Drive, Tucson, Arizona 85719. Write for brochure or call 602-624-3014.

MOOSE. SALMON, TROUT. Trips arranged, guided. Summer, fall, 1969. References. Richard Payne, Baie Verte, Newfoundland.

IF I WERE ST. PATRICK—Sure 'n' begorra I would scoot out to the Hither Hills of Montauk—The Little Bit of Heaven—where all the little leprechauns cavort—all the gift of Blarney cannot begin to describe the castle that is Gurney's Inn—where the colleens will serve you Irish coffee that is truly Irish coffee—where the pounding surf is like the music of 1,000 harps—where verily all is a symphony of Green—Shamrocks-Derbies-Noodles-Beer-Ice cubes-and the eyes of all the non-Irish—where the ocean's spray is sprinkled with star dust to make an Irish Mist. Call or write Nick O'Monte, Keeper of the Inn and Friend of the Leprechauns—Oceanfront Cottages & Hostelry, "On the Brink O' the Beach," Montauk, Long Island, New York 11954. 516-668-2345. Open All Year.

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JAMAICA. OCHO RIOS AREA. Where it is cool throughout the year. Three Villas on sea. These are not apartments, but private luxury villas. Adults only. Colored brochures available. Write "Resort Villas," P.O. Box 299, Kingston, Jamaica.

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PAINTERS—Enjoy unique workshop weekends. Individual instruction by Daniel Barry. Lodging, meals, limit 12 persons. Write: High Point Inn, Lenox, Massachusetts 01240.

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GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE offers American college students stimulating academic year program in HEIDELBERG (upperclassmen); and in castle near STUTTGART (underclassmen) September-June, $1,950; American credit system; quarter-length European Seminars in Berlin; two six-week SUMMER COURSES. Write Schiller College, 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany, or U. R. Laves, Director, U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118. Phone 405-842-5979.

SCHOOLBOYS ABROAD. Barcelona, Spain; Rennes, France. A project of Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts; The Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N.H., St. Paul's School, Concord, N.H. Fully accredited junior year programs in Spain or France. For boys who completed 10th grade and equivalent of 2 years Spanish or French. Balanced curriculum. Intensive study of country's language and culture. Boys return fully prepared for senior year. Qualified native instructors augment American faculty. Students live with families, travel during vacations. Scholarships. Write specifying country. Schoolboys Abroad, Dept. R, Andover, Massachusetts 01810.

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COLLEGE STUDENTS: Study aboard ship. Related in-port programs. Applications accepted now for fully-accredited Fall, Spring 1969-'70 semesters. Fall semesters visit Western Europe, Mediterranean, Northwest Africa, South America; Spring semesters visit the Orient, India and Africa. Write: World Campus Afloat, Dept. SR, Chapman College, Orange, California 92666.

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF MONACO, in Monte Carlo, offers an opportunity to gain your bachelor's degree in Europe. Coeducational institution, chartered by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania; credits transferable. Gain proficiency in another language and new perspective from living abroad. Write to the Admissions Office, Box SR 2111, Architects Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19103.

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GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD."

SEMINAR IN HAWAII—Four week course for college credit in Social Science. Leave Wichita, Kansas, July 8th, return August 5th. Deadline April 15th, Dr. Wallace Gray, Southwestern College, Winfield, Kansas 67156.

LESLEY FROST, daughter of Robert Frost, is now considering applications for her sixth summer (July-August) of her school in Spain (near Segovia), for girls 15-17. Spanish and French taught; art and history emphasized. Weekends in Madrid, Toledo, Salamanca, etc. Tour of Granada, Sevilla, Cordoba. Address Miss Frost, 129 East 10th Street, NYC 10010.

SUMMER PROGRAMS IN DEPTH—I. Greece with Professor H. D. F. Kitto. II. Shakespeare's England: Oxford, Stratford. Theatre in London. Homestays, Cambridge. Applications, Information from Leighton Rollins, Cultural Affairs Institute, Tel. 805-969-0984, Box 5181, Santa Barbara, California 93103—or telephone Mrs. Woodyatt, NYC, 212-PLaza 3-1244; Mrs. Riley, LA., 213-478-1979; or Mrs. Skewes-Cox, San Francisco area, 415-454-8134.

GRADUATE ENGLISH COURSES IN ENGLAND—July session offers Shakespeare's Tragedies, 3 credits, and Twentieth Century Drama, 3 credits. August session offers Shakespeare's Comedies, 3 credits, and The English Novel Since Hardy, 3 credits. Course lectures by eminent scholars and critics from the British Universities. Regular playgoing in nearby Stratford-upon-Avon and in London and provincial theatres. Trips to Oxford, Cambridge, Bath, Stonehenge, etc. Residence in Lord North's ancestral Wroxton Abbey, modernized as Wroxton College—a fully accredited overseas campus of Fairleigh Dickinson University. Qualified degree-seekers and auditors may enroll for either Wroxton session or for both. 1969 will be the fifth summer of this unique and highly successful program. Write Wroxton Office. Fairleigh Dickinson University, Teaneck, New Jersey 07666.

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UNREGIMENTED BUT STRUCTURED TRIPS. 14-21. Studytravel, homestays, anthropology, art, theatre. PROJECT ENGLISH: teach local children. Youth Travels to Mexico/Europe, 47 Stephanmarc Lane, New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11040. 516-GE 7-7514.

COLLEGE STUDENTS: France, $540, 6 weeks. Includes: Transportation, tuition, room and board at University Grenoble, St. Malo, La Rochelle, Tours, La Sorbonne for 4 weeks. 2 weeks free. June 29th-August 14th. Write: World Youth Culture, Inc., Box 71, New Canaan, Connecticut 06840.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

MAYA, AZTEC CIVILIZATIONS. Mexico with anthropologist. Students 14-18. 5th year. Box 604, Bridgeton, Missouri 63042.

SUMMER IN FRANCE—July 1st-August 12th. Music-Dance-French-Art History. Paris American Academy, 269 rue Saint Jacques, Paris 5, France.

MAUNA OLU COLLEGE, HAWAII, Island of Maui, "Where East meets West." Summer Seminars, July 8th-August 5th. Cultural Anthropology, 3 or 4 week program, 2, 3 fully accredited academic points, $785/$850 all inclusive from NYC. Certificate possible advance credit high school juniors/seniors. Magnificent South Pacific setting. Afternoon: Beach, surfing, tennis, golf, riding, soccer. Evenings: Festival of Asian Arts. SR Box L-586.

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SUMMER SESSIONS ABROAD ®. 19th season. $195 and $245 at University of Madrid, Barcelona, Florence, Rome, Palma, Paris, Salzburg. 3 week and 1 month sessions start June 29th, run through August 31st. Includes room, meals, tuition, credit, choice of course in art, music, dancing, painting; sightseeing, etc. All for $195 and $245. EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, 535 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10017. 212-661-8900.

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GUATEMALA—Six weeks beginning June 23rd. Courses in English and Spanish. Write Warren Beck, California State College, Fullerton, California 92631.

MEXICO FOR TEENAGERS—$400 for five weeks Colonial Durango. Study Spanish, Mexican history, classical guitar, folk dances—all high school level. Fee includes tuition, health services, room and meals in Mexican home, transportation El Paso, Texas, plus two weekend excursions. Contact Fred Wansley, Director, Colegio Americano, Box 2335, Durango, Mexico.

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(Continued on page 136)

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(Continued from page 135)

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.25. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21ZDF Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1822

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Beethoven's music teacher (1736-1809)	24 42 55 65 71 79 111 126 156 210 117 / 6 54 87 104
B. Maintenance in being or activity: upkeep	128 168 188 191 199 20 49 77 102 113 145 / 39
C. Lethargy	179 183 26 43 139 83 100 112
D. Spunk; zip	114 162 14 37 47
E. Most favorable	62 82 129 144 161 5 30
F. Croaked, did in (2 wds.)	48 86 108 118 130 147 165 190 192
G. Eroding (2 wds.)	31 208 143 9 136 116 32 197 34 73
H. English county known for its cheese	90 186 201 7 23 52 84 103
I. Spanish romance of chivalry first published in 1508 (3 wds., Eng. vers.)	115 166 180 46 58 67 75 33 137 138 8 / 17
J. Pure	44 169 76 120 89 101 63
K. Chief ruler of the synagogue, whom the Greeks beat (Acts 18:17)	131 175 35 72 194 203 146 91 158
L. "Care's an———— to life," says Sir Toby. *(Twelfth Night)*	187 45 64 167 209

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Show clearly	13 149 170 107 132 53 69 88
N. Transient; volatile	12 18 70 125 198 10 157
O. Wag, joker	163 172 182 15 27 119 151
P. Doctrine emphasizing experience; in medicine, quackery	16 196 4 123 200 135 164 148 25 61
Q. Winner of the Kentucky Derby, Preakness, and Belmont Stakes in 1948	96 153 159 184 133 174 29 81
R. Australia's or New Zealand's bush 2 wds.)	57 2 150 189 98 110 41 80 21 51
S. Jacob's eighth son: Zilpah's second (Gen. 30: 12-13)	127 177 36 22 204
T. "Kiss me, Hardy," he said.	176 106 92 85 11 142
U. Relaxing of tension	122 3 140 94 99 134 160
V. Hit it off with; "dig" (2 wds.)	171 68 1 181 193 59 152 58
W. Chekhov play (2 wds.)	56 66 26 121 97 202 50 154 109 60
X. In a spin	105 19 206 93 195 74 155
Y. Fascination	211 124 185 205 40 95 173 207 141 78 178

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

	1 V	2 R	3 U		4 P	5 E	6 A	7 H	8 I	9 G	10 N		11 T	12 N		13 M	14 D						
15 O	16 P	17 I	18 N	19 X	20 B	21 R	22 S		23 H	24 A	25 P		26 C	27 O	28 W	29 Q	30 E							
31 G		32 G		33 I	34 G	35 K	36 S	37 D	38 V	39 B	40 Y	41 R	42 A	43 C		44 J	45 L							
46 I	47 D	48 F	49 B	50 W	51 R	52 H	53 M	54 A		55 A	56 W	57 R		58 I	59 V		60 W							
	61 P	62 E	63 J	64 L	65 A	66 W		67 I	68 V	69 M	70 N	71 A	72 K	73 G		74 X	75 I							
	76 J	77 B	78 Y		79 A	80 R	81 Q		82 E	83 C	84 H	85 T	86 F	87 A		88 M	89 J							
90 H	91 K	92 T	93 X	94 U	95 Y	96 Q	97 W		98 R	99 U	100 C	101 J	102 B	103 H	104 A	105 X	106 T							
107 M		108 F	109 W		110 R	111 A	112 C		113 B	114 D	115 I	116 G	117 A	_	118 F	119 O	120 J							
121 W	122 U	123 P	124 Y	125 N		126 A	127 S	128 B	129 E	130 F	_	131 K	132 M	133 Q	134 U	135 P	136 G							
137 I		138 I	139 C	140 U	141 Y	142 T	143 G	144 E	145 B	146 K	_	147 F	148 P	149 M	150 R	151 O	152 V							
153 Q	154 W	155 X		156 A	157 N	158 K	159 Q	160 U	161 E		162 D	163 O		164 P	165 F	166 I	167 L							
168 B	169 J	170 M	171 V	172 O	173 Y	174 Q	175 K	176 T	177 S		178 Y	179 C	180 I	181 V		182 O	183 C							
184 Q	185 Y	186 H	187 L	188 B		189 R	190 F	191 B		192 F	193 V		194 K	195 X	196 P		197 G							
198 N	199 B	200 P	201 H	202 W	203 K	204 S		205 Y	206 X		207 Y	208 G	209 L		210 A	211 Y								

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 15 of this issue.

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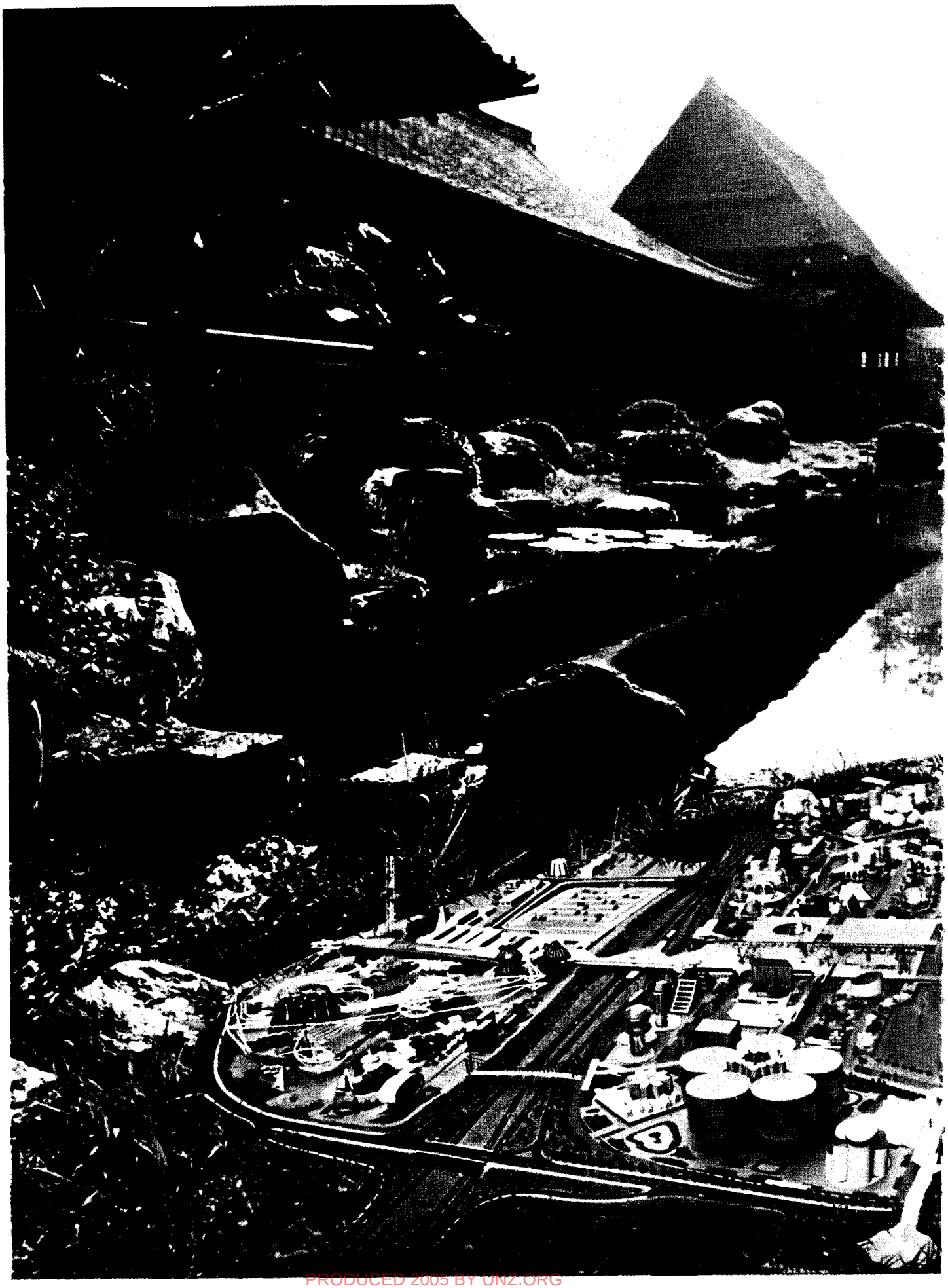

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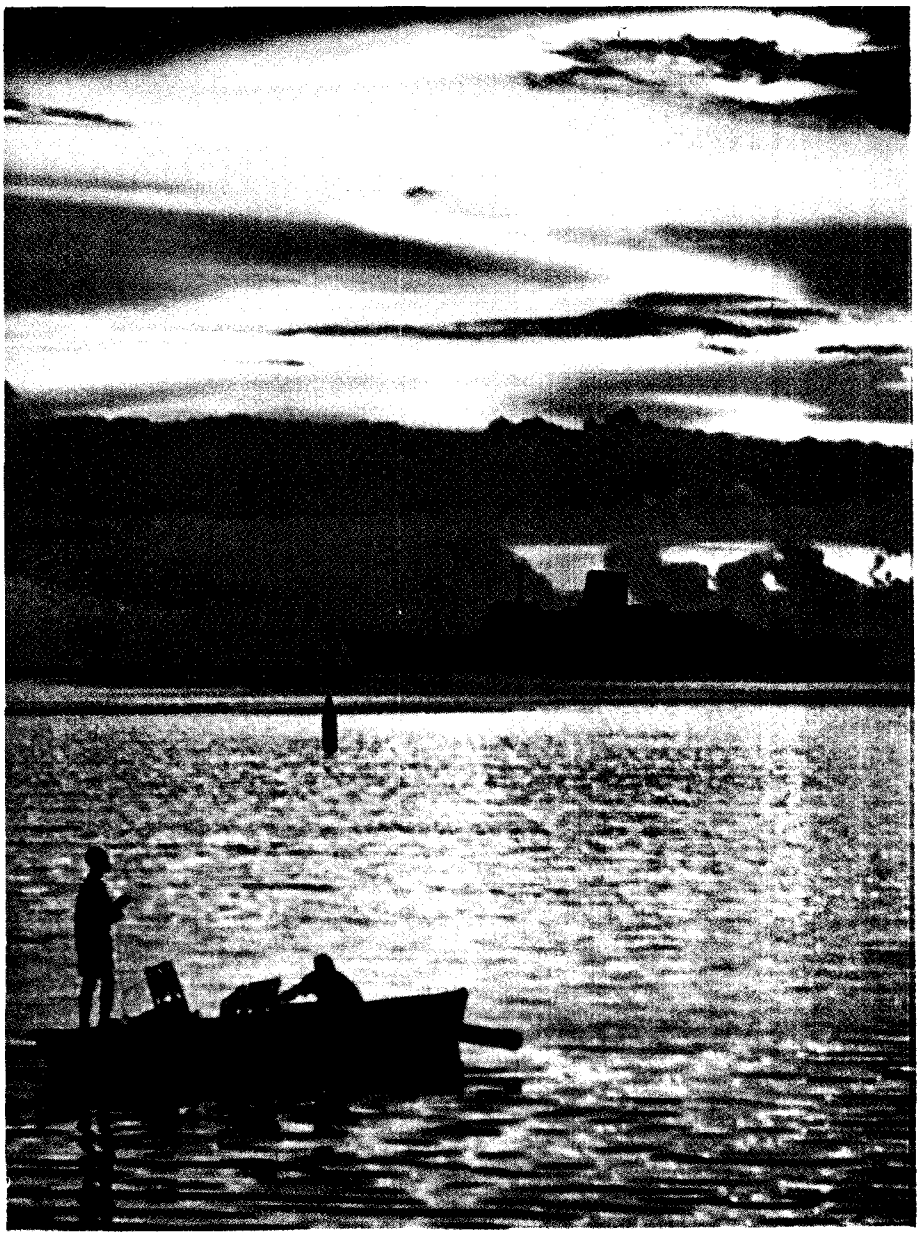

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Grace island.

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